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HUGHS.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE TWENTY-SECOND.

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M DCC LXXIX.

THE

POEMS

OF

HUGHES.

THE

POEMS

OF

JOHN HUGHES, Esq.

COMMENDATORY POEMS.

TO

JOHN HUGHES,

ON HIS POEM, ENTITLED,

THE TRIUMPH OF PEACE.

PIR'D by what melodious HUGHES has ſung,
l tune a lyre, that long has lain unſtrung:
:'d from drowſy ſloth, and ſoothing reſt,
: tranſports fire my raviſh'd breaſt!
iat pleaſure muſt retiring DRYDEN find,
e that art his ſkilful Muſe refin'd,
ich improv'd by thoſe he leaves behind!
ien a father ſees a careful ſon
ge thoſe coffers, which were firſt his own,
joy to heaven he lifts his aged eyes,
r his proſperous heir, and calmly dies.
y all your fortune, like your numbers, ſhine,
moothly flow, without one rugged line!
/e confeſs the genius is the ſame,
guides your fortune, and poetic flame.
when of old ſome ſportive amorous god
ſaſ'd awhile to leave his bleſt abode,
atſoever form the gueſt appear'd,
avenly luſtre ſhone, and was rever'd.

harine-Hall,
ambridge.

W. Worſs.
February, 1697.

To the MEMORY of Mr. HUGHES.

BY MISS JUDITH COWPER *.

ROUND HUGHES's humble, though diſtinguiſh'd urn,
The Muſes, wreath'd with baleful cypreſs, mourn;
In every face a deep diſtreſs appears,
Each eye o'erflows with tributary tears:
Such was the ſcene, when, by the gods requir'd,
Majeſtic Homer from the world retir'd:
Such grief the Nine o'er Maro's tomb beſtow'd;
And tears like theſe for Addiſon late flow'd.

Snatch'd from the earth, above its trifling praiſe,
Thee, HUGHES, to happier climes thy fate conveys;
Eas'd of its load, thy gentle ſpirit roves,
Through realms refulgent, and celeſtial groves;
The toils of life, the pangs of death, are o'er,
And care, and pain, and ſickneſs, are no more.
O may the ſpot that holds thy bleſt remains,
(The nobleſt ſpoil earth's ſpacious breaſt contains,)
Its tribute pay; may richeſt flowers around,
Spring lightly forth, and mark the ſacred ground;
There may thy bays its ſhady honours ſpread,
And o'er thy urn eternal odours ſhed;

Immortal

* Daughter of Judge Cowper, afterwards married to Col. Martin Madan, author of the Progreſs of *Poetry*, &c. and ſtill living, an ornament to her ſex *and age.* Another of her compoſitions is prefixed to *the Poems of* Mr. Pope. N.

Immortal as thy fame, and verſe, ſtill grow,
Till thoſe ſhall ceaſe to live, and Thames to flow:
  Nature ſubdued foretold the great decline,
And every heart was plung'd in grief, but thine;
Thy ſoul, ſerene, the conflict did maintain,
And trac'd the phantom death, in years of pain;
Not years of pain thy ſteady mind alarm'd,
By judgment ſtrengthen'd, and with virtue arm'd;
Still like thyſelf, when ſinking life ebb'd low,
Nor raſhly dar'd, nor meanly fear'd the blow;
Looſe to the world, of every grace poſſeſt,
Greatly reſign'd, thou fought'ſt the ſtranger, REST:
Firm as his fate, ſo thy own Phocyas dy'd,
While the barb'd arrow trembled in his ſide.
Drawn by thy pen, the theory we ſee;
The practic part, too ſoon! beheld in thee.
  Who now ſhall ſtrike the lyre with ſkill divine,
Who to harmonious ſounds * harmonious numbers join!
Who the rapacious tide of vice control,
And, while they charm the ſenſe, reform the ſoul!
In whom the lovely ſiſter-arts unite,
With virtue, ſolid ſenſe, and boundleſs wit?
Such was the turn of thy exalted mind,
Sparkling as poliſh'd gems, as pureſt gold refin'd.
  Great Ruler of our paſſions! who with art
Subdued the fierce, and warm'd the frozen heart,
Bid glory in our breaſts with temper beat,
And valour, ſeperate from feveriſh heat,

* *Opera of Calypſo and Telemachus.*

Love, in its true, its genuine luſtre riſe,
And, in Eudocia, bid it charm our eyes.
Virtue diſtreſt, thy happy lines diſcloſe,
With more of triumph than a conqueror knows;
Touch'd by thy hand, our ſtubborn tempers bend;
And flowing tears the well-wrought ſcene attend,
That ſilent eloquence thy power approv'd
The cauſe ſo great, 'twas generous to be mov'd.
What pleaſure can the burſting heart poſſeſs,
In the laſt parting, and ſevere diſtreſs?
Can fame, wealth, honour, titles, joy beſtow,
And make the labouring breaſt with tranſport glow?
Theſe gaudy trifles gild our morning bright,
But O! how weak their influence on our night!
Then fame, wealth, honour, titles, vainly bloom,
Nor dart one beam of comfort on the gloom;
But if the ſtruggling ſoul a joy receives,
'Tis in the juſt applauſe, that conſcious virtue gives:
This blameleſs pride the dying HUGHES poſſeſt,
Soften'd his pain, ſat lightly on his breaſt,
And ſooth'd his unoffending ſoul to reſt.
Free from the bigot's fears, or ſtoick's pride,
Calm as our chriſtian hero liv'd, he dy'd.
As on the utmoſt verge of life he ſtood,
Ready to plunge, and ſeize th' immortal good,
Collecting all his rays diffus'd, in one,
His * laſt great work with heighten'd luſtre ſhone;
There his juſt ſentiments, transferr'd, we view'd!
But, while our eyes the ſhining path purſu'd,

And

* Siege of Damaſcus.

And ſteep aſcent his ſteady judgment gain'd,
The ſhining path, alas! alone remain'd.—
So when the ſun to worlds unknown retires,
How ſtrong! how boldly ſhoot his parting fires!
Larger his ſetting orb our eyes confeſs,
Eager we gaze, and the full glory bleſs;
As o'er the heavens, ſublime, his courſe extends,
With equal ſtate, the radiant globe deſcends,
Sinks, in a cloud of gold, and azure bright,
And leaves, behind, gay tracks of beamy light.

1720.

IF for ourſelves the tears profuſely flow,
Too juſtly we indulge the tender woe,
Since thou in virtue's robes waſt richly dreſt,
And of fine arts abundantly poſſeſt!
But if we rather ſhould congratulate
A friend's enlargement and exalted ſtate;
Reſign'd to Providence, what can we leſs
Than chearful hail thy long'd-for happineſs,
Who now, releas'd from every piercing pain,
Doſt in the realms of light triumphant reign!

February, 1719-20. W. DUNCOMBE.

TO THE
MEMORY OF MR. HUGHES.

O LOST too early! and too lately known!
My love's intended marks receive in one;
Where, new to eaſe, and recent from thy pains,
With ampler joy thou tread'ſt the bliſsful plains:
If there, regardful of the ways of men,
Thou ſeeſt with pity, what thou once haſt been,
O gentle ſhade! accept this humble verſe,
Amidſt the meaner honours of thy hearſe.
How does thy Phocyas warm Britannia's youth,
In arms to glory, and in love to truth!
Oh! if the Muſe of future aught preſage,
Theſe ſeeds ſhall ripen in the coming age;
Then youths, renown'd for many a field well-fought,
Shall own the glorious leſſons thou haſt taught;
Honour's ſtrict laws ſhall reign in every mind,
And every Phocyas his Eudocia find.
O! yet be this the loweſt of thy fame,
To form the hero, and inſtruct the dame;
I ſee the chriſtian, friend, relation, ſon,
Burn for the glorious courſe that thou haſt run.
If aught we owe thy pencil, or thy lyre,
Of manly ſtrokes, or of ſuperior fire,
How muſt thy Muſe be ever own'd divine,
And in the ſacred liſt unrival'd ſhine!
Nor joyous health was thine, nor downy eaſe;
To thee forbidden was the ſoft receſs;

Worn

Worn with diſeaſe, and never-ceaſing pain,
How firmly did thy ſoul her ſeat maintain!
Early thy ſide the mortal ſhaft receiv'd,
All, but the wounded hero, ſaw and griev'd.
No ſenſe of ſmart, no anguiſh, could control,
Or turn the generous purpoſe of his ſoul.
Witneſs ye nobler arts, by heaven deſign'd
To charm the ſenſes, and improve the mind,
How through your mazes, with inceſſant toil,
He urg'd his way to reap th' immortal ſpoil!
So fabled Orpheus tun'd his potent ſong,
Death's circling ſhades and Stygian glooms among.
Of thy great labours this, the laſt* and chief,
At once demands our wonder, and our grief;
Thy ſoul in clouded majeſty till now,
Its finiſh'd beauties did but partly ſhow,
Wondering we ſaw diſcloſ'd the ample ſtore,
Griev'd in that inſtant, to expect no more.
So in the evening of ſome doubtful day,
And clouds divided with a mingled ray,
Haply the golden ſun unveils his light,
And his whole glories ſpreads at once to ſight;
Th' enliven'd world look up with gladſome chear,
Bleſs the gay ſcene, nor heed the night ſo near;
Sudden, the lucent orb drops ſwiftly down
Through weſtern ſkies, to ſhine in worlds unknown.

March 28, 1720.

WM. COWPER.

FROM

* *The Siege of Damaſcus.*

FROM thy long languiſhing, and painful ſtrife,
Of breath and labour drawn, and waſting life,
Accompliſh'd ſpirit! thou at length art free,
Born into bliſs and immortality!
Thy ſtruggles are no more; the palm is won;
Thy brows encircled with the victor's crown;
While lonely left, and deſolate below,
Full grief I feel, and all a BROTHER's woe!
Yet would I linger on, a little ſpace,
Before I cloſe my quick-expiring race,
Till I have gather'd up, with grateful pains,
Thy WORKS, thy dear unperiſhing remains;
An undecaying MONUMENT to ſtand,
Rais'd to thy name by thy own ſkilful hand.
Then let me wing from earth my willing way,
To meet thy ſoul in blaze of living day,
Rapt to the ſkies, like thee, with joyful flight,
An inmate of the heavens, adopted into light!

30 March, 1720.

JABEZ HUGHES.
Ob. 17 Jan. 1731.
Anno Æt. 46.

IMMOR

IMMORTAL Bard! though from the world retir'd,
Still known to fame, ſtill honour'd, and admir'd!
While, fill'd with joy, in happier rëalms you ſtray,
And dwell in manſions of eternal day;
While you, conſpicuous through the heavenly choir,
With ſwelling rapture tune the choſen lyre;
Where echoing angels the glad notes prolong,
Or with attentive ſilence crown your ſong;
Forgive the Muſe that in unequal lays
Offers this humble tribute of her praiſe.

Loſt in thy works, how oft I paſs the day,
While the ſwift hours ſteal unperceiv'd away;
There, in ſweet union, wit and virtue charm,
And nobleſt ſentiments the boſom warm;
The brave, the wiſe, the virtuous, and the fair,
May view themſelves in fadeleſs colours there.
Through every poliſh'd piece correctneſs flows.
Yet each bright page with ſprightly fancy glows;
Oh! happy elegance, where thus are join'd
A ſolid judgment, and a wit refin'd!
Here injur'd Phocyas and Eudocia claim
A laſting pity and a laſting fame:
Thy heroine's ſofter virtues charm the ſight,
And fill our ſouls with raviſhing delight.
Exalted love and dauntleſs courage meet,
To make thy hero's character compleat.
This finiſh'd piece the nobleſt pens commend;
And ev'n the critics are the poet's friend.

Let

Led on by thee, thoſe * flowery paths I view,
For ever lovely, and for ever new,
Where all the Graces with joint force engage,
To ſtem th' impetuous follies of the age:
Virtue, there deck'd in ever-blooming charms,
With ſuch reſiſtleſs rays of beauty warms,
That Vice, abaſh'd, confounded, ſkulks away,
As night retires at dawn of roſy day.

Struck with his guilt, the hardy Atheiſt dreads
Approaching fate, and trembles as he reads:
Vanquiſh'd by reaſon, yet aſham'd to fly,
He dares not own a God, nor yet deny:
Convinc'd, though late, forgiveneſs he implores;
Shrinks from the jaws of hell, and heaven adores.

Hither the wild, the frolick, and the gay,
As thoughtleſs through their wanton rounds they ſtray,
Compell'd by fame, repair with curious eye,
And their own various forms with wonder ſpy.
The cenſor ſo polite, ſo kindly true,
They ſee their faults, and ſicken at the view.
Hence trifling Damon ceaſes to be vain;
And Cloe ſcorns to give her lover pain:
Strephon is true, who ne'er was true before;
And Cælia bids him love, but not adore.

Though ADDISON and STEELE the honour claim,
Here to ſtand foremoſt on the liſt of fame;
Yet ſtill the traces of thy hand we ſee,
Some of the brighteſt thoughts are due to thee.

While

* *Alluding* to the Spectators written by Mr. Hughes

While then for thoſe illuſtrious bards we mourn,
The Muſe ſhall viſit thy DISTINGUISH'D URN;
With copious tears bedew the ſacred ground,
And plant the never-fading bay around.

Here through the gloom, aſpiring bards explore
Theſe awful relicks, and be vain no more:
Learning, and wit, and fame itſelf muſt die;
VIRTUE alone can towering reach the ſky.
This crown'd his life. Admire not, heaven in view,
He to the glorious prize with tranſport flew.
A fate ſo bleſt ſhould check our ſtreaming woe,
He reigns above, his works ſurvive below.

J. BUNCE,
Late of Trinity-Hall,
Cambridge.

IN MEMORIAM VIRI CLARISSIMI

JOHANNIS HUGHES.

OCCIDIT heu nimium fato ſublatus acerbo,
Occidit Aonidûm decus ille dolorque ſororum!
Quæ te, magne, tuis rapuit ſors aſpera, vates?
Quo fugis, ah! noſtras nunquam rediturus in oras!
En! tibi ferali crinem cinxêre cupreſſo,
Et circum cineres Parnaſſia numina lugent.
Ipſa tuam flet adhuc, flebitque Britannia mortem:
Te patria expoſcit, fœcundaque criminis ætas.
Non tua te pietas, non candida vita, nec artes
Ingenuæ, duro juvenem eripuêre ſepulchro!
Sed tibi mors longos nequicquam inviderit annos,
Dum maneant claræ monumenta perennia famæ,
Dircæuſque volet ſuperas ſuus ales in auras.
* Spernis trita ſonans plectrum, tenuiſque camœnæ
Haud petis auxilium: terris te plena relictis
Mens rapit impavidum, cœlique per ardua ducit.
Jam procul ex oculis gentes & regna recedunt;
Jam tellus perit, & punctum vix cernitur orbis.
At vos, immenſi placidiſſima lumina mundi,
Sol, Luna, æterno meritas O! pangite laudes
Auctori dominoque; ſuis concuſſa tremiſcat
Sedibus, & magnum agnoſcat Natura Parentem,
Dum vates arcana, parum ſententia vulgi
Ut ſtet ſollicitus, ſublimi carmine pandit!
Qualis verborum pompa! ut ruit ore profundo
Fervidus, ingenii caleat cum Spiritus ingens!

Nec

* Hæc, & proxima alludunt ad ſublimia illa *authoris noſtri Poemata*, quibus Tituli, HYMNUS AD CREATOREM MUNDI, & ECSTASIS.

Nec minor incedis, tragico indignus ſive cothurno,
Dum tuus Arabicos Phocyas ruit acer in hoſtes,
Quis non æqualis tôto ſub pectore flammas
Concipit, & ſimili laudis ferveſcit amore!
O qualis linguæ divina potentia! quali
Arte trahis faciles animos; ſeu pectora flecti
Dura jubes, & pulchræ acuis virtutis honore;
Sive intus placidos Eudocia concitet ignes;
Ah nimium, nimium infelix Eudocia! quem non
Sors tua ſæva movet? madidi vectigal ocelli
Quis neget? infauſtos quis non deploret amores?
O ſemper damnata pati fata aſpera virtus!
At tibi quis ſenſus, quæ mens, Eudocia, cum jam
Extrahit infixam Phocyas tua flamma ſagittam,
Securus fati, vitamque ex vulnere fundit?
Quis ſatis ingenium comis miretur Abudæ?
Quam piger ad pœnas, miſerumque benignus in hoſtem!
Exemplar vel Chriſtiadis imitabile, mores
Digni etiam meliore fide! O quam, nube remotâ
Erroris, tanti eniteant pietatis honores!
Sed quid ego plura hîc laudare nitentia pergam?
Tota nitet, pulchro tota ordine fabrica ſurgit,
Et delectamur paſſim, paſſimque monemur.

E Coll. Mert. Oxon. L. DUNCOMBE.

Amabilis Juvenis, hujus Carminis Author,
Obiit 26 Decem. 1730; Anno Ætatis 19.

"—Nox atra caput triſti circumvolat umbrâ." VIRG.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

TO THE MEMORY OF

MR. HUGHES.

Spoken by Mr. MILWARD, on the Revival of The SIEGE of DAMASCUS, at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, 22 March, 1734-5.

HERE force and fancy, with united charms,
Mingle the ſweets of love with war's alarms.
Our author ſhows, in Eaſtern pomp array'd,
The conquering hero and the conſtant maid.
None better knew, ſuch noble heights to ſoar,
Though Phædra, and though Cato charm'd before.
While in the luſtre of his glowing lines,
Th' Arabian paradiſe ſo gaily ſhines,
With winy rivers, racy fruits ſupply'd,
And beauties ſparkling in immortal pride,
Gallants, you'll own that a reſiſtleſs fire
Did juſtly their enamour'd breaſts inſpire.
At firſt, a numerous audience crown'd this play,
And kind applauſes mark'd its happy way,
While He, like his own Phocyas, ſnatch'd from view,
To fairer realms with ripen'd glory flew.
Humane, though witty; humble, though admir'd;
Wept by the great, the virtuous ſage expir'd!
Still may the bard, beneath kind planets born,
Whom every Grace and every Muſe adorn,
Whoſe ſpreading fame has reach'd to foreign lands,
Receive ſome tribute too from Britiſh hands.

THE

THE

TRIUMPH OF PEACE.

OCCASIONED BY THE PEACE OF RESWICK, 1697.

HEAR, Britain, hear a rough unpractis'd tongue!
Though rough my voice, the Muſe inſpires the ſong,
The heaven-born Muſe; ev'n now ſhe ſprings her flight,
And bears my raptur'd ſoul through untrac'd realms of light.
We mount aloft, and, in our airy way,
Retiring kingdoms far beneath ſurvey.
Amid the reſt a ſpacious tract appears,
Obſcure in view, and on its viſage wears
Black hovering miſts, which, thickening by degrees,
Extend a louring ſtorm o'er earth and ſeas.
But, lo! an Eaſtern light, ariſing high,
Drives the tempeſtuous wreck along the ſky!
Then thus the Muſe—Look down, my ſon! and ſee
The bright proceſſion of a deity!
She ſpoke; the ſtorm diſpers'd; vaniſh'd the night;
And well-known Europe ſtands diſclos'd to ſight.
Of various ſtates, the various bounds appear;
There wide Hiſpania, fruitful Gallia here;
Belgia's moiſt ſoil, conſpicuous from afar,
And Flandria, long the field of a deſtructive war.

Germania too, with cluſter'd vines o'erſpread;
And lovely Albion from her watery bed,
Beauteous above the reſt, rears her auſpicious head.
Beneath her chalky cliffs, ſea-nymphs reſort,
And awful Neptune keeps his reedy court;
His darling Thames, rich preſents in his hand
Of bounteous Ceres, traverſes the land;
And ſeems a mighty ſnake, whoſe ſhining pride
Does through the meads in ſinuous volumes glide.
Ah, charming iſle! faireſt of all the main!
Too long thou doſt my willing eye detain.
For ſee a hero on the adverſe ſtrand!
And, lo! a blooming virgin in his hand!
All hail, celeſtial pair!—a goddeſs ſhe,
Of heavenly birth confeſt, a more than mortal, He!
Victorious laurels on his brows he wears;
Th' attending fair a branching Olive bears;
Slender her ſhape, in ſilver bands confin'd;
Her ſnowy garments looſely flow behind,
Rich with embroider'd ſtars, and ruffle in the wind.
But once ſuch differing beauty met before,
When warrior Mars did Love's bright queen adore;
Ev'n Love's bright queen might ſeem leſs winning fair,
And Mars ſubmit to his heroic air.
Not Jove himſelf, imperial Jove can ſhow
A nobler Mien, or more undaunted brow,
When his ſtrong arm, through heav'n's ætherial plains,
Compels the kindled bolt, and awful rule maintains.
And now embark'd they ſeek the Britiſh Iſles.
Pleas'd with the charge, propitious Ocean ſmiles.

B

re, old Neptune ſmooths the liquid way;
quious Tritons on the ſurface play;
ſportful dolphins, with a nimble glance,
ne bright ſun their glittering ſcales advance.
izy beds profound, the billows ſleep,
amorous winds awake the ſilent deep;
k'd, they whiſper in a gentle breeze,
all around is univerſal peace.
ceed, my Muſe! The following pomp declare;
ho, and what, the bright attendants were!
Ceres, in her chariot ſeated high,
uneſs'd dragons drawn along the ſky;
rnucopia fill'd her weaker hand,
g'd with the various offspring of the land,
, flowers, and corn; her right a ſickle bore;
low wreath of twiſted wheat ſhe wore.
father Bacchus with his tigers grac'd
how, and, ſqueezing cluſters as he paſs'd,
'd flowing goblets of rich-flavour'd wine.
der, laſt ſucceed the tuneful Nine;
lo too was there; behind him hung
ſeleſs quiver, and his bow unſtrung;
uch'd his golden lyre, and thus he ſung.
Lead on, great WILLIAM! in thy happy reign
ice and the Muſes are reſtor'd again.
ar, that fierce lion, long diſdaining law,
ng'd uncontrol'd, and kept the world in awe,
hile trembling kingdoms crouch'd beneath his
"paw,

" At laſt the reeling monſter, drunk with gore,
" Falls at thy feet ſubdued, and quells his roar;
" Tamely to thee he bends his ſhaggy mane,
" And on his neck admits the long-rejected chain.
" At thy protecting court, for this bleſt day,
" Attending nations their glad thanks ſhall pay:
" Not Belgia, and the reſcued iſle alone,
" But Europe ſhall her great deliverer own.
" Rome's mighty grandeur was not more confeſt,
" When great Antonius travel'd through the Eaſt,
" And crouds of monarchs did each morning wait
" With early homage at his palace gate.
" Haſte then, bright prince! thy Britain's tranſport
" meet;
" Haſte to her arms, and make her bliſs complete!
" Whate'er glad news has reach'd her liſtening ear
" While her long-abſent lord provokes her fear,
" Her joys are in ſuſpence, her pleaſures unſincere.
" He comes, thy hero comes! O beauteous iſle!
" Revive thy genius with a chearful ſmile!
" Let thy rejoicing ſons freſh palms prepare,
" To grace the trophies of the finiſh'd war;
" On high he hung the martial ſword in ſheath'd,
" The ſhield with ribbons dreſs'd, and ſpear with ivy
" wreath'd!
" *Let ſpeaking* paint in various tablets ſhow
" *Paſt ſcenes* of battle to the croud below!
" *Round this* triumphant pile, in ruſtic dance,
" *The ſhouting* ſwains ſhall hand in hand advance;
" T

" The wealthy farmer from his toils ſhall ceaſe ;
" The ploughman from the yoke his ſmoking ſteers releaſe,
" And join to ſolemnize the feſtival of peace.
" No more for want of hands th' unlabour'd field,
" Choak'd with rank weeds, a ſickly crop ſhall yield :
" Calm peace returns ; behold her ſhining train !
" And fruitful plenty is reſtor'd again."—
Apollo ceas'd.——The Muſes take the ſound,
From voice to voice th' harmonious notes rebound,
And echoing lyres tranſmit the volant fugue around !

Mean while the ſteady bark, with proſperous gales,
Fills the large ſheets of her expanded ſails,
And gains th' intended port ; thick on the ſtrand,
Like ſwarming bees, th' aſſembled Britons ſtand,
And preſs to ſee their welcome ſovereign land :
At his approach, unruly tranſport reigns
In every breaſt, and rapture fires their veins.
A general ſhout ſucceeds, as when on high
Exploded thunder rends the vaulted ſky.
A ſhort convulſion ſhakes the ſolid ſhore,
And rocks th' adjacent deep, unmov'd before ;
Loud acclamations through the valleys ring,
While to Auguſta's wall the croud attend their king.

And now behold * a finiſh'd temple riſe,
On lofty pillars climbing to the ſkies !

* The choir of St. Paul's was firſt opened on the day of thankſgiving for the peace.

Of bulk ſtupendous, its proud pile it rears,
The gradual product of ſucceſſive years.
An inner gate, that folds with iron leaves,
The charm'd ſpectator's entering ſteps receives,
Where curious works in twiſted ſtems are ſeen
Of branching foliage, vacuous between.
O'er this a vocal organ, mounted high
On marble columns, ſtrikes the wondering eye;
And feeds at once two ſenſes with delight,
Sweet to the ear, and ſplendid to the ſight.
Marble the floor, enrich'd with native ſtains
Of various dye, and ſtreak'd with azure veins.
Ev'n emulous art with nature ſeems to ſtrive,
And the carv'd figures almoſt breathe and live;
The painted altar, glorious to behold,
Shines with delightful blue, and dazzling gold.
Here firſt th' illuſtrious three, of heavenly race,
Religion, Liberty, and Peace, embrace;
Here joyful crouds their pious thanks expreſs,
For Peace reſtor'd, and heaven's indulgence bleſs
Auſpicious ſtructure! born in happy days,
Whoſe firſt employment is the nobleſt, praiſe!
So, when by juſt degrees th' eternal Thought
His ſix days labour to perfection brought,
With laws of motion firſt endued the whole,
And bade the heavens in deſtin'd circles roll,
The poliſh'd ſpheres commenc'd their harmony;
All nature in a chorus did agree,
And the world's birth-day was a jubilee.

THE COURT OF NEPTUNE.

ON KING WILLIAM'S RETURN FROM HOLLAND, 1699.

ADDRESSED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES MONTAGUE, ESQ.

BEGIN, celeſtial Muſe! a tuneful ſtrain
Of Albion's prince conducted o'er the main;
Of courts conceal'd in waves, and Neptune's watery reign;
Sing, from beneath, how the green deity
Roſe to the ſovereign of the Britiſh ſea;
To power confeſs'd, the triple mace reſign'd,
O'er-rul'd the floods, and charg'd the rebel wind;
Secur'd his paſſage homeward, and reſtor'd,
Safe to the loveliеſt iſle, the beſt-lov'd lord.
The generous name of MONTAGUE has long
Been fam'd in verſe, and grac'd the poet's ſong;
In verſe, himſelf can happy wonders do,
The beſt of patrons, and of poets too.
Amid the ſkillful choir that court his ear,
If he vouchſafe theſe ruder lays to hear,
His bright example, while to him I ſing,
Shall raiſe my feeble flight, and mount me on the wing.
On Albion's Eaſtern coaſt, an * ancient town
O'erlooks the ſea, to mariners well known;
Where the ſwift † Stourus ends his ſnaky train,
And pays his watery tribute to the main:

* Harwich.

† The River *Stoure*, that runs between Suffolk and Eſſex.

Stourus, whoſe ſtream, prolific as it glides,
Two fertile counties in its courſe divides,
And rolls to ſeaward with a lover's pace:
There beauteous Orwell meets his fond embrace;
They mix their amorous ſtreams, the briny tide
Receives them join'd; their crooked ſhores provide
A ſpacious bay within, for anchor'd ſhips to ride.
Here, on the margin of the rolling flood,
Divinely fair, like ſea-born Venus, ſtood
Britannia's genius, in a robe array'd
Of broider'd arms, and heraldry diſplay'd:
A crown of cities charg'd her graceful brows;
In waving curls her hair luxuriant flows;
Celeſtial glories in her eyes are ſeen;
Her ſtature tall, majeſtic is her mien.
With ſuch a preſence, through th' adoring ſkies
Shines the great parent of the deities;
Such towery honours on her temples riſe,
When, drawn by lions, ſhe proceeds in ſtate;
Trains of attendant-gods around her chariot wait;
The mother-goddeſs, with ſuperior grace,
Surveys, and numbers o'er her bright immortal race.
While thus the lovely Genius hovers o'er
The water's brink, and from the ſandy ſhore
Beholds th' alternate billows fall and riſe
(By turns they ſink below, by turns they mount the ſkies):
"And muſt, ſhe ſaid——
"Then paus'd, and drew a ſigh of anxious love;
"*Muſt my dear lord* this faithleſs ocean prove;

"Eſcap'd

" Eſcap'd the chance of war, and fraud of foes,
" Wilt thou to warring waves thy ſacred life expoſe;
" Why am I thus divided by the ſea,
" From all the world, and all the world in thee?
" Could ſighs and tears the rage of tempeſts bind,
" With tears I'd bribe the ſeas, with ſighs the wind:
" Soft-ſighing gales thy canvas ſhould inſpire;
" But hence, ye boiſterous ſtorms! far hence retire
" To inland woods; there your mad powers appeaſe,
" And ſcour the duſty plains, or ſtrip the foreſt trees;
" Or lodg'd in hollow rocks profoundly ſleep,
" And reſt from the loud labours of the deep!
" Why ſhould I fear?——If heroes be the care
" Of heaven above, and heaven inclines to prayer,
" Thou ſail'ſt ſecure; my ſons with lifted eyes,
" And pious vows, for thee have gain'd the ſkies.
" Come then, my much-lov'd lord! No more th' alarms
" Of waſteful war require thee from my arms.
" Thy ſword gives plenteous peace; but without thee,
" Peace has no charms, and plenty 's poverty:
" At length enjoy, for whom you've fought, the queen
" Of iſlands, bright, majeſtic, and ſerene!
" Unveil'd from clouds, which did her form diſguiſe,
" And hid a thouſand beauties from thy eyes.
" A thouſand treaſures unſurvey'd invite
" Their lord to various ſcenes of new delight.
" Come ſee the dower I brought! My ſpacious downs,
" My numerous counties, and my ancient towns;
" Landſkips of riſing mountains, ſhaggy woods,
" Green vallies, ſmiling meadows, ſilver floods,

" And

" And plains with lowing herds enrich'd around,
" The hills with flocks, the flocks with fleeces crown'd.
" All theſe with native wealth thy power maintain,
" And bloom with bleſſings of thy eaſy reign.
" Haſte, hoiſt thy ſails! and through the foamy
" brine,
" Ruſh to my arms! henceforth be wholly mine;
" After nine toilſome years, let ſlaughter ceaſe,
" And flouriſh now ſecure, in the ſoft arts of peace!"
She ſaid; th' intreated winds her accents bore,
And wing'd the meſſage to the Belgic ſhore.
The pious hero heard, nor could delay
To meet the lovely voice, that ſummon'd him away;
The lovely voice, whoſe ſoft-complaining charms
Before had call'd the ſuccour of his arms,
Nor call'd in vain; when fir'd with generous rage
T' oppoſe the fury of a barbarous age,
Like Jove with awful thunder in his hand,
Through ſtorms and fleets at ſea, and foes at land,
He urg'd his daring way; before his ſight
On ſilver wings, bright Glory took her flight,
And left, to guide his courſe, long ſhining tracks
of light!
And now once more embark'd, propitious gales
Blow freſh from ſhore, and fill his hollow ſails.
As when the golden god, that rules the day,
Drives down his flaming chariot to the ſea,
And leaves the nations here involv'd in night,
To diſtant regions he tranſports his light;

So

So WILLIAM's rays, by turns, two nations chear;
And when he ſets to them, he riſes here.
Forſaken Belgia, ere the ſhip withdrew,
Shed generous tears, and breath'd this ſoft adieu;
" Since empire calls thee, and a glorious throne,
" Thy people's weighty intereſts, and thy own;
" (Though ſtruggling love would fain perſuade thy
" ſtay)
" Go, where thy better fortune leads the way!
" Mean while my loſs, allow me to complain,
" And wiſh—ah no! that partial wiſh were vain.
" Though honour'd Crete had nurs'd the thundering
" God,
" Crete was not always bleſt with his abode;
" Nor was it fit, that WILLIAM's godlike mind,
" For nations born, ſhould be to One confin'd.
" This only grant, ſince I muſt aſk no more,
" Reviſit once again your native ſhore!
" That hope my ſorrows ſhall beguile; and thou,
" My happy rival! wilt that hope allow;
" 'Tis all th' enjoyment, fate has left me now.
" So may'ſt thou, fair Britannia! ever be
" Firm to thy ſovereign's love, and his to thee!
" While widow'd I"——There riſing ſighs repreſs'd
Her fainting voice, and ſtifled—in the reſt.
Now, while the bounding veſſel drives before
The guſty gales, and leaves the leſſening ſhore,
Behold the parting clouds to diſtance fly,
And golden glories, pouring from on high
New dreſs the day, and chear th' enlighten'd ſky!

One

One ſhooting beam, like lightning doubly bright,
Darts on the middle main its ſtreaming light.
Lo! WILLIAM's guardian angel there deſcends;
To Neptune's court his heavenly meſſage tends:
In arms celeſtial, how he ſhines afar,
Like Pallas marching to th' awaken'd war!
His left hand gripes a ſpacious orb of ſhield,
With thouſand intercepted dangers fill'd,
And deaths of various kind; his right diſplays
A temper'd blade, that ſpreads a formidable blaze.
He ſtrikes the waves; th' obſequious waves obey,
And, opening in a gulph, diſcloſe the downward way.
O Muſe! by thee conducted down, I dare
The ſecrets of the watery world declare;
For nothing ſcapes thy view; to thee 'tis given,
To range the ſpace of earth, and ſeas, and heaven,
Deſcry a thouſand forms, conceal'd from ſight,
And in immortal verſe to give the viſions light.
A rock there lies, in depth of ſea profound;
About its clefts, rich beds of pearl abound,
Where ſportful nature, covering her retreat
With flowing waters, holds her ſecret ſeat:
In woods of coral, intricate ſhe ſtrays,
And wreathes the ſhells of fiſh a thouſand ways,
And animates the ſpawn of all her finny race.
Th' unnumber'd ſpecies of the fertile tide,
In ſhoals, around their mighty mother, glide.
From out the rock's wide cavern's deep below,
Or ruſhing

And, ebbing, here retires; within its ſides,
In roomy caves the god of ſea reſides.
Pillars unhewn, of living ſtone, bear high
His vaulted courts; in ſtorms the billows fly
O'er th' echoing roof, like thunder through the ſkies,
And warn the ruler of the floods to riſe,
And check the raving winds, and the ſwoln waves chaſtiſe.
Rich ſpoils, by plundering tempeſts hither borne,
An univerſe of wealth, the palace-rooms adorn.
Before its entrance, broken wrecks are ſeen
In heaps deform'd, a melancholy ſcene.
But far within, upon a moſſy throne,
With waſhy ooze and ſamphire overgrown,
The ſea-green king his forky ſceptre rears;
Awful his aſpect, numerous are his years.
A pearly crown circles his brows divine;
His beard and dewy hair ſhed trickling drops of brine.
The river-gods, his numerous progeny,
On beds of ruſhes round their parent lie.
Here Danube and the Rhine; Nile's ſecret ſource
Dwells here conceal'd; hence Tiber takes his courſe;
Hence rapid Rhodanus his current pours;
And, iſſuing from his urn, majeſtic Padus roars;
And Alpheus ſeeks, with ſilent pace, the lov'd Sicilian ſhores.
But, chief in honour, Neptune's darling ſon,
The beauteous Thames lies neareſt to his throne.

Nor

Nor thou, fair Boyne! ſhalt paſs unmention'd by,
Already ſung in ſtrains that ne'er ſhall die.
  Theſe, and a thouſand more, whoſe winding trains
Seek various lands, the wealthy ſire maintains;
Each day, the fluid portions he divides,
And fills their craving urns with freſh-recruited tides.
But not alike; for oft his partial care
Beſtows on ſome a diſproportion'd ſhare;
From whence their ſwelling currents, o'er-ſupply'd,
Through delug'd fields in noiſy triumph ride.
  The God was juſt preparing to renew
His daily taſk, when ſudden in his view
Appear'd the guardian power, all dazzling-bright;
And, entering, flaſh'd the caves with beamy light.
Boyne, Rhine, the Sambre, on their banks had ſeen
The glorious form, and knew his martial mien;
In throngs th' admiring Nereids round him preſs'd,
And Tritons croud to view the heavenly gueſt.
Then thus, advancing, he his will explains,
"O mighty ſovereign of the liquid plains!
"Haſte, to the ſurface of the deep repair,
"This ſolemn day requires thy preſence there,
"To rule the ſtorms, the riſing waves reſtrain,
"And ſhake thy ſceptre o'er the govern'd main.
"By breathing gales on thy dominions driven
"To thee, three kingdoms hopes in charge are given,
"The glory of the world, and beſt-belov'd of heaven.
"Behold him figur'd here!"—He ſaid, and held,
Refulgent to his view, the guardian ſhield.

On

On the rich mould, inwrought with ſkill divine,
Great WILLIAM's wars in ſplendid ſculpture ſhine.
Here, how his ſaving power was firſt diſplay'd,
And Holland reſcued by his youthful aid;
When, kindling in his ſoul, the martial flame
Broke fiercely out, preluding future fame,
And round the frontiers dealt avenging fire;
Swift from the hot purſuit the blaſted foes retire.
Then battles, ſieges, camps are grav'd afar,
And the long progreſs of the dreadful war.
Above the reſt, Seneffe's immortal fight,
In larger figures offer'd to the ſight,
With martial terror charms, and gives a fierce delight.
Here the confederate troops are forc'd to yield,
Driven by unequal numbers through the field:
With his bright ſword, young NASSAU there withſtands
Their flight; with prayers and blows he urges his commands,
Upbraids their fainting force, and boldly throws
Himſelf the firſt amidſt the wondering foes.
What dare not men, by ſuch a general led?
Rallying with ſhouts, their Hero at their head,
Fir'd with new rage, aſham'd they once did fly,
Reſolv'd t' o'ercome, or reſolute to die,
Through trampled heaps of ſlain they ruſh to victory.
Earth trembles at the charge; Death, Blood, and Prey,
Inſatiate riot all the murderous day;
Nor night it ſelf their fury can allay;
Till the pale moon, that ſickens at the ſight,
Retires behind a cloud, to blind the bloody fight.

Again,

Again, the ſhield in ſavage proſpect ſhows
An ancient* abbey, which rough woods incloſe;
And precipices vaſt abruptly riſe,
Where, ſafe encamp'd, proud Luxemburgh defies
All open violence, or cloſe ſurprize.
But ſee! a ſecond Hannibal from far,
Up the ſteep height, conducts th' entangled war.
Brave Oſſory, attended with the pride
Of Engliſh valour, charges by his ſide.
Inclos'd they fight; the foreſts ſhine around
With flaſhing fires; the thunder'd hills rebound,
And the ſhock'd country, wide beneath, rebellows to the ſound,
Forc'd from their holds, at length they ſpeed their flight;
Rich tents, and ſtores of war, the victor's toils requite.
Then peace enſues; and, in a ſhining train,
The friendly chiefs aſſemble on the plain.
An ardent zeal the Gallic general warms
To ſee the youth, that kindled ſuch alarms;
Wondering he views; ſecure the ſoldiers preſs
Round their late dread, and the glad treaty bleſs.
Next, on the broad circumference is wrought
The nine years war for lov'd Britannia fought;
The cauſe the fame: fair Liberty betray'd,
And baniſh'd Juſtice, fly to him for aid.
Here ſailing ſhips are drawn, the crowded ſtrand,
And heaven's avenger haſtening to the land.

Oppreſſion,

* St. Dennis near Mons.

Oppreſſion, Fraud, Confuſion, and Affright,
Fierce fiends, that ravag'd in the gloomy night
Of lawleſs power, defeated, fly before his dazling light.
So to th' eclipſing moon, by the ſtill ſide
Of ſome lone thicket, reveling haggs provide
Dire charms, that threat the ſleeping neighbourhood,
And quaff, with magic mix'd, vaſt bowls of human blood;
But, when the dawn reveals the purple eaſt,
They vaniſh ſullen from th' unfiniſh'd feaſt.
Here joyful crouds triumphant arches rear
To their deliverer's praiſe; glad ſenates there,
In ſplendid pomp, the regal ſtate confer.
Hiberma's fields new triumphs then ſupply;
The rival kings, in arms, the fate of empire try.
See where the Boyne two warring hoſts divides,
And rolls between the fight his murmuring tides!
In vain—hills, foreſts, ſtreams, muſt all give place,
When William leads, and victory 's the chace.
Thou ſaw'ſt him, Boyne! when thy charg'd waters bore
The ſwimming courſers to th' oppoſing ſhore,
And, round thy banks, thou heard'ſt the murdering cannons roar.
What more than mortal bravery inſpir'd
The daring troops, by his example fir'd!
Thou ſaw'ſt their wondrous deeds; to Neptune's court
Thy flying waves convey'd the ſwift report,
And, red with ſlaughter, to their father ſhow'd
Streams not their own, and a diſcolour'd flood.

Here, on th' ætherial mould, hurl'd from afar,
Th' exploded ball had mark'd a dinted ſcar.
'Twas deſtin'd thus; for when, all glowing-red,
The angel took it from the forge, he ſaid;
This part be left unfated from the foe!
And, ſcarce eſcap'd, once let the Hero know,
How much to my protection he ſhall owe;
Yet, from the batter'd ſhield, the ball ſhall bound,
And on his arm inflict a ſcarlet wound.

Elſewhere, behold NAMUR's proud turrets riſe,
Majeſtic to the ſight, advancing to the ſkies!
The Meuſe and Sambre here united flow,
Nature's defence againſt th' invading foe:
Induſtrious art her ſtrength of walls ſupplies:
Before the town the Britiſh army lies.
The works are mann'd; with fury they contend;
Theſe thunder from the plains, thoſe from the walls defend.
Red globes of fire from bellowing engines fly,
And lead a ſweeping blaze, like comets, through the ſky.
The kindled region glows; with deafening ſound
They burſt; their iron entrails, hurl'd around,
Strow with thick-ſcatter'd deaths the crimſon ground.
See, where the genius of the war appears,
Nor ſhuns the labour, nor the danger fears!
In clouds of ſulphurous ſmoke he ſhines more bright,
For Glory round him waits, with beams of living light.
At length the widen'd gates a conqueſt own,
And to his arms reſign the yielding town.

Here,

Here, from the field return'd, with olive crown'd,
Applauding throngs their welcome prince ſurround:
Bright honours in his glorious entry ſhine,
And peace reſtor'd concludes the great deſign.
Long, o'er the figur'd work, with vaſt ſurprize,
Admiring Neptune roll'd his raviſh'd eyes;
Then, riſing from his throne, thus call'd aloud;
"Ye lovely daughters of the briny flood!
"Haſte, comb your ſilver locks, and ſtraight prepare
"To fill my train, and gaze in upper air.
"This day, majeſtic glories you ſhall ſee;
"Come, all ye watery powers, who under me
"Your little tridents wield, and rule the boiſterous ſea!
"What God, that views the triumphs here diſplay'd,
"Can to ſuch worth refuſe his heavenly aid?"
He ſaid no more—but bade two Tritons ſound
Their crooked ſhells, to ſpread the ſummons round.
Through the wide caves the blaſt is heard afar;
With ſpeed two more provide his azure car,
A concave ſhell; two the finn'd courſers join:
All wait officious round, and own th' accuſtom'd ſign;
The god aſcends; his better hand ſuſtains
The three-fork'd ſpear, his left directs the reins.
Through breaking waves, the chariot mounts him high;
Before its thundering courſe, the frothy waters fly;
He gains the ſurface; on his either ſide,
The bright attendants, rang'd with comely pride,
Advance in juſt array, and grace the pompous tide.
Meanwhile Britannia's king conſpicuous ſtood,
And, from his deck, ſurvey'd the boundleſs flood.

Smooth was the glaſſy ſcene, the ſun beheld
His face unclouded in the liquid field.
The gazing Nereids, in a ſhining train,
Incloſe the ruler of the Britiſh main,
And ſweetly ſing; ſuſpended winds forbear
Their loud complaints, the ſoothing lay to hear.
" Hail, ſacred charge; they cry; the beauties we
" Of Neptune's court, are come t' attend on thee;
" Accept our offer'd aid! thy potent ſway,
" Unbounded by the land, theſe watery realms obey;
" And we, thy ſubject-powers, our duteous homage
" pay.
" See Neptune's ſelf, inferior in command,
" Preſents his trident to thy honour'd hand!"
They ſaid; the fire approach'd with awe profound;
The rite perform'd, their ſhells the Tritons ſound;
Swell'd with the ſhrill alarm, the joyful billows bound.
Now, from the ſhore, Britannia firſt deſcries
White ſails afar; then bulky veſſels riſe,
Nearer to view; her beating heart foretells
The pleaſing news, and eager tranſport feels.
Safe to her arms, imperial Neptune bears
Th' intruſted charge, then diving diſappears.

THE

THE HOUSE OF NASSAU.

A PINDARIC ODE. 1702.

" ——— Cœlo demittitur alto
" Chara Deûm Soboles." VIRG.

TO HIS GRACE

CHARLES DUKE OF SOMERSET.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

THOUGH the great loſs we ſuffered in the death of the king has been ſo happily ſupplied by her majeſty's acceſſion to the throne, and her late coronation juſtly filled the hearts of her ſubjects with joy; yet ſo glorious a reign as the laſt will always be remembered with admiration by all good and wiſe men; and your Grace has given ſufficient proofs that you are of that number. It can never therefore be thought too late to offer a juſt tribute to his late majeſty's memory, and to that of his great anceſtors, a race ſo illuſtriouſly diſtinguiſhed in Europe; though this indeed might ſooner have been attempted, but for many interruptions, too inconſiderable for your Grace's notice. How I have performed is humbly ſubmitted to your Grace's judgment, and to the judgment of all

thoſe gentlemen who are uſed to entertain themſelves with writings of this ſort. But if, through the author's want of genius, the Poem itſelf ſhould be thought inconſiderable, I am ſure it will have ſome diſtinction from the great names it celebrates, and the great patron it is inſcribed to. And to whom ſhould the praiſes of eminent virtue be addreſſed, but to ſuch as are poſſeſſed of great virtues themſelves? To whom can I better preſent the chief characters of a noble and ancient family, than to your Grace, whoſe family is ſo ancient and ſo noble? And here I am proud to acknowledge that ſome of my relations have been honoured with marks of favour from your Grace's illuſtrious anceſtors. This I confeſs has long given me the ambition of offering my duty to your Grace; but chiefly that valuable character your Grace has obtained among all worthy perſons. I have not room to enlarge here, nor is there any need of it on a ſubject ſo well known as your Grace's merits. Therefore I conclude with my humble requeſt, that your Grace would favour this Ode with your acceptance, and do me the honour of believing that among the croud of your admirers, there is not one who is more paſſionately or ſincerely ſo, than

Your Grace's moſt humble,

and moſt obedient ſervant,

JOHN HUGHES.

THE

THE

HOUSE OF NASSAU.

I.

GODDESS of numbers, and of thoughts ſublime!
Celeſtial Muſe! whoſe tuneful ſong
Can fix heroic acts, that glide along
Down the vaſt ſea of ever-waſting time,
And all the gilded images can ſtay,
Till time's vaſt ſea itſelf be roll'd away:
O now aſſiſt with conſecrated ſtrains!
Let art and nature join to raiſe
A living monument of praiſe
O'er William's great remains.
While Thames, majeſtically ſad, and ſlow,
Seems by that reverend dome to flow,
Which new-interr'd his ſacred urn contains.
If thou, O Muſe, would'ſt e'er immortal be,
This ſong bequeaths thee immortality;
For William's praiſe can ne'er expire,
Though nature's ſelf at laſt muſt die,
And all this fair-erected ſky
Muſt ſink with earth and ſea, and melt away in fire.

II.

Begin—the ſpring of virtue trace,
That, from afar-deſcending, flow'd
Through the rich veins of all the godlike race,
And fair renown on all the godlike race beſtow'd!

This ancient ſource of noble blood
Through thee, Germania, wandering wide,
Like thy own Rhine's enriching tide,
In numerous branches long diffus'd its flood.
Rhine, ſcarce more antient, never grac'd thee more,
Though mantling vines his comely head ſurround,
And all along his ſunny ſhore
Eternal plenty 's found.

III.

From heaven itſelf th' illuſtrious line began;
Ten ages in deſcent it ran,
In each deſcent increas'd with honours new.
Never did Heaven's Supreme inſpire
In mortal breaſts a nobler fire,
Nor his own image livelier drew.
Of pure ætherial flame their ſouls he made,
And, as beneath his forming hands they grew,
He bleſs'd the maſter-work, and ſaid;
" Go forth, my honour'd champions, go,
" To vindicate my cauſe below!
" Awful in power, defend for me
" Religion, juſtice, liberty,
" And, at aſpiring tyranny,
" My delegated thunder throw!
" For this, the great Naſſovian name I raiſe,
" And ſtill this character divine,
" Diſtinguiſh'd through the race ſhall ſhine,
" Zeal for their country's good, and thirſt of virtuous
" praiſe."

Now

IV.

Now look, Britannia, look, and ſee
Through the clear glaſs of hiſtory,
From whom thy mighty ſovereign came,
And take a large review of far-extended fame.
See, crouds of heroes riſe to fight!
Adolphus *, with imperial ſplendor gay:
Brave Philibert, unmatch'd in fight,
Who led the German eagle to his prey;
Through Lombardy he mark'd his conquer'd way,
And made proud Rome and Naples own his unreſiſted might.
His gallant † Nephew next appears,
And on his brows the wreaths of conqueſt wears,
Through ſtreaming wounds the martial figure ſtain;
For thee, Great ‡ Charles, in battle ſlain,
Slain in all a ſoldier's pride,
He fell triumphant by thy ſide,
And falling fought, and fighting dy'd,
And lay, a manly corpſe, extended on the plain.

V.

See next, majeſtically great,
The founder of the Belgic ſtate?
The ſun of glory, which ſo bright
Beam'd on all the darling line,
Did, from its golden urn of light,
On William's head redoubled ſhine;
His youthful looks diffus'd an awe.

Charles,

* Adolphus the Emperor, of the Houſe of Naſſau.
† Renè of Naſſau. ‡ Charles V.

Charles, who had try'd the race before,
And knew great merits to explore,
When he his riſing virtue ſaw,
He put in friendſhip's noble claim;
To his imperial court the hero brought,
And there by early honours ſought
Alliance with his future fame.
O generous ſympathy, that binds
In chains unſeen the braveſt minds!
O love to worthy deeds, in all great ſouls the ſame!

VI.

But Time at laſt brought forth th' amazing day,
When Charles, reſolv'd to diſengage
From empire's toils his weary age,
Gave with each hand a crown away.
Philip, his haughty ſon, afraid
Of William's virtues, baſely choſe
His father's favourite to depoſe;
His tyrant reign requir'd far other aid;
And Alva's fiery duke, his ſcourge of vengeance, roſe;
With flames of inquiſition roſe from hell,
Of ſlaughter proud, and inſolent in blood.
What hand can paint the ſcenes of tragic woes?
What tongue, ſad Belgia! can thy ſtory tell,
When with her lifted axe proud Murder ſtood,
And thy brave ſons, in crouds unnumber'd, fell!
The ſun, with horror of the fight,
Withdraws his ſickly beams, and ſhrouds
His muffled face in ſullen clouds,
And, on the ſcaffolds, faintly ſheds a pale malignant light.

Thus

VII.

Thus Belgia's liberty expiring lay,
And almoſt gaſp'd her generous life away,
Till Orange hears her moving cries;
He hears, and, marching * from afar,
Brings to her aid the ſprightly war.
At his approach, reviv'd with freſh ſupplies
Of gather'd ſtrength, ſhe on her murderers flies.
But heaven, at firſt, reſolv'd to try
By proofs adverſe his conſtancy.
Four armies loſt, † two gallant brothers ſlain,
Will he the deſperate war maintain?
Though rolling tempeſts darken all the ſky,
And thunder breaks around his head,
Will he again the faithleſs ſea explore,
And, oft driven back, ſtill quit the ſhore?
He will—his ſoul, averſe to dread,
Unwearied, ſtill the ſpite of fortune braves,
Superior, and ‡ ſerene, amidſt the ſtormy waves.

VIII.

Such was the man, ſo vaſt his mind!
The ſteady inſtrument of fate,
To fix the baſis of a riſing ſtate!
My Muſe with horror views the ſcene behind,
And fain would draw a ſhade, and fain
Would hide his deſtin'd end, nor tell
How he—the dreaded foe of Spain,
More fear'd than thouſands on the plain,
By the vile hand of a bold ruffian fell.

* He was then in Germany.
† The Counts Lodowick and Henry.
‡ "Sævis tranquillis in undis," the Prince's motto.

No more—th' ungrateful proſpect let us leave!
And, in his room, behold ariſe,
Bright as th' immortal twins that grace the ſkies,
A noble * pair, his abſence to retrieve!
In theſe the hero's ſoul ſurvives,
And William doubly in his offspring lives.

IX.

Maurice, for martial greatneſs, far
His father's glorious fame exceeds;
Henry alone can match his brother's deeds;
Both were, like Scipio's ſons, the thunderbolts of war.
None e'er, than Maurice, better knew,
Camps, ſieges, battles, to ordain;
None e'er, than Henry, fiercer did purſue
The flying foe, or earlier conqueſts gain.
For ſcarce ſixteen revolving years he told,
When, eager for the fight, and bold,
Inflam'd by glory's ſprightly charms,
His brother brought him to the field;
Taught his young hand the truncheon well to wield,
And practis'd him betimes to arms.

X.

Let Flandrian Newport tell of wonders wrought
Before her walls, that memorable day,
When the victorious youths in concert fought,
And matchleſs valour did diſplay!
How, ere the battle join'd, they ſtrove
With emulous honour, and with mutual love;
How,

* Maurice and Henry.

How Maurice, touch'd with tender care
Of Henry's ſafety, begg'd him to remove;
Henry refus'd, his blooming youth to ſpare,
But with his much-lov'd Maurice vow'd to prove
Th' extremes of war, and equal dangers ſhare.
O generous ſtrife! and worthy ſuch a pair!
How dear did Albert this contention pay!
Witneſs the floods of ſtreaming gore;
Witneſs the trampled heaps, that choak'd the plain,
And ſtop'd the victors in their way;
Witneſs the neighbouring ſea, and ſandy ſhore,
Drunk with the purple life of twice three thouſand ſlain!

XI.

Fortune, that on her wheel capricious ſtands,
And waves her painted wings, inconſtant, proud,
Hood-wink'd, and ſhaking from her hands
Promiſcuous gifts among the croud,
Reſtleſs of place, and ſtill prepar'd for flight,
Was conſtant here, and ſeem'd reſtor'd to ſight;
Won by their merit, and reſolv'd to bleſs
The happy brothers with a long ſucceſs—
Maurice, the firſt reſign'd to fate:
The youngeſt had a longer date,
And liv'd the ſpace appointed to complete
The great republic, rais'd ſo high before;
Finiſh'd by him, the ſtately fabric bore
Its lofty top aſpiring to the ſky:
In vain the winds and rains around it beat;
In vain, below, the waves tempeſtuous roar,
They daſh themſelves, and break, and backward fly,
Diſpers'd and murmuring at his feet. In-

Inſulting Spain the fruitleſs ſtrife gives o'er,
And claims dominion there no more.
Then Henry, ripe for immortality,
His flight to heaven eternal ſprings,
And, o'er his quiet grave, Peace ſpreads her downy wings.

XII.

His ſon, a ſecond William, fills his place,
And climbs to manhood with ſo ſwift a pace,
As if he knew, he had not long to ſtay:
Such young Marcellus was, the hopeful grace
Of ancient Rome, but quickly ſnatch'd away.
Breda beheld th' adventurous boy,
His tender limbs in ſhining armour dreſs'd.
Where, with his father, the hot ſiege he preſs'd,
His father ſaw, with pleaſing joy,
His own reflected worth, and youthful charms expreſs'd.
But, when his country breath'd from war's alarms,
His martial virtues lay obſcure;
Nor could a warrior, form'd for arms,
Th' inglorious reſt endure;
But ſicken'd ſoon, and ſudden dy'd,
And left in tears his pregnant bride,
His bride, the daughter of Britannia's king;
Nor ſaw th' auſpicious pledge of nuptial love,
Which from that happy marriage was to ſpring,
But with his great fore-fathers gain'd a bliſsful ſeat above.

XIII.

Here pauſe, my Muſe! and wind up higher
The ſtrings of thy Pindaric lyre!

Then

Then with bold ſtrains the lofty ſong purſue;
And bid Britannia once again review
The numerous worthies of the line.
See, like immortals, how they ſhine!
Each life a hiſtory alone!
And laſt, to crown the great deſign,
Look forward, and behold them all in one!
Look, but ſpare thy fruitleſs tears—
'Tis thy own William next appears.
Advance, celeſtial form! Let Britain ſee
Th' accompliſh'd glory of thy race in thee!

XIV.

So, when ſome ſplendid triumph was to come,
In long proceſſion through the ſtreets of Rome,
The croud beheld, with vaſt ſurprize,
The glittering train in awful order move,
To the bright temple of Feretrian Jove;
And trophies borne along employ'd their dazzled eyes:
But when the laurel'd emperor, mounted high
Above the reſt, appear'd to ſight,
In his proud car of victory,
Shining with rays exceſſive bright,
He put the long preceding pomp to flight:
Their wonder could no higher riſe,
With joy they throng his chariot wheels, and rend with ſhouts the ſkies.

XV.

To thee, great prince! to thy extenſive mind,
Not by thy country's narrow bounds confin'd,

The

The Fates an ample ſcene afford;
And injur'd nations claim the ſuccour of thy ſword.
No reſpite to thy toils is given,
Till thou aſcend thy native heaven:
One Hydra-head cut off, ſtill more abound,
And twins ſprout up to fill the wound.
So endleſs is the taſk that heros find
To tame the monſter Vice, and to reform mankind.
For this, Alcides heretofore,
And mighty Theſeus, travel'd over
Vaſt tracts of ſea and land, and ſlew
Wild beaſts and ſerpents gorg'd with human prey;
From ſtony dens fierce lurking robbers drew,
And bid the chearful traveller paſs on his peaceful way.
Yet, though the toilſome work they long purſue,
To rid the world's wild pathleſs field,
Still poiſonous weeds and thorns in cluſters grew,
And large unwholeſome crops did yield,
To exerciſe their hands with labours ever-new.

XVI.

Thou, like Alcides, early didſt begin,
And ev'n a child didſt laurels win.
Two ſnaky plagues around his cradle twin'd,
Sent by the jealous wife of Jove,
In ſpeckled wreaths of Death they ſtrove,
The mighty babe to bind:
And twiſted Faction, in thy infancy,
Darted her forky tongue at thee.
But, as Jove's offspring ſlew his hiſſing foes;

So

So thou, deſcended from a line
Of Patriots no leſs divine,
Didſt quench the brutal rage of thoſe,
Who durſt thy dawning worth oppoſe.
The viper Spite, cruſh'd by thy virtue, ſhed
Its yellow juice, and at thy feet lay dead.
Thus, like the ſun, did thy great Genius riſe,
With clouds around his ſacred head,
'et ſoon diſpell'd the dropping miſts, and gilded all
the ſkies.

XVII.

Great Julius, who with generous envy view'd
The ſtatue of brave Philip's braver ſon,
And wept to think, what ſuch a youth ſubdued,
While, more in age, himſelf had yet ſo little
done,
Had wept much more, if he had liv'd to ſee
The glorious deeds atchiev'd by thee;
To ſee thee, at a beardleſs age,
Stand arm'd againſt th' invader's rage,
And bravely fighting for thy country's liberty;
While he inglorious laurels ſought,
And not to ſave his country fought;
While he—O ſtain upon the greateſt name,
That e'er before was known to Fame!
When Rome, his awful mother, did demand
The ſword from his unruly hand,
The ſword ſhe gave before,
Enrag'd, he ſpurn'd at her command,
Hurl'd at her breaſt the impious ſteel, and bath'd it
in her gore.

XVIII.

Far other battles thou haſt won,
Thy ſtandard ſtill the public good:
Laviſh of thine, to ſave thy people's blood:
And when the hardy taſk of war was done,
With what a mild well-temper'd mind,
(A mind unknown to Rome's ambitious ſon,)
Thy powerful armies were reſign'd;
This victory o'er thyſelf was more,
Than all thy conqueſts gain'd before:
'Twas more than Philip's ſon could do,
When for new worlds the madman cry'd;
Nor in his own wild breaſt had ſpy'd
Towers of ambition, hills of boundleſs pride,
Too great for armies to ſubdue.

XIX.

O ſavage luſt of arbitrary ſway!
Inſatiate fury, which in man we find,
In barbarous man, to prey upon his kind,
And make the world, enſlav'd, his vicious will obey!
How has this fiend Ambition long defac'd
Heaven's works, and laid the fair creation waſte!
Aſk ſilver Rhine, with ſpringing ruſhes crown'd,
As to the ſea his waters flow,
Where are the numerous cities now,
That once he ſaw, his honour'd banks around?
Scarce are their ſilent ruins found;
But, in th' enſuing age,
Trampled into common ground,
Will hide the horrid monuments of Gaul's deſtroying rage.

All

All Europe too had ſhar'd this wretched fate,
And mourn'd her heavy woes too late,
Had not Britannia's chief withſtood
The threaten'd deluge, and repell'd,
To its forſaken banks, th' unwilling flood,
And in his hand the ſcales of balanc'd kingdoms held.
Well was this mighty truſt repos'd in thee,
Whoſe faithful ſoul, from private intereſt free
(Intereſts which vulgar princes know),
O'er all its paſſions ſat exalted high,
As Teneriff's top enjoys a purer ſky,
And ſees the moving clouds at diſtance fly below.

XX.

Whoe'er thy warlike annals reads,
Beholds reviv'd our valiant Edward's deeds,
* Great Edward and his glorious ſon
Will own themſelves in thee outdone,
Though Crecy's deſperate fight eternal honours won.
Though the fifth Henry too does claim
A ſhining place among Britannia's kings,
And Agincourt has rais'd his lofty name;
Yet the loud voice of ever-living Fame,
Of thee more numerous triumphs ſings.
But, though no chief contends with thee,
In all the long records of hiſtory,
Thy own great deeds together ſtrive,
Which ſhall the faireſt light derive,
On thy immortal memory;

* Edward III. and the Black Prince.

Whether Seneff's amazing field
To celebrated Mons ſhall yield;
Or both give place to more amazing Boyne;
Of if Namur's well-cover'd ſiege muſt all the reſt outſhine!

XXI.

While in Hibernia's fields the labouring ſwain
Shall paſs the plough o'er ſkulls of warriors ſlain,
And turn up bones, and broken ſpears,
Amaz'd, he'll ſhew his fellows of the plain,
The relicks of victorious years;
And tell, how ſwift thy arms that kingdom did regain.
Flandria, a longer witneſs to thy glory,
With wonder too repeats thy ſtory;
How oft the foes thy lifted ſword have ſeen
In the hot battle, when it bled
At all its open veins, and oft have fled,
As if their evil genius thou hadſt been:
How, when the blooming ſpring began t' appear,
And with new life reſtor'd the year,
Confederate princes us'd to cry;
"Call Britain's king—the ſprightly trumpet ſound,
"And ſpread the joyful ſummons round!
"Call Britain's king, and victory!"
So when the flower of Greece, to battle led
In Beauty's cauſe, juſt vengeance ſwore,
Upon the foul adulterer's head,
That from her royal lord the raviſh'd Helen bore,

The

The Grecian chiefs, of mighty fame,
Impatient for the ſon of Thetis wait;
At laſt the ſon of Thetis came;
Troy ſhook her nodding towers, and mourn'd th' impending fate.

XXII.

O ſacred Peace! Goddeſs ſerene!
Adorn'd with robes of ſpotleſs white,
Fairer than ſilver floods of light!
How ſhort has thy mild empire been!
When pregnant Time brought forth this new-born age,
At firſt we ſaw thee gently ſmile
On the young birth, and thy ſweet voice awhile
Sung a ſoft charm to martial rage:
But ſoon the lion wak'd again,
And ſtretch'd his opening claws, and ſhook his griſly mane.
Soon was the year of triumphs paſt;
And Janus, uſhering in a new,
With backward look did pompous ſcenes review;
But his fore-face with frowns was overcaſt;
He ſaw the gathering ſtorms of war,
And bid his prieſts aloud, his iron gates unbar.

XXIII.

But Heaven its hero can no longer ſpare,
To mix in our tumultuous broils below;
Yet ſuffer'd his foreſeeing care,
Thoſe bolts of vengeance to prepare,
Which other hands ſhall throw;

That glory to a mighty queen remains,
To triumph o'er th' extinguiſh'd foe;
* She ſhall ſupply the thunderer's place;
As Pallas, from th' ætherial plains,
Warr'd on the giants impious race,
And laid their huge demoliſh'd works, in ſmoaky ruins low.
Then Anne's ſhall rival great Eliza's reign;
And William's genius, with a grateful ſmile,
Look down, and bleſs this happy iſle;
And Peace, reſtor'd, ſhall wear her olive crown again.

* "Vicem gerit illa Tonantis." The Motto on her Majeſty's Coronation Medals.

ODE

O D E

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

I.

APOLLO, god of ſounds and verſe,
Pathetic airs and moving thoughts inſpire!
Whilſt we thy Damon's praiſe rehearſe;
Damon himſelf could animate the lyre.
Apollo, god of ſounds and verſe,
Pathethic airs and moving thoughts inſpire!
Look down! and warm the ſong with thy celeſtial fire.

II.

Ah, lovely youth! when thou wert here,
Thyſelf a young Apollo did appear;
Young as that god, ſo ſweet a grace,
Such blooming fragrance in thy face;
So ſoft thy air, thy viſage ſo ſerene,
That harmony ev'n in thy look was ſeen.

III.

But when thou didſt th' obedient ſtrings command,
And join in comfort thy melodious hand,
Ev'n fate itſelf, ſuch wondrous ſtrains to hear,
Fate had been charm'd, had Fate an ear;
But what does muſic's ſkill avail?
When Orpheus did his loſs deplore,
Trees bow'd attentive to his tale;
Hush'd were the winds, wild beaſts forgot to roar;
But dear Eurydice came back no more.

IV.

Then ceaſe, ye ſons of harmony, to mourn;
Since Damon never can return.
See, ſee! he mounts, and cleaves the liquid way!
Bright choirs of angels, on the wing,
For the new gueſt's arrival ſtay,
And hymns of triumph ſing.
They bear him to the happy ſeats above,
Seats of eternal harmony and love;
Where artful Purcell went before.
Ceaſe then, ye ſons of muſic, ceaſe to mourn;
Your Damon never will return,
No, never, never more!

ANACREON.

ODE THE THIRD.

AT dead of night, when mortals loſe
Their various cares in ſoft repoſe,
I heard a knocking at my door:
Who 's that, ſaid I, at this late hour
Diſturbs my reſt?—It ſobb'd and cry'd,
And thus in mournful tone reply'd.
"A poor unhappy child am I,
"That 's come to beg your charity;
"Pray let me in!—You need not fear;
"I mean no harm, I vow and ſwear;
"But, wet and cold, crave ſhelter here;

"Betray'd

"Betray'd by night, and led aſtray,
"I've loſt—alas! I've loſt my way."
Mov'd with this little tale of fate,
I took a lamp, and op'd the gate;
When ſee! a naked boy, before
The threſhold; at his back he wore
A pair of wings, and by his ſide
A crooked bow and quiver ty'd.
"My pretty angel! come, ſaid I,
"Come to the fire, and do not cry!"
I ſtrok'd his neck and ſhoulders bare,
And ſqueez'd the water from his hair;
Then chaf'd his little hands in mine,
And chear'd him with a draught of wine.
Recover'd thus, ſays he; "I'd know,
"Whether the rain has ſpoil'd my bow;
"Let's try"—then ſhot me with a dart.
The venom throbb'd, did ake and ſmart,
As if a bee had ſtung my heart.
"Are theſe your thanks, ungrateful child,
"Are theſe your thanks?"—Th' impoſtor ſmil'd:
"Farewell, my loving hoſt, ſays he;
"All 's well; my bow 's unhurt, I ſee;
"But what a wretch I've made of thee!"

The project pleas'd; the sun's unwelcome light
(That slowly seem'd to move, and slack his flight)
Sunk in the seas; from the same seas arose the sable night;
When, stealing through the dark, the crafty fair
Unlock'd the door, and gain'd the open air;
Love gave her courage; unperceiv'd she went,
Wrapp'd in a veil, and reach'd the monument.
Then sat beneath th' appointed tree alone;
But, by the glimmering of the shining moon,
She sat not long, before from far she spy'd
A lioness approach the fountain-side;
Fierce was her glare, her foamy paws in blood,
Of slaughter'd bulls besmear'd, and foul with food;
For, reeking from they prey, the savage came,
To drown her thirst within the neighbouring stream.
Affrighted Thisbe, trembling at the sight,
Fled to a darksom den, but in her flight
Her veil dropp'd off behind. Deep of the flood
The monster drank, and, satiate, to the wood
Returning, found the garment as it lay,
And, torn with bloody feet, dispers'd it in her way.
Belated Pyramus arriv'd, and found
The mark of savage feet along the sandy ground;
All pale he turn'd; but soon as he beheld
The crimson'd vesture scatter'd o'er the field,
One night, he cry'd, two lovers shall destroy!
She worthy to have liv'd long years of joy,

But

But mine 's the forfeit life; unhappy maid!
Twas I that flew thee, I th' appointment made;
To places full of death, thy innocence betray'd,
And came not firſt myſelf—O hither haſte,
Ye lions all, that roam this rocky waſte!
Tear my devoted entrails, gnaw, divide,
And gorge your famine in my open'd ſide!
But cowards call for death!—Thus having ſpoke,
The fatal garment from the ground he took,
And bore it to the tree; ardent he kiſs'd,
And bath'd in flowing tears the well-known veſt,
Now take a ſecond ſtain, the lover ſaid,
While from his ſide he ſnatch'd his ſharpen'd blade,
And drove it in his groin; then from the wound
Withdrew the ſteel, and ſtaggering fell to ground:
As when, a conduit broke, the ſtreams ſhoot high,
Starting in ſudden fountains through the ſky,
So ſpouts the living ſtream, and ſprinkled o'er
The trees fair berries with a crimſon gore,
While, ſapp'd in purple floods, the conſcious root
Tranſmits the ſtain of murder to the fruit.
The fair, who fear'd to diſappoint her love,
Yet trembling with the fright, forſook the grove,
And ſought the youth, impatient to relate
Her new adventure, and th' avoided fate.
She ſaw the vary'd tree had loſt its white,
And doubting ſtood if that could be the right,
Nor doubted long; for now her eyes beheld
A dying perſon ſpurn the ſanguine field.

Aghaſt ſhe ſtarted back, and ſhook with pain,
As riſing breezes curl the trembling main.
She gaz'd awhile entranc'd; but when ſhe found
It was her lover weltering on the ground,
She beat her lovely breaſt, and tore her hair,
Claſp'd the dear corpſe, and, frantic in deſpair,
Kiſs'd his cold face, ſupply'd a briny flood
To the wide wound, and mingled tears with blood.
Say, Pyramus, oh ſay, what chance ſevere
Has ſnatch'd thee from my arms?——
'Tis thy own Thiſbe calls, look up and hear!
At Thiſbe's name he lifts his dying eyes,
And, having ſeen her, clos'd them up, and dies.
But when ſhe knew the bloody veil, and ſpy'd
The ivory ſcabbard empty by his ſide,
Ah! wretched youth, ſaid ſhe, by Love betray'd!
Thy hapleſs hand guided the fatal blade.
Weak as I am, I boaſt as ſtrong a love;
For ſuch a deed, this hand as bold ſhall prove.
I'll follow thee to death; the world ſhall call
Thiſbe the cauſe, and partner of thy fall;
And ev'n in death, which could alone diſjoin
Our perſons, yet in death thou ſhalt be mine.
But hear, in both our names, this dying prayer,
Ye wretched parents of a wretched pair!
Let in one urn our aſhes be confin'd,
Whom mutual love and the ſame fate have join'd.
And thou, fair tree, beneath whoſe friendly ſhade,
One lifeleſs lover is already laid,

And

And ſoon ſhall cover two; for ever wear
Death's ſable hue, and purple berries bear!
She ſaid, and plunges in her breaſt the ſword,
Yet warm, and reeking from its ſlaughter'd lord.
Relenting heaven allows her laſt requeſt,
And pity touch'd their mournful parents breaſt.
The fruit, when ripe, a purple dye retains;
And in one urn are plac'd their dear remains.

THE

TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

IN IMITATION OF OVID, AMORUM LIB. I. ELEG. 2.

TELL me, ſome god, whence does this change ariſe;
Why gentle ſleep forſakes my weary eyes?
Why, turning often, all the tedious night
In pain I lie, and watch the ſpringing light?—
What cruel dæmon haunts my tortur'd mind?
Sure, if 'twere love, I ſhould th' invader find;
Unleſs diſguis'd he lurks, the crafty boy,
With ſilent arts ingenious to deſtroy.
Alas! 'tis ſo—'tis fix'd the ſecret dart;
I feel the tyrant ravaging my heart.
Then, ſhall I yield; or th' infant flame oppoſe?
I yield!—Reſiſtance would increaſe my woes;

For

For ſtruggling ſlaves a ſharper doom ſuſtain,
Than ſuch as ſtoop obedient to the chain.
I own thy power, almighty Love! I'm thine;
With pinion'd hands behold me here reſign!
Let this ſubmiſſion then my life obtain;
Small praiſe 'twill be, if thus unarm'd I'm ſlain.
Go, join thy mother's doves; with myrtle braid thy hair;
The god of war himſelf a chariot ſhall prepare;
Then thou triumphant through the ſhouting throng
Shalt ride, and move with art the willing birds along;
While captive youths and maids, in ſolemn ſtate,
Adorn the ſcene, and on thy triumph wait.
There I, a later conqueſt of thy bow,
In chains will follow too; and as I go,
To pitying eyes the new-made wound will ſhow.
Next, all that dare Love's ſovereign power defy,
In fetters bound, inglorious ſhall paſs by:
All ſhall ſubmit to thee—Th' applauding crowd
Shall lift their hands, and ſing thy praiſe aloud.
Soft looks ſhall in thy equipage appear,
With amorous play, miſtake, and jealous fear.
Be this thy guard, great Love!—be this thy train;
Since theſe extend o'er men and gods thy reign;
But, robb'd of theſe, thy power is weak and vain.
From heaven thy mother ſhall the pomp ſurvey,
And, ſmiling, ſcatter fragrant ſhowers of roſes in thy way;
Whilſt thou, array'd in thy unrival'd pride,
On golden wheels, all gold thy ſelf, ſhalt ride:

Thy

Thy ſpreading wings ſhall richeſt diamonds wear,
And gems ſhall ſparkle in thy lovely hair.
Thus paſſing by, thy arm ſhall hurl around
Ten thouſand fires, ten thouſand hearts ſhall wound.
This is thy practice, Love, and this thy gain;
From this thou canſt not, if thou would'ſt, refrain;
Since ev'n thy preſence, with prolific heat,
Does reach the heart, and active flames create.
From conquer'd India, ſo the * Jovial God,
Drawn o'er the plains by harneſs'd tigers, rode,
Then ſince, great Love, I take a willing place
Amidſt thy ſpoils, the ſacred ſhow to grace;
O ceaſe to wound, and let thy fatal ſtore
Of piercing ſhafts be ſpent on me no more.
No more, too powerful in my charmer's eyes,
Torment a ſlave, that for her beauty dies;
Or look in ſmiles from thence, and I ſhall be
A ſlave no longer, but a God, like thee!

THE PICTURE.

COME, my Muſe, a Venus draw;
Not the ſame the Grecians ſaw,
By the fam'd Apelles wrought,
Beauteous offspring of his thought.

No fantaſtic goddeſs mine,
Fiction far ſhe does outſhine.
Queen of fancy! hither bring
On thy gaudy-feather'd wing
All the beauties of the ſpring.
Like the bee's induſtrious pains
To collect his golden gains,
So from every flower and plant
Gather firſt th' immortal paint.
Fetch me lilies, fetch me roſes,
Daiſies, violets, cowſlip-poſies.
Amaranthus' parrot pride,
Woodbines, Pinks, and what beſide
Does th' embroider'd meads adorn,
Where the fawns and ſatyrs play
In the merry month of May.
Steal the bluſh of opening morn;
Borrow Cynthia's ſilver white,
When ſhe ſhines at noon of night,
Free from clouds to veil her light.
Juno's bird his tail ſhall ſpread,
Iris' bow its colours ſhed,
All to deck this charming piece,
Far ſurpaſſing ancient Greece.
Firſt her graceful ſtature ſhow,
Not too tall, not yet too low.
Fat ſhe muſt not be, nor lean;
Let her ſhape be ſtraight and clean;
Small her waſte, and, thence increaſt,
Gently ſwells her riſing breaſt.

Next, in comely order trace
All the glories of her face.
Paint her neck of Ivory,
Smiling cheeks, and forehead high,
Ruby lips, and ſparkling eyes,
Whence reſiſtleſs lightning flies.
Fooliſh Muſe! what haſt thou done?
Scarce th' Outlines are yet begun,
Ere thy pencil's thrown aſide!
'Tis no matter, Love reply'd;
(Love's unlucky God ſtood by)
At one ſtroke behold how I
Will th' unfiniſh'd draught ſupply.
Smiling then he took his dart,
And drew her picture in my heart.

BARN-ELMS.

LET Phœbus his late happineſs rehearſe,
And grace Barn-Elms with never-dying verſe!
Smooth was the Thames, his waters ſleeping lay,
Unwak'd by winds that o'er the ſurface play;
When th' early god, ariſing from the Eaſt,
Diſclos'd the golden dawn, with bluſhes dreſt.
Firſt in the ſtream his own bright form he ſees,
But brighter forms ſhine through the neighbouring trees.

He ſpeeds the riſing day, and ſheds his light
Redoubled on the grove, to gain a nearer ſight.
Not with more ſpeed his Daphne he purſued,
Nor fair Leucothoe with ſuch pleaſure view'd;
Five dazzling nymphs in graceful pomp appear;
He thinks his Daphne and Leucothoe here,
Join'd with that heavenly three, who on mount Ide
Deſcending once the prize of beauty try'd.
Ye verdant Elms, that towering grace this grove,
Be ſacred ſtill to Beauty, and to Love!
No thunder break, nor lightning glare between
Your twiſted boughs, but ſuch as then was ſeen.
The grateful ſun will every morning riſe
Propitious here, ſaluting from the ſkies
Your lofty tops, indulg'd with ſweeteſt air,
And every ſpring your loſſes he'll repair;
Nor his own laurels more ſhall be his care.

ON THE FRIENDSHIP OF

PHŒBE AND ASTERIA;

AND THE SICKNESS OF THE FORMER.

AN altar raiſe to Friendſhip's holy flame,
Inſcrib'd with Phœbe's and Aſteria's name!
Around it mingled in a ſolemn band,
Let Phœbe's lovers, and Aſteria's ſtand,

With

With fervent vows t' attend the ſacrifice ;
While rich perfumes from melted gums ariſe,
To bribe for Phœbe's health the partial ſkies.
  Forbid it, Love, that ſickly blaſts conſume
The flower of beauty in its tender bloom !
Shall ſhe ſo ſoon to her own heaven retire,
Who gave ſo oft, yet never felt thy fire?
Who late at ſplendid feaſts ſo graceful ſhone,
By pleaſing ſmiles and numerous conqueſts known ;
Where, 'midſt the brighteſt nymphs, ſhe bore the prize
From all—from all but her Aſteria's eyes.
Behold the maid, who then ſecure repell'd
The ſhafts of Love, by fainting ſickneſs quell'd !
(As Beauty's goddeſs once a wound ſuſtain'd,
Not from her ſon, but from a * mortal's hand)
Aſteria too forgets her ſprightly charms,
And drooping lies within her Phœbe's arms.
  Thus in romantic hiſtories we read
Of tournaments by ſome great prince decreed,
Where two companion-knights their lances wield
With matchleſs force, and win, from all, the field ;
Till one, o'erheated in the courſe, retires,
And feels within his veins a fever's fires ;
His grieving friend his laurels throws away,
And mourns the dear-bought triumphs of the day.
  So ſtrict 's the union of this tender pair,
What Heaven decrees for one, they both muſt ſhare.

* Diomedes.

Like meeting rivers, in one ſtream they flow,
And no divided joys or ſorrows know.
Not the bright * twins, prefer'd in heaven to ſhine,
Fair Leda's ſons, in ſuch a league could join.
One ſoul, as fables tell, by turns ſupply'd
That heavenly pair, by turns they liv'd and dy'd:
But theſe have ſworn a matchleſs ſympathy,
They'll live together, or together die.
When Heaven did at Aſteria's birth beſtow
Thoſe laviſh charms, with which ſhe wounds us ſo,
To form her glorious mind, it did inſpire
A double portion of th' ætherial fire,
That half might afterward be thence convey'd
To animate that other lovely maid.
Thus native inſtinct does their hearts combine,
In knots too cloſe for Fortune to untwine.
So India boaſts a tree, that ſpreads around
Its amorous boughs, which bending reach the ground,
Where taking root again, the branches raiſe
A ſecond tree to meet its fond embrace;
Then ſide by ſide the friendly neighbours thrive,
Fed by one ſap, and in each other live.
Of Phœbe's health we need not ſend to know
How Nature ſtrives with her invading foe,
What ſymptoms good or ill each day ariſe;
We read thoſe changes in Aſteria's eyes.
Thus in ſome cryſtal fountain you may ſpy
The face of Heaven, and the reflected ſky,

* Caſtor and Pollux.

See what black clouds ariſe, when tempeſts lour,
And gathering miſts portend a falling ſhower,
And when the ſun breaks out, with conquering ray
To chace the darkneſs, and reſtore the day.
Such be thy fate, bright maid! from this decline
Ariſe renew'd the charms, and doubly ſhine!
And as that dawning planet was addreſt
With offer'd incenſe by th' adoring eaſt,
So we'll with ſongs thy glad recovery greet,
The Muſe ſhall lay her preſents at thy feet;
With open arms, Aſteria ſhall receive
The deareſt pledge propitious Heaven can give.
Fann'd by theſe winds, your friendſhip's generous fire
Shall burn more bright, and to ſuch heights aſpire,
The wondering world ſhall think you from above
Come down to teach how happy angels love.

S O N G.

I.

FAME of Dorinda's conqueſt brought
The god of love her charms to view;
To wound th' unwary maid he thought,
But ſoon became her conqueſt too.

II.

He dropp'd, half drawn, his feeble bow,
He look'd, he rav'd, and ſighing pin'd;
And wiſh'd in vain he had been now,
As painters falſly draw himſelf, blind.

III.

Diſarm'd, he to his mother flies;
Help, Venus, help the wretched ſon!
Who now will pay us ſacrifice?
For Love himſelf's, alas! undone.

IV.

To Cupid now no lover's prayer
Shall be addreſs'd in ſuppliant ſighs;
My darts are gone, but oh beware,
Fond mortals, of Dorinda's eyes.

TO

OCTAVIA INDISPOSED.

A Round your couch while ſighing lovers view
Wit, beauty, goodneſs, ſuffering all in you;
So mournful is the ſcene, 'tis hard to tell
Which face betrays the ſick, or who is well.
They feel not their own pains, while yours they ſhare,
Worſe tortur'd now, than lately by deſpair.
For bleeding veins a like relief is found,
When iron red-hot by burning ſtops the wound.
Grant, Heaven, they cry, this moment our deſire,
To ſee her well, though we the next expire.

BEAUTY AND MUSIC.

I.

YE ſwains, whom radiant beauty moves,
Or muſic's art with ſounds divine,
Think how the rapturous charm improves,
Where two ſuch gifts celeſtial join;

II.

Where Cupid's bow, and Phœbus' lyre,
In the ſame powerful hand are found;
Where lovely eyes inflame deſire,
While trembling notes are taught to wound.

III.

Inquire not who's the matcheſs fair,
That can this double death beſtow:
If young Harmonia's ſtrains you hear,
Or view her eyes, too well you'll know.

CUPID's REVIEW.

CUPID, ſurvey thy ſhining train around
Of favorite nymphs, for conqueſt moſt renown'd;
The lovely warriors that in bright array
Thy power ſupport, and propagate thy ſway.
Then ſay what beauteous general wilt thou chooſe,
To lead the fair Brigade againſt thy rebel foes?
Behold the god advance in comely pride,
Arm'd with his bow, his quiver by his ſide.

Inferior

Inferior Cupids on their maſter wait;
He ſmiles well-pleas'd, and waves his wings in ſtate.
His little hands imperial trophies bear,
And laurel-wreaths to grace th' elected fair.
Hyde-Park the ſcene for the Review he nam'd,
Hyde-Park for pleaſure and for beauty fam'd.
Where, oft from weſtern ſkies the god of light
Sees new-ariſing ſuns, than his more bright;
Then ſets in bluſhes, and conveys his fire
To diſtant lands, that more his beams require.
And now the charming candidates appear.
Behold Britannia's victor graces there,
Who vindicate their country's ancient claim
To Love's pre-eminence, and Beauty's fame.
Some, who, at Anna's court, in honour rais'd,
Adorn birth-nights, by crowding nations prais'd;
Preſerv'd in Kneller's pictures ever young,
In ſtrains immortal by the Muſes ſung.
Around the ring th' illuſtrious rivals move,
And teach to Love himſelf the power of love.
Scarce, though a god, he can with ſafety gaze
On glory ſo profuſe, ſuch mingled rays;
For Love had eyes on this important day,
And Venus from his forehead took the blinding cloth away.
Here Mira paſs'd, and fix'd his wondering view,
Her perfect ſhape diſtinguiſh'd praiſes drew;
Tall, beauteous, and majeſtic to the ſight,
She led the train, and ſparkled in the light.

There

There Stella claims the wreath, and pleads her eyes,
By which each day ſome new adorer dies.
Serena, by good-humour doubly fair,
With native ſweetneſs charms, and ſmiling air.
While Flora's youthful years and looks diſplay
The bloom of ripening fruits, the innocence of May,
The opening ſweets that months of pleaſure bring,
The dawn of Love, and life's indulgent ſpring.
'Twere endleſs to deſcribe the various darts,
With which the fair are arm'd to conquer hearts.
Whatever can the raviſh'd ſoul inſpire
With tender thoughts, and animate deſire,
All arts and virtues mingled in the train;
And long the lovely rivals ſtrove in vain,
While Cupid unreſolv'd ſtill ſearch'd around the plain.
O! could I find, ſaid Love, the phœnix ſhe,
In whom at once the ſeveral charms agree;
That phœnix ſhe the laurel crown ſhould have,
And Love himſelf with pride become her ſlave.
He ſcarce had ſpoke, when ſee—Harmonia came!
Chance brought her there, and not deſire of fame,
Unknowing of the choice, till ſhe beheld
The god approach to crown her in the field.
Th' unwilling maid, with wondrous modeſty,
Diſclaim'd her right, and put the laurel by:
Warm bluſhes on her tender cheeks ariſe,
And double ſoftneſs beautify'd her eyes.
At this, more charm'd, the rather I beſtow,
Said Love, theſe honours you in vain forego;

Take

Take then the wreath, which you, victorious fair,
Have moſt deſerv'd, yet leaſt affect to wear.

TO A BEAUTIFUL LADY, PLAYING ON THE ORGAN.

WHEN fam'd Cæcilia on the Organ play'd,
And fill'd with moving ſounds the tuneful frame,
Drawn by the charm, to hear the ſacred maid,
From heaven, 'tis ſaid, a liſtening angel came.
Thus ancient legends would our faith abuſe;
In vain——for were the bold tradition true,
While your harmonious touch that charm renews,
Again the ſeraph would appear to you.
O happy fair! in whom with pureſt light
Virtue's united beams with Beauty's ſhine!
Should heavenly gueſts deſcend to bleſs our ſight,
What form more lovely could they wear than thine?

SONNET.

JE mourrai de trop de plaiſir
Si je la trouve favourable;
Je mourrai de trop de deſir
Se je la trouve inexorable.

Ainſi

Ainſi je ne ſçaurois guerir
De la douleur qui me poſſede ;
Je ſuis aſſuré de perir
Par le mal, ou par le remede.

In Engliſh.

I DIE with too tranſporting joy,
If ſhe I love rewards my fire ;
If ſhe's inexorably coy,
With too much paſſion I expire.

No way the fates afford to ſhun
The cruel torment I endure ;
Since I am doom'd to be undone
By the diſeaſe or by the cure.

TO
A PAINTER.

PAINTER, if thou canſt ſafely gaze
On all the wonders of that face ;
If thou haſt charms to guard a heart
Secure by ſecrets of thy art ;
O ! teach the mighty charm, that we
May gaze ſecurely too, like thee.

Canſt thou Love's brighteſt lightning draw,
Which none e'er yet unwounded ſaw?
To what then wilt thou next aſpire,
Unleſs to imitate Jove's fire?
Which is a leſs adventurous pride,
Though 'twas for that Salmoneus dy'd.
That beauteous, that victorious fair,
Whoſe chains ſo many lovers wear;
Who with a look can arts infuſe,
Create a Painter, or a Muſe;
Whom crouds with awful rapture view;
She ſits ſerene, and ſmiles on you!
Your genius thus inſpir'd will ſoar
To wondrous heights unknown before,
And to her beauty you will own
Your future ſkill and fix'd renown.
So when of old great Ammon's ſon,
Adorn'd with ſpoils in battle won,
In graceful picture choſe to ſtand,
The work of fam'd Apelles' hand;
"Exert thy fire, the monarch ſaid,
"Now be thy boldeſt ſtrokes diſplay'd,
"To let admiring nations ſee
"Their dreaded victor drawn by thee;
"To others thou may'ſt life impart,
"But I'll immortalize thy art!"

TO

TO THE

AUTHOR OF

FATAL FRIENDSHIP,

A TRAGEDY.

AS when Camilla once, a warlike dame,
In bloody battles won immortal fame,
Forſook her female arts, and choſe to bear
The ponderous ſhield, and heave the maſſy ſpear,
Superior to her ſex: ſo ſwift ſhe flew
Around the field, and ſuch vaſt numbers ſlew,
That friends and foes, alike ſurpriz'd, behold
The brave Virago deſperately bold,
And thought her Pallas in a human mold.
Such is our wonder, matchleſs maid! to ſee
The tragic laurel thus deſerv'd by thee.
Still greater praiſe is yours; Camilla ſhines
For ever bright in Virgil's ſacred lines,
You in your own.—
Nor need you to another's bounty owe,
For what yourſelf can on yourſelf beſtow;
So monarchs in full health are wont to rear,
At their own charge, their future ſepulchre.
Who thy perfections fully would commend,
Muſt think how others their vain hours miſpend,
In trifling viſits, pride, impertinence,
Dreſs, dancing, and diſcourſe devoid of ſenſe;

To

To twirl a fan, to pleaſe ſome fooliſh beau,
And ſing an empty ſong, the moſt they know;
In body weak, more impotent of mind.
Thus ſome have repreſented woman-kind.
But you, your ſex's champion, are come forth
To fight their quarrel, and aſſert their worth;
Our Salick law of wit you have deſtroy'd,
Eſtabliſh'd female claim, and triumph'd o'er our pride.
While we look on, and with repining eyes
Behold you bearing off ſo rich a prize,
Spite of ill-nature, we are forc'd t' approve
Such dazzling charms, and ſpite of envy love.
Nor is this all th' applauſe that is your due,
You ſtand the firſt of ſtage-reformers too;
No vicious ſtrains pollute your moral ſcene,
Chaſte are your thoughts, and your expreſſion clean;
Strains ſuch as yours the ſtricteſt teſt will bear:
Sing boldly then, nor buſy cenſure fear,
Your virgin voice offends no virgin ear.
Proceed, in tragic numbers to diſcloſe
Strange turns of fate, and unexpected woes.
Reward, and puniſh! awfully diſpenſe
Heaven's judgments, and declare a Providence;
Nor let the comic Muſe your labours ſhare,
'Tis meanneſs, after this, the ſock to wear:
Though that too merit praiſe, 'tis nobler toil
T' extort a tear, than to provoke a ſmile.
What hand, that can deſign a hiſtory,
Would copy low-land boors at Snic-a-Snee?

Accept

Accept this tribute, madam, and excuſe
The haſty raptures of a ſtranger Muſe.
1698.

ON

DIVINE POETRY.

IN Nature's golden age, when new-born day
Array'd the ſkies, and earth was green and gay;
When God, with pleaſure, all his works ſurvey'd,
And virgin innocence before him play'd;
In that illuſtrious morn, that lovely ſpring,
The Muſe, by Heaven inſpir'd, began to ſing.
Deſcending Angels, in harmonious lays,
Taught the firſt happy pair their Maker's praiſe.
Such was the ſacred art—We now dep'ore
The Muſe's loſs, ſince Eden is no more.
When Vice from hell rear'd up its hydra-head,
Th' affrighted maid, with chaſte Aſtræa, fled,
And ſought protection in her native ſky;
In vain the heathen Nine her abſence would ſupply.
Yet to ſome few, whoſe dazzling virtues ſhone
In ages paſt, her heavenly charms were known.
Hence learn'd the bard, in lofty ſtrains to tell
How patient Virtue triumph'd over hell;
And hence the chief, who led the choſen race
Through parting ſeas, deriv'd his ſongs of praiſe:

She gave the rapturous ode, whoſe ardent lay
Sings female force, and vanquiſh'd Siſera;
She tun'd to pious notes the pſalmiſt's lyre,
And fill'd Iſaiah's breaſt with more than Pindar's fire!

SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE LATE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S BIRTH-DAY.

I.

WHILE Venus in her ſnowy arms
The God of battles held,
And ſooth'd him with her tender charms,
Victorious from the field;
By chance ſhe caſt a lovely ſmile,
Propitious, down to earth,
And view'd in Britain's happy iſle
Great Glouceſter's glorious birth.

II.

Look, Mars, ſhe ſaid; look down, and ſee
A child of royal race!
Let's crown the bright Nativity
With every princely grace:
Thy heavenly image let me bear,
And ſhine a Mars below;
From you his mind to warlike care,
I'll ſofter gifts beſtow.

III. Thus

III.

Thus at his birth two deities
  Their bleſſings did impart;
And love was breath'd into his eyes,
  And glory form'd his heart.
His childhood makes of war a game;
  Betimes his beauty charms
The fair; who burn'd with equal flame
  For him, as he for arms.
    1699.

ON A

PEACOCK,

FINELY CUT IN VELLUM

BY MOLINDA.

WHEN Fancy did Molinda's hand invite,
  Without the help of colour, ſhade, or light,
To form in vellum, ſpotleſs as her mind,
The faireſt image of the feather'd kind,
Nature herſelf a ſtrict attendance paid,
Charm'd with th' attainments of th' illuſtrious maid,
Inſpir'd her thought, and, ſmiling, ſaid, I'll ſee
How well this fair-one's art can copy me.
  So to her favourite Titian once ſhe came,
To guide his pencil, and atteſt his fame,

With tranſport granting all that ſhe could give,
And bid his Works to wondering ages live.
Nor with leſs tranſport here the goddeſs ſees
The curious piece advance by ſlow degrees;
At laſt ſuch ſkill in every part was ſhown,
It ſeem'd a new creation of her own;
She ſtarts, to view the finiſh'd figure riſe,
And ſpread his ample train, enrich'd with eyes;
To ſee, with lively grace, his form expreſt,
The ſtately honours of his riſing creſt,
His comely wings, and his ſoft ſilky breaſt!
The leaves of creeping vines around him play,
And Nature's leaves leſs perfect ſeem than they.
O matchleſs bird! whoſe race, with niceſt care,
Heaven ſeems in pleaſure to have form'd ſo fair!
From whoſe gay plumes ev'n Phœbus with delight
Sees his own rays reflected doubly bright!
Though numerous rivals of the wing there be
That ſhare our praiſe, when not compar'd to thee,
Soon as thy riſing glories ſtrike our eyes,
Their beauty ſhines no more, their luſtre dies.
So when Molinda, with ſuperior charms,
Dazzles the ring, and other nymphs diſarms,
To her the rallying Loves and Graces fly,
And, fixing there, proclaim the victory.
No wonder, then, ſince ſhe was born t'excell,
This bird's fair image ſhe deſcribes ſo well:
Happy, as in ſome temple thus to ſtand,
Immortaliz'd by her ſucceſsful hand.

ON

LUCINDA'S TEA-TABLE.

POETS invoke, when they rehearſe
In happy ſtrains their pleaſing dreams,
Some Muſe unſeen to crown their verſe,
And boaſt of Heliconian ſtreams:

But here, a real Muſe inſpires
(Who more reviving ſtreams imparts)
Our fancies with the Poets fires,
And with a nobler flame our hearts.

While from her hand each honour'd gueſt
Receives his cup with liquor crown'd,
He thinks 'tis Jove's immortal feaſt,
And Venus deals the nectar round.

As o'er each fountain, Poets ſing,
Some lovely guardian-nymph has ſway,
Who from the conſecrated ſpring
Wild beaſts and ſatyrs drives away:

So hither dares no ſavage preſs,
Who Beauty's ſovereign power defies;
All, drinking here, her charms confeſs,
Proud to be conquer'd by her eyes.

When Phœbus try'd his herbs in vain
On Hyacinth, had ſhe been there,
With tea ſhe would have cur'd the ſwain,
Who only then had dy'd for her.
January 1, 1701.

THE

MARCH.

VIctoria comes! ſhe leaves the forag'd groves!
Her flying camp of Graces and of Loves
Strike all their tents, and for the march prepare,
And to new ſcenes of triumph wait the fair.
Unlike the ſlaves which other warriors gain,
That loath ſubjection, and would break their chain,
Her rural ſlaves their abſent victor mourn,
And wiſh not liberty, but her return.
The conquer'd countries droop, while ſhe's away,
And ſlowly to the ſpring their contribution pay.
While cooing turtles, doubly now alone,
With their loſt loves another loſs bemoan.
Mean time in peopled cities crouds preſs on,
And jealous ſeem who ſhall be firſt undone.
Victories, like Fame, before th' invader fly,
And lovers yet unſeeing haſte to die.
While ſhe, with careleſs unelated mind,
Hears daily conqueſts which ſhe ne'er deſign'd:
In her a ſoft, yet cruel heart is found,
Averſe to cure, and vainly griev'd to wound.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S PRAYER-BOOK.

SO fair a form, with ſuch devotion join'd!
A virgin body, and a ſpotleſs mind!
Pleas'd with her prayers, while Heaven propitious ſees
The lovely votareſs on her bended knees,

Sure it muſt think ſome angel loſt its way,
And happening on our wretched earth to ſtray;
Tir'd with our follies, fain would take its flight,
And begs to be reſtor'd to thoſe bleſt realms of light.

ODE ON THE SPRING.

FOR THE MONTH OF MAY.

I.

WANTON Zephyr, come away!
On this ſweet, this ſilent grove,
Sacred to the Muſe and Love,
In gentle wiſper'd murmurs play!
Come let thy ſoft, thy balmy breeze
Diffuſe thy vernal ſweets around
From ſprouting flowers, and bloſſom'd trees;
While hills and echoing vales reſound
With notes, which wing'd muſicians ſing
In honour to the bloom of ſpring.

II.

Lovely ſeaſon of deſire!
Nature ſmiles with joy to ſee
The amorous months led on by thee,
That kindly wake her genial fire.
The brighteſt object in the ſkies,
The faireſt lights that ſhine below,
The ſun, and Mira's charming eyes,
At thy return more charming grow:
With double glory they appear,
To warm and grace the infant year.

HORACE,

ODE III. BOOK III.

The deſign of this Ode was to inſinuate to Auguſtus the danger of transferring the ſeat of the empire from Rome to Troy, which we are informed he once entertained thoughts of.

I.

THE man to right inflexibly inclin'd,
Poiſing on Virtue's baſe his mind,
Reſts in himſelf ſecure,
Indiſſolubly firm in good;
Let tempeſts riſe, and billows rage,
All rock within, he can unmov'd endure
The foaming fury of the flood,
When bellowing winds their jarring troops engage,

Or

Or wasteful civil tumults roll along
With fiercer strength, and louder roar,
Driving the torrent of the throng,
And gathering into power.
Let a proud tyrant cast a killing frown;
Or Jove in angry thunder on the world look down;
Nay, let the frame of Nature crack,
And all the spacious globe on high,
Shatter'd with universal rack,
Come tumbling from the sky:
Yet he'll survey the horrid scene
With steady courage and undaunted mien,
The only thing serene!

II.

Thus Pollux, and great Hercules,
Roam'd through the world, and blest the nations round,
Till, rais'd at length to heavenly palaces,
Mankind, as Gods, their benefactions crown'd,
With these, Augustus shall for ever shine,
And stain his rosy lips in cups divine.
Thus his fierce tigers dauntless Bacchus bear;
The glaring savages resist in vain,
Impatient of the bit, and fretting on the rein;
Through yielding clouds he drives th' impetuous car.
Great Romulus pursued the shining trace,
And leapt the lake, where all
The rest of mortals fall,
And with his * father's horses scour'd the same bright airy race.

* Romulus was supposed to be the son of Mars by the priestess Ilia.

Then

III.

Then in full ſenate of the deities,
Settling the ſeats of power, and future fate,
Juno began the high debate,
And with this righteous ſentence pleas'd the ſkies:
" O Troy! ſhe ſaid, O hated Troy!
" A * foreign woman, and a † boy,
" Lewd, partial, and unjuſt,
" Shook all thy proudeſt towers to duſt;
" Inclin'd to ruin from the time,
" Thy king did mock two powers divine,
" And ras'd thy fated walls in perjury,
" But doubly damn'd by that offence,
" Which did Minerva's rage incenſe,
" And offer'd wrong to me.
" No more the treacherous raviſher
" Shines in full pomp and youthful charms;
" Nor Priam's impious houſe with Hector's ſpear,
" Repels the violence of Grecian arms,

IV.

" Our feuds did long embroil the mortal rout,
" At laſt the ſtorm is ſpent,
" My fury with it ebbing out,
" Theſe terms of peace content;
" To Mars I grant among the ſtars a place
" For his ſon Romulus, or Trojan race;
" Here ſhall he dwell in theſe divine abodes,
" Drink of the heavenly bowl,
" And in his ſhining court his name enrol,

* Helen. † Paris.

" With

" With the ſerene and ever-vacant gods;
" While ſeas ſhall rage between his Rome and Troy,
" The horrid diſtance breaking wide,
" The baniſh'd Trojans ſhall the globe enjoy,
" And reign in every place beſide;
" While beaſts inſult my * judge's duſt, and hide
" Their litter in his curſed tomb,
" The ſhining capitol of Rome
" Shall overlook the world with awful pride,
" And Parthians take their law from that eternal
" dome.

V.

" Let Rome extend her fame to every ſhore;
" And let no banks or mounds reſtrain
" Th' impetuous torrent of her wide command;
" The ſeas from Europe, Africk part in vain;
" Swelling above thoſe floods, her power
" Shall, like its Nile, o'erflow the Libyan land.
" Shining in poliſh'd ſteel, ſhe dares
" The glittering beams of gold deſpiſe,
" Gold the great ſource of human cares,
" Hid wiſely deep from mortal eyes,
" Till, ſought in evil hour by hands unbleſt,
" Opening the dark abodes,
" There iſſued forth a direful train of woes,
" That give mankind no reſt;
" For gold, devoted to th' infernal gods,
" No native human uſes knows.

* Paris.

VI. " Where-

VI.

" Where'er great Jove did place
" The bounds of nature yet unſeen,
" He meant a goal of glory to the race
" The Roman arms ſhall win:
" Rejoicing, onward they approach
" To view the outworks of the world,
" The madding fires, in wild debauch,
" The ſnows and rains unborn, in endleſs eddies
" whirl'd!

VII.

" 'Tis I, O Rome, pronounce theſe fates behind,
" But will thy reign with this condition bind,
" That no falſe filial piety,
" In idle ſhapes deluding thee,
" Or confidence of power,
" Tempt thee again to raiſe a Trojan tower;
" Troy, plac'd beneath malignant ſtars,
" Haunted with omens ſtill the ſame,
" Rebuilt ſhall but renew the former flame,
" Jove's wife and ſiſter leading on the wars.
" Thrice let her ſhine with brazen walls,
" Rear'd up by heavenly hands;
" And thrice in fatal duſt ſhe falls,
" By faithful Grecian bands;
" Thrice the dire ſcene ſhall on the world return,
" And captive wives again their ſons and huſbands
" mourn."

But

But ſtop, preſumptuous Muſe, thy daring flight,
Nor hope, in thy weak lyrick lay,
The heavenly language to diſplay,
Or bring the counſels of the gods to light.

GREENWICH-PARK.

THE Paphian iſle was once the bleſt abode
Of beauty's goddeſs and her archer-god.
There bliſsful bowers and amorous ſhades were ſeen,
Fair cypreſs walks, and myrtles ever green.
'Twas there, ſurrounded by a hollow'd wood,
Sacred to love, a ſplendid temple ſtood;
Where altars were with coſtly gums perfum'd,
And lovers ſighs aroſe, and ſmoke from hearts conſum'd.
Till, thence remov'd, the queen of beauty flies
To Britain, fam'd for bright victorious eyes.
Here fix'd, ſhe choſe a ſweeter ſeat for Love,
And Greenwich Park is now her Cyprian grove.
Nor fair Parnaſſus with this hill can vie,
Which gently ſwells into the wondering ſky,
Commanding all that can tranſport our ſight,
And varying with each view the freſh delight.
From hence my Muſe prepares to wing her way,
And wanton, like the Thames, through ſmiling meads would ſtray,
Deſcribe the groves beneath, the ſylvan bowers,
The river's winding train, and great Auguſta's towers.

But

But ſee!—a living proſpect drawing near
At once tranſports, and raiſes awful fear!
Love's favourite band, ſelected to maintain
His choiceſt triumphs, and ſupport his reign.
Muſe, pay thy homage here—Yet oh beware!
And draw the glorious ſcene with artful care,
For fooliſh praiſe is ſatire on the fair.

Behold where bright Urania does advance,
And lightens through the trees with every glance!
A careleſs pleaſure in her air is ſeen;
Diana ſhines with ſuch a graceful mien,
When in her darling woods ſhe's feign'd to rove,
The chace purſuing, and avoiding love.
At flying deer the goddeſs boaſts her aim,
But Cupid ſhews the nymph a nobler game.
Th' unerring ſhafts ſo various fly around,
'Tis hard to ſay which gives the deepeſt wound.
Or if with greater glory we ſubmit,
Pierc'd by her eyes, her humour, or her wit.

See next her charming ſiſter, young and gay,
In beauty's bloom like the ſweet month of May!
The ſportful nymph once in the neighbouring grove
Surpriz'd by chance the ſleeping god of love;
His head reclin'd upon a tuft of green,
And by him ſcatter'd lay his arrows bright and keen;
She ty'd his wings, and ſtole his wanton darts,
Then, laughing, wak'd the tyrant lord of hearts;
He ſmil'd,—and ſaid—'Tis well, inſulting fair!
Yet how you ſport with ſleeping Love beware!
My loſs of darts I quickly can ſupply,
Your looks ſhall triumph for Love's deity:

And

And though you now my feeble power diſdain,
You once perhaps may feel a lover's pain.
Though Helen's form, and Cleopatra's charms,
The boaſt of fame, once kindled dire alarms:
Thoſe dazzling lights the world no more muſt view,
And ſcarce would think the bright deſcription true,
Did not that ray of beauty, more divine,
In Mira's eyes by tranſmigration ſhine.
Her ſhape, her air, proportion, lovely face,
And matchleſs ſkin content with rival grace;
And Venus' ſelf, proud of th' officious aid,
With all her charms adorns th' illuſtrious maid.
But hark!—what more than mortal ſounds are theſe?
Be ſtill, ye whiſpering winds, and moving trees!
A ſecond Mira does all hearts ſurprize,
At once victorious with her voice and eyes.
Her eyes alone can tendereſt love inſpire,
Her heavenly voice improves the young deſire.
So weſtern gales in fragrant gardens play
On buds produc'd by the ſun's quickening ray,
And ſpread them into life, and gently chide their ſtay.
We court that ſkill, by which we're ſure to die,
The modeſt fair would fain our ſuit deny,
And ſings unwillingly, with trembling fear,
As if concern'd our ruin is ſo near;
So generous victors ſofteſt pity know,
And with reluctance ſtrike the fatal blow.

Engaging

Engaging Cynthia 's arm'd with every grace;
Her lovely mind ſhines chearful through her face,
A ſacred lamp in a fair cryſtal caſe.
Not Venus ſtar, the brighteſt of the ſphere,
Smiles ſo ſerene, or caſts a light ſo clear.
O happy brother of this wondrous fair!
The beſt of ſiſters well deſerves thy care;
Her ſighing lovers, who in crouds adore,
Would wiſh thy place, did they not wiſh for more.
What angels are, when we deſire to know,
We form a thought by ſuch as ſhe below,
And thence conclude they're bright beyond compare,
Compos'd of all that's good, and all that's fair.
There yet remains unnam'd a dazzling throng
Of nymphs, who to theſe happy ſhades belong.
O Venus! lovely queen of ſoft deſires!
For ever dwell where ſuch ſupply thy fires!
May Virtue ſtill with Beauty ſhare the ſway,
And the glad world with willing zeal obey!

TO

MOLINDA.

TH' inſpiring Muſes and the God of Love,
Which moſt ſhould grace the fair Molinda ſtrove
Love arm'd her with his bow and keeneſt darts,
The Muſes more enrich'd her mind with arts.

Through

Though Greece in ſhining temples heretofore
Did Venus and Minerva's powers adore,
The ancients thought no ſingle goddeſs fit,
To reign at once o'er Beauty and o'er Wit;
Each was a ſeparate claim; till now we find
The different titles in Molinda join'd.
From hence, when at the court, the park, the play,
She gilds the evening, or improves the day,
All eyes regard her with tranſporting fire,
One ſex with envy burns, and one with fierce deſire:
But when, withdrawn from public ſhow and noiſe,
In ſilent works her fancy ſhe employs,
A ſmiling train of Arts around her ſtand,
And court improvement from her curious hand.
She, their bright patroneſs, o'er all preſides,
And with like ſkill the pen and needle guides;
By this we ſee gay ſilken landſkips wrought,
By that the landſkip of a beauteous thought:
Whether her voice in tuneful airs ſhe moves,
Or cuts diſſembled flowers and paper groves,
Her voice tranſports the ear with ſoft delight,
Her flowers and groves ſurprize the raviſh'd ſight;
Which ev'n to Nature's wonders we prefer;
All but that wonder Nature form'd in her.

A LETTER

TO

A FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.

WHILST thou art happy in a bleſt retreat,
And free from care doſt rural ſongs repeat,
Whilſt fragrant air fans thy poetic fire,
And pleaſant groves with ſprightly notes inſpire,
(Groves, whoſe receſſes and refreſhing ſhade
Indulge th' invention, and the judgment aid)
I, 'midſt the ſmoke and clamours of the town,
That choke my Muſe, and weigh my fancy down,
Paſs my unactive hours;——
In ſuch an air, how can ſoft numbers flow,
Or in ſuch ſoil the ſacred laurel grow?
All we can boaſt of the poetic fire,
Are but ſome ſparks that ſoon as born expire.
Hail happy woods! harbours of peace and joy!
Where no black cares the mind's repoſe deſtroy!
Where grateful Silence unmoleſted reigns,
Aſſiſts the Muſe, and quickens all her ſtrains.
Such were the ſcenes of our firſt parents' love,
In Eden's groves with equal flames they ſtrove,
While warbling birds, ſoft whiſpering breaths of wind,
And murmuring ſtreams, to grace their nuptials join'd.
All Nature ſmil'd; the plains were freſh and green,
Unſtain'd the fountains, and the heavens ſerene.

Ye

Ye bleſt remains of that illuſtrious age!
Delightful ſprings and woods!—
Might I with you my peaceful days live o'er,
You, and my friend, whoſe abſence I deplore,
Calm as a gentle brook's unruffled tide
Should the delicious flowing minutes glide;
Diſcharg'd of care, on unfrequented plains,
We'd ſing of rural joys in rural ſtrains.
No falſe corrupt delights our thoughts ſhould move,
But joys of friendſhip, poetry, and love.
While others fondly feed ambition's fire,
And to the top of human ſtate aſpire,
That from their airy eminence they may
With pride and ſcorn th' inferior world ſurvey,
Here we ſhould dwell obſcure, yet happier far than they.

HORACE,

BOOK I. ODE XXII.

"Integer vitæ, ſceleriſque purus,
"Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu," &c.

IMITATED IN PARAPHRASE.

I.

HENCE ſlaviſh fear! thy Stygian wings diſplay!
Thou ugly fiend of hell, away!

Wrapp'd in thick clouds, and ſhades of night,
To conſcious ſouls direct thy flight!
There brood on guilt, ſix there a loath'd embrace,
And propagate vain terrors, frights,
Dreams, goblins, and imagin'd ſprights,
Thy viſionary tribe, thy black and monſtrous race.
Go, haunt the ſlave that ſtains his hands in gore!
Poſſeſs the perjur'd mind, and rack the Uſurer more,
Than his oppreſſion did the poor before.

II.

Vainly, you feeble wretches, you prepare
The glittering forgery of war;
The poiſon'd ſhaft, the Parthian bow, and ſpear
Like that the warlike Moor is wont to wield,
Which pois'd and guided from his ear
He hurls impetuous through the field:
In vain you lace the helm, and heave in vain the ſhield;
He's only ſafe, whoſe armour of defence
Is adamantine innocence.

III.

If o'er the ſteepy Alps he go,
Vaſt mountains of eternal ſnow,
Or where fam'd Ganges and Hydaſpes flow;
If o'er parch'd Libya's deſart land,
Where threatening from afar
Th' affrighted traveller
Encounters moving hills of ſand;
No ſenſe of danger can diſturb his reſt;

He

He fears no human force, nor ſavage beaſt;
Impenetrable courage ſteels his manly breaſt.

IV.

Thus, late within the Sabine grove,
While free from care, and full of love,
I raiſe my tuneful voice, and ſtray
Regardleſs of myſelf and way,
A grizly wolf, with glaring eye,
View'd me unarm'd, yet paſs'd unhurtful by.
A fiercer monſter ne'er, in queſt of food,
Apulian foreſts did moleſt;
Numidia never ſaw a more prodigious beaſt;
Numidia, mother of the yellow brood,
Where the ſtern lion ſhakes his knotted mane,
And roars aloud for prey, and ſcours the ſpacious plain.

V.

Place me where no ſoft breeze of ſummer wind
Did e'er the ſtiffen'd ſoil unbind,
Where no refreſhing warmth e'er durſt invade,
But Winter holds his unmoleſted ſeat,
In all his hoary robes array'd,
And rattling ſtorms of hail, and noiſy tempeſts beat.
Place me beneath the ſcorching blaze
Of the fierce ſun's immediate rays,
Where houſe or cottage ne'er were ſeen,
Nor rooted plant or tree, nor ſpringing green;
Yet, lovely Lalage, my generous flame
Shall ne'er expire; I'll boldly ſing of thee,
Charm'd with the muſic of thy name,
And guarded by the gods of Love and Poetry.

HORACE,

BOOK II. ODE XVI.

TO GROSPHUS.

" Otium Divos rogat in patenti
" Prenſus Ægæo," &c.

IMITATED IN PARAPHRASE.

I.

INDULGENT Quiet! power ſerene,
Mother of Peace, and Joy, and Love!
O ſay, thou calm propitious queen,
Say, in what ſolitary grove,
Within what hollow rock, or winding cell,
By human eyes unſeen,
Like ſome retreated Druid doſt thou dwell?
And why, illuſive goddeſs! why,
When we thy manſion would ſurround,
Why doſt thou lead us through inchanted ground,
To mock our vain reſearch, and from our wiſhes fly?

II.

The wandering ſailors, pale with fear,
For thee the gods implore,
When the tempeſtuous ſea runs high,
And when, through all the dark benighted ſky,

No

No friendly moon or ſtars appear
To guide their ſteerage to the ſhore:
For thee the weary ſoldier prays;
Furious in fight the ſons of Thrace,
And Medes, that wear majeſtic by their ſide
A full-charg'd quiver's decent pride,
Gladly with thee would paſs inglorious days,
Renounce the warrior's tempting praiſe,
And buy thee, if thou might'ſt be ſold,
With gems, and purple veſts, and ſtores of plunder'd gold.

III.

But neither boundleſs wealth, nor guards that wait
Around the conſul's honour'd gate,
Nor anti-chambers with attendants fill'd,
The mind's unhappy tumults can abate,
Or baniſh ſullen cares, that fly
Acroſs the gilded rooms of ſtate,
And their foul neſts, like ſwallows, build
Cloſe to the palace-roofs, and towers that pierce the ſky.
Much leſs will Nature's modeſt wants ſupply;
And happier lives the homely ſwain,
Who, in ſome cottage, far from noiſe,
His few paternal goods enjoys,
Nor knows the ſordid luſt of gain,
Nor with Fear's tormenting pain
His hovering ſleeps deſtroys.

IV.

Vain man! that in a narrow ſpace
At endleſs game projects the daring ſpear!
For ſhort is life's uncertain race;
Then why, capricious mortal! why
Doſt thou for happineſs repair
To diſtant climates, and a foreign air?
Fool! from thyſelf thou canſt not fly,
Thyſelf, the ſource of all thy care.
So flies the wounded ſtag, provok'd with pain,
Bounds o'er the ſpacious downs in vain;
The feather'd torment ſticks within his ſide,
And from the ſmarting wound a purple tide
Marks all his way with blood, and dyes the graſſy plain.

V.

But ſwifter far is execrable Care
Than ſtags, or winds that through the ſkies
Thick-driving ſnows and gather'd tempeſts bear;
Purſuing Care the ſailing ſhip out-flies,
Climbs the tall veſſel's painted ſides;
Nor leaves arm'd ſquadrons in the field,
But with the marching horſemen rides,
And dwells alike in courts and camps, and makes all places yield.

VI.

Then, ſince no ſtate 's compleatly bleſt,
Let's learn the bitter to allay
With gentle mirth, and wiſely gay
Enjoy at leaſt the preſent day,
And leave to fate the reſt.

Nor

Nor with vain fear of ills to come
Anticipate th' appointed doom.
Soon did Achilles quit the ſtage,
The hero fell by ſudden death;
While Tithon to a tedious waſting age
Drew his protracted breath.
And thus old partial Time, my friend,
Perhaps unaſk'd to worthleſs me
Thoſe hours of lengthen'd life may lend,
Which he'll refuſe to thee.

VII.

Thee ſhining wealth and plenteous joys ſurround,
And, all thy fruitful fields around,
Unnumber'd herds of cattle ſtray.
Thy harneſs'd ſteeds with ſprightly voice
Make neighbouring vales and hills rejoice,
While ſmoothly thy gay chariot flies o'er the ſwift meaſur'd way.
To me the ſtars, with leſs profuſion kind,
An humble Fortune have aſſign'd,
And no untuneful Lyric vein,
But a ſincere contented mind,
That can the vile malignant crowd diſdain.

THE BIRTH OF THE ROSE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

ONCE, on a ſolemn feſtal day
Held by th' immortals in the ſkies,
Flora had ſummon'd all the Deities
That rule o'er gardens, or ſurvey
The birth of greens and ſpringing flowers,
And thus addreſs'd the genial powers.

Ye ſhining graces of my courtly train,
The cauſe of this aſſembly know!
In ſovereign majeſty I reign
O'er the gay flowery univerſe below;
Yet, my increaſing glory to maintain,
A queen I'll chuſe, with ſpotleſs honour fair,
The delegated crown to wear.
Let me your counſel and aſſiſtance aſk,
T' accompliſh this momentous taſk.

The Deities that ſtood around,
At firſt return'd a murmuring ſound;
Then ſaid, Fair goddeſs, do you know
The factious feuds this muſt create,
What jealous rage and mutual hate
Among the rival flowers will grow?

The

The vileſt thiſtle that infeſts the plain
Will think his tawdry painted pride
Deſerves the crown; and, if deny'd,
Perhaps with traitor-plots moleſt your reign.
Vain are your fears, Flora reply'd,
'Tis fix'd—and hear how I'll the cauſe decide.

Deep in a venerable wood,
Where Oaks, with vocal ſkill endued,
Did wondrous oracles of old impart,
Beneath a little hill's inclining ſide
A grotto 's ſeen where nature's art
Is exercis'd in all her ſmiling pride.
Retir'd in this ſweet graſſy cell,
A lovely wood-nymph once did dwell.
She always pleas'd; for more than mortal fire
Shone in her eyes, and did her charms inſpire;
A Dryad bore the beauteous nymph, a Sylvan was her ſire.

Chaſte, wiſe, devout, ſhe ſtill obey'd
With humble zeal heaven's dread commands,
To every action aſk'd our aid,
And oft before our altars pray'd;
Pure was her heart, and undefil'd her hands.
She's dead—and from her ſweet remains
The wondrous mixture I would take,
This much deſir'd, this perfect flower to make.
Aſſiſt, and thus, with our transforming pains,
We'll dignify the garden-beds, and grace our favourite plains.

Th'

Th' applauding Deities with pleaſure heard,
And for the grateful work prepar'd.
A buſy face the God of Gardens wore;
Vertumnus of the party too,
From various ſweets th' exhaling ſpirits drew;
While, in full canifters, Pomona bore
Of richeſt fruits a plenteous ſtore;
And Veſta promis'd wondrous things to do.
Gay Venus led a lively train
Of Smiles and Graces: the plump God of Wine
From cluſters did the flowing nectar ſtrain,
And fill'd large goblets with his juice divine.
Thus charg'd, they ſeek the honour'd ſhade
Where liv'd and dy'd the ſpotleſs maid.
On a ſoft couch of turf the body lay;
Th' approaching Deities preſs'd all around,
Prepar'd the ſacred rites to pay
In ſilence, and with awe profound.
Flora thrice bow'd, and thus was heard to pray.
Jove! mighty Jove! whom all adore;
Exert thy great creative power!
Let this fair corpſe be mortal clay no more;
Transform it to a tree, to bear a beauteous flower—
Scarce had the Goddeſs ſpoke; when ſee!
The nymph's extended limbs the form of branches wear:
Behold the wondrous change, the fragrant tree!
To leaves was turn'd her flowing hair;
And rich diffus'd perfumes regal'd the wanton air.

Heavens!

Heavens! what new charm, what ſudden light,
Improves the grot, and entertains the ſight!
A ſprouting bud begins the tree t'adorn;
The large, the ſweet vermilion flower is born!
The Goddeſs thrice on the fair infant breath'd,
To ſpread it into life, and to convey
The fragrant ſoul, and every charm bequeath'd
To make the vegetable princeſs gay;
Then kiſs'd it thrice: the general ſilence broke,
And thus in loud rejoicing accents ſpoke.

Ye flowers at my command attendant here,
Pay homage, and your ſovereign Roſe revere!
No ſorrow on your drooping leaves be ſeen;
Let all be proud of ſuch a queen,
So fit the floral crown to wear,
To glorify the day, and grace the youthful year!

Thus ſpeaking, ſhe the new-born favourite crown'd;
The transformation was compleat;
The Deities with ſongs the queen of flowers did greet:
Soft flutes and tuneful harps were heard to ſound;
While now to heaven the well-pleas'd Goddeſs flies
With her bright train, and reaſcends the ſkies.

SIX CANTATA'S

OR

POEMS FOR MUSIC.

AFTER THE MANNER OF THE ITALIANS.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. PEPUSCH.

"Non ante vulgatas per artes,
"Verba loquor ſocianda chordis."

HOR.

THE

PREFACE,

(AS IT WAS PRINTED BEFORE THE MUSIC.)

TO THE

LOVERS OF MUSIC.

MR. Pepuſch having deſired that ſome account ſhould be prefixed to theſe Cantata's relating to the words, it may be proper to acquaint the publick, that they are the firſt Eſſays of this kind, and were

were written as an experiment of introducing a ſort of compoſition which had never been naturalized in our language. Thoſe who are affectedly partial to the Italian tongue, will ſcarce allow muſic to ſpeak any other; but if reaſon may be admitted to have any ſhare in theſe entertainments, nothing is more neceſſary than that the words ſhould be underſtood, without which the end of Vocal Muſic is loſt. The want of this occaſions a common complaint, and is the chief, if not the only reaſon, that the beſt works of Scarlati and other Italians, except thoſe performed in Opera's, are generally but little known or regarded here. Beſides, it may be obſerved, without any diſhonour to a language which has been adorned by ſome writers of excellent genius, and was the firſt among the moderns in which the Art of Poetry was revived and brought to any perfection, that in the great number of their Opera's, Serenata's, and Cantata's, the words are often much inferior to the compoſition; and though, by their abounding with vowels, they have an inimitable aptneſs and facility for notes, the writers for muſic have not always made the beſt uſe of this advantage, or ſeem to have relied on it ſo much as to have regarded little elſe; ſo that Mr. Waller's remark on another occaſion may be frequently applied to them.

"Soft words, with nothing in them, make a ſong."

Yet

Yet ſo great is the force of ſounds well choſen and ſkillfully executed, that as they can hide indifferent ſenſe, and a kind of aſſociated pleaſure ariſes from the words though they are but mean, ſo the impreſſion cannot fail of being in proportion much greater, when the thoughts are natural and proper, and the expreſſions unaffected and agreeable.

Since, therefore, the Engliſh language, though inferior in ſmoothneſs, has been found not incapable of harmony, nothing would perhaps be wanting towards introducing the moſt elegant ſtyle of muſic, in a nation which has given ſuch generous encouragements to it, if our beſt Poets would ſometimes aſſiſt this deſign, and make it their diverſion to improve a ſort of verſe, in regular meaſures, purpoſely fitted for muſic, and which, of all the modern kinds, ſeems to be the only one that can now properly be called Lyricks.

It cannot but be obſerved on this occaſion, that ſince Poetry and Muſick are ſo nearly allied, it is a misfortune that thoſe who excel in one, are often perfect ſtrangers to the other. If therefore a better correſpondence were ſettled between the two ſiſter arts, they would probably contribute to each other's improvement. The expreſſions of Harmony, Cadence, and a good ear, which are ſaid to be ſo neceſſary in Poetry, being all borrowed from Muſic, ſhew at leaſt, if they ſignify any thing, that it would be no improper help for a Poet to underſtand more than the metaphorical ſenſe of them. And on the other hand,

a compoſer can never judge where to lay the accent of his muſic, who does not know, or is not made ſenſible, where the words have the greateſt beauty and force.

There is one thing in compoſitions of this ſort, which ſeems a little to want explaining, and that is the Recitative Muſic, which many people hear without pleaſure, the reaſon of which is, perhaps, that they have a miſtaken notion of it. They are accuſtomed to think that all Muſic ſhould be Air; and being diſappointed of what they expect, they loſe the beauty that is in it of a different kind. It may be proper to obſerve therefore, that the Recitative ſtyle in compoſition is founded on that variety of accent which pleaſes in the pronunciation of a good orator, with as little deviation from it as poſſible. The different tones of the voice, in aſtoniſhment, joy, ſorrow, rage, tenderneſs, in affirmations, apoſtrophes, interrogations, and all the varieties of ſpeech, make a ſort of natural Muſic, which is very agreeable; and this is what is intended to be imitated, with ſome helps by the compoſer, but without approaching to what we call a Tune or Air; ſo that it is but a kind of improved elocution or pronouncing the words in muſical cadences, and is indeed wholly at the mercy of the performer to make it agreeable or not, according to his ſkill or ignorance, like the reading of verſe, which is not every one's talent. This ſhort account may poſſibly ſuffice to ſhew how properly the recitative has a place in compoſitions of any length, to relieve the ear

ear with a variety, and to introduce the Airs with the greater advantage.

As to Mr. Pepuſch's ſucceſs in theſe compoſitions, I am not at liberty to ſay any more than that he has, I think, very naturally expreſſed the ſenſe of the words. He is deſirous the publick ſhould be informed that they are not only the firſt he has attempted in Engliſh, but the firſt of any of his works publiſhed by himſelf; and as he wholly ſubmits them to the judgment of the lovers of this art, it will be a pleaſure to him to find that his endeavours to promote the compoſing of Muſic in the Engliſh language, after a new model, are favourably accepted.

CANTATA I.

ON

ENGLISH BEAUTY.

RECITATIVE.

WHEN Beauty's goddeſs from the ocean ſprung,
Aſcending, o'er the waves ſhe caſt a ſmile
On fair Britannia's happy iſle,
And rais'd her tuneful voice, and thus ſhe ſung.

AIR.

Hail Britannia! hail to thee,
Faireſt iſland of the ſea!
Thou my favourite land ſhalt be.
Cyprus too ſhall own my ſway,
And dedicate to me its groves;
Yet Venus and her train of loves
Will with happier Britain ſtay.
Hail Britannia! hail to thee,
Faireſt iſland of the ſea!
Thou my favourite land ſhalt be.

RECITATIVE.

Britannia heard the notes diffuſing wide,
And ſaw the power whom gods and men adore
Approaching nearer with the tide,
And in a rapture loudly cry'd,
O welcome! welcome to my ſhore!

AIR.

AIR.

Lovely Iſle! ſo richly bleſt!
Beauty's palm is thine confeſt.
Thy daughters all the world outſhine,
Nor Venus ſelf is ſo divine.
Lovely iſle! ſo richly bleſt!
Beauty's palm is thine confeſt.

CANTATA II.

ALEXIS.

RECITATIVE.

SEE,—from the ſilent grove Alexis flies,
And ſeeks with every pleaſing art
To eaſe the pain, which lovely eyes
Created in his heart.
To ſhining theatres he now repairs,
To learn Camilla's moving airs,
Where thus to Muſic's power the ſwain addreſs'd his prayers.

AIR.

Charming ſounds! that ſweetly languiſh,
Muſic, O compoſe my anguiſh!
Every paſſion yields to thee:
Phœbus, quickly then relieve me;
Cupid ſhall no more deceive me;
I'll to ſprightlier joys be free.

RECITATIVE.

Apollo heard the fooliſh ſwain;
He knew, when Daphne once he lov'd,
How weak, t' aſſwage an amorous pain,
His own harmonious art had prov'd,
And all his healing herbs how vain.
Then thus he ſtrikes the ſpeaking ſtrings,
Preluding to his voice, and ſings.

AIR.

Sounds, though charming, can't relieve thee;
Do not, ſhepherd, then deceive thee,
Muſic is the voice of Love.
If the tender maid believe thee,
Soft relenting,
Kind conſenting,
Will alone thy pain remove.

CANTATA III.

ON THE

SPRING.

[With Violins.]

AIR.

FRAGRANT Flora! haſte, appear,
Goddeſs of the youthful year!
Zephyr gently courts thee now;

On

On thy buds of roſes playing,
All thy breathing ſweets diſplaying,
Hark, his amorous breezes blow!
Fragrant Flora! haſte, appear!
Goddeſs of the youthful year!
Zephyr gently courts thee now.

RECITATIVE.

Thus on a fruitful hill, in the fair bloom of ſpring,
The tuneful Colinet his voice did raiſe,
The vales remurmur'd with his lays,
And liſtening birds hung hovering on the wing,
In whiſpering ſighs ſoft Zephyr by him flew,
While thus the ſhepherd did his ſong renew.

AIR.

Love and pleaſure gaily flowing,
Come this charming ſeaſon grace!
Smile, ye fair! your joys beſtowing,
Spring and youth will ſoon be going,
Seize the bleſſings ere they paſs;
Love and pleaſures gaily flowing,
Come this charming ſeaſon grace!

CANTATA IV.

MIRANDA.

RECITATIVE.

MIRANDA's tuneful voice and fame
Had reach'd the wondering ſkies;
From heaven the god of Muſic came,
And own'd a pleas'd ſurprize;
Then, in a ſoft melodious lay,
Apollo did theſe grateful praiſes pay.

AIR.

Matchleſs charmer! thine ſhall be
The higheſt prize of harmony.
Phœbus ever will inſpire thee,
And th' applauding world admire thee;
All ſhall in thy praiſe agree.
Matchleſs charmer! thine ſhall be
The higheſt prize of harmony.

RECITATIVE.

The god then ſummon'd every Muſe t' appear,
And hail their ſiſter of the quire;
Smiling they ſtood around, her ſoothing ſtrains to hear,
And fill'd her happy ſoul with all their fire.

AIR.

O harmony! how wondrous ſweet,
Doſt thou our cares allay!

When

When all thy moving graces meet,
How ſoftly doſt thou ſteal our eaſy hours away!
O harmony! how wondrous ſweet,
Doſt thou our cares allay!

CANTATA V.

CORYDON.

RECITATIVE.

WHILE Corydon the lonely ſhepherd try'd
His tuneful flute, and charm'd the grove,
The jealous nightingales, that ſtrove
To trace his notes, contending dy'd;
At laſt he hears within a myrtle ſhade
An echo anſwer all his ſtrain;
Love ſtole the pipe of ſleeping Pan, and play'd;
Then with his voice decoys the liſtening ſwain.

AIR. [with a flute]

Gay ſhepherd, to befriend thee,
Here pleaſing ſcenes attend thee,
O this way ſpeed thy pace!
If Muſic can delight thee,
Or viſions fair invite thee,
This bower 's the happy place.
Gay ſhepherd, to befriend thee,
Here pleaſing ſcenes attend thee,
O this way ſpeed thy pace!

RE-

RECITATIVE.

The ſhepherd roſe, he gaz'd around,
And vainly ſought the magic ſound;
The God of Love his motion ſpies,
Lays by the pipe, and ſhoots a dart
Through Corydon's unwary heart,
Then, ſmiling, from his ambuſh flies;
While in his room, divinely bright,
The reigning beauty of the groves ſurpriz'd the ſhepherd's ſight.

AIR.

Who, from Love his heart ſecuring,
Can avoid th' inchanting pain?
Pleaſure calls with voice alluring,
Beauty ſoftly binds the chain.
Who, from Love his heart ſecuring,
Can avoid th' inchanting pain?

CANTATA VI.

THE COQUET.

RECITATIVE.

AIRY Cloe, proud and young,
The faireſt tyrant of the plain,
Laugh'd at her adoring ſwain.
He ſadly ſigh'd—She gayly ſung,
And, wanton, thus reproach'd his pain.

AIR.

AIR.

Leave me, ſilly ſhepherd go;
You only tell me what I know,
You view a thouſand charms in me;
Then ceaſe thy prayers, I'll kinder grow,
When I can view ſuch charms in thee.
Leave me, ſilly ſhepherd, go;
You only tell me what I know,
You view a thouſand charms in me.

RECITATIVE.

Amyntor, fir'd by this diſdain,
Curs'd the proud fair, and broke his chain;
He rav'd, and at the ſcorner ſwore,
And vow'd, he'd be Love's fool no more—
But Cloe ſmil'd, and thus ſhe call'd him back again.

AIR.

Shepherd, this I've done to prove thee,
Now thou art a man, I love thee,
And without a bluſh reſign.
But ungrateful is the paſſion,
And deſtroys our inclination,
When, like ſlaves, our lovers whine.
Shepherd, this I've done to prove thee,
Now thou art a man, I love thee,
And without a bluſh reſign.

THE PRAISES OF HEROIC VIRTUE.

FROM THE FRAGMENTS OF TYRTÆUS.

TRANSLATED IN THE YEAR 1701,

ON OCCASION OF THE KING OF FRANCE's BREAKING THE PEACE OF RESWICK.

O Spartan youths! what faſcinating charms
Have froze your blood? why ruſt your idle arms?
When with awaken'd courage will you go,
And minds reſolv'd, to meet the threatening foe?
What! ſhall our vile lethargic ſloth betray
To greedy neighbours an unguarded prey?
Or can you ſee their armies ruſh from far,
And ſit ſecure amidſt the rage of war?
Ye gods! how great, how glorious, 'tis to ſee
The warrior-hero fight for liberty,
For his dear children, for his tender wife,
For all the valued joys, and ſoft ſupports of life?
Then let him draw his ſword, and take the field,
And fortify his breaſt behind the ſpacious ſhield.

Nor

Nor fear to die; in vain you ſhun your fate,
Nor can you ſhorten, nor prolong its date;
For life 's a meaſur'd race, and he that flies
From darts and fighting foes, at home inglorious dies;
No grieving crowds his obſequies attend;
But all applaud and weep the ſoldier's end,
Who, deſperately brave, in fight ſuſtains
Inflicted wounds, and honourable ſtains,
And falls a ſacrifice to glory's charms:
But if a juſt ſucceſs ſhall crown his arms,
For his return the reſcued people wait,
To ſee the guardian genius of the ſtate;
With rapture viewing his majeſtic face,
His dauntleſs mien, and every martial grace,
They 'll bleſs the toils he for their ſafety bore,
Admire him living, and when dead adore.

UNDER THE PRINT OF TOM BRITTON,

THE MUSICAL SMALL-COAL MAN.

THOUGH mean thy rank, yet in thy humble cell
Did gentle peace and arts unpurchas'd dwell.
Well-pleas'd Apollo thither led his train,
And Muſic warbled in her ſweeteſt ſtrain!
Cyllenius ſo, as fables tell, and Jove,
Came willing gueſts to poor Philemon's grove.
Let uſeleſs Pomp behold, and bluſh to find
So low a ſtation, ſuch a liberal mind.

SONG.

SONG.

THE FAIR TRAVELLER.

I.

IN young Aſtrea's ſparkling eye,
Reſiſtleſs Love has fix'd his throne;
A thouſand lovers bleeding lie
For her, with wounds they fear to own.

II.

While the coy beauty ſpeeds her flight
To diſtant groves from whence ſhe came;
So lightning vaniſhes from ſight,
But leaves the foreſt in a flame!

A CANTATA.

SET BY MR. D. PURCELL.

AIR.

LOVE, I defy thee!
Venus, I fly thee!
I'm of chaſte Diana's train.
Away, thou winged boy!
Thou bear'ſt thy darts in vain,
I hate the languid joy,
I mock the trifling pain.

Love,

Love, I defy thee!
Venus, I fly thee!
I'm of chaſte Diana's train.

RECITATIVE.

Bright Venus and her ſon ſtood by,
And heard a proud diſdainful fair
Thus boaſt her wretched liberty;
They ſcorn'd ſhe ſhould the raptures ſhare,
Which their happier captives know,
Nor would Cupid draw his bow
To wound the nymph, but laugh'd out this reply.

AIR.

Proud and fooliſh! hear your fate!
Waſte your youth, and ſigh too late
For joys which now you ſay you hate.
When your decaying eyes
Can dart their fires no more,
The wrinkles of threeſcore
Shall make you vainly wiſe.
Proud and fooliſh! hear your fate!
Waſte your youth, and ſigh too late
For joys which now you ſay you hate.

SONG.

WOULD you gain the tender creature,
Softly—gently—kindly—treat her;
Suffering is the lover's part:
Beauty by conſtraint poſſeſſing,
You enjoy but half the bleſſing,
Lifeleſs charms without the heart.

CUPID

CUPID AND SCARLATI.

A

CANTATA.

SET BY MR. PEPUSCH.

RECITATIVE.

ON ſilver Tyber's vocal ſhore,
The fam'd Scarlati ſtrook his lyre,
And ſtrove, with charms unknown before,
The ſprings of tuneful ſound t' explore,
Beyond what art alone could e'er inſpire;
When ſee—the ſweet eſſay to hear,
Venus with her ſon drew near,
And, pleas'd to aſk the maſter's aid,
The mother goddeſs ſmiling ſaid.

AIR.

Harmonious ſon of Phœbus, ſee!
'Tis Love, 'tis little Love I bring.
The Queen of Beauty ſues to thee,
To teach her wanton boy to ſing.

RECITATIVE.

The pleas'd muſician heard with joy,
And, proud to teach th' immortal boy,

Did

Did all his ſongs and heavenly ſkill impart;
The boy, to recompenſe his art,
Repeating did each ſong improve,
And breath'd into his airs the charms of love,
And taught the maſter thus to touch the heart.

AIR.

Love, inſpiring
Sounds perſuading,
Makes his darts reſiſtleſs fly:
Beauty aiding,
Arts aſpiring,
Gives them wings to riſe more high.

A

CANTATA.

SET WITH SYMPHONIES BY
SIGNIOR NICOLINI HAYM.

AIR.

YE tender powers! how ſhall I move
A careleſs maid that laughs at love?
Cupid, to my ſuccour fly!
Come with all thy thrilling darts,
Thy melting flames to ſoften hearts;
Conquer for me, or I die!
Ye tender powers! how ſhall I move
A careleſs maid that laughs at Love?
Cupid, to my ſuccour fly!

RECITATIVE.

Thus, in a melancholy ſhade,
A penſive lover to his aid
Invok'd the god of warm deſire;
Love heard him, and, to gain the maid,
Did his ſucceſsful thought inſpire.

AIR.

Take her humour, ſmile, be gay,
In her favourite follies join,
That's the charm will make her thine.
Caſt thy ſerious airs away,
Freely courting,
Toying, ſporting,
Sooth her hours with amorous play.
Take her humour, ſmile, be gay,
In her favourite follies join,
That's the charm will make her thine.

PASTORA,

PASTORA,

A CANTATA.

SET BY MR. PEPUSCH.

RECITATIVE.

ON fam'd Arcadia's flowery plains,
The gay Paſtora once was heard to ſing;
Cloſe by a fountain's cryſtal ſpring
She warbled out her merry ſtrains.

AIR.

Shepherds, would you hope to pleaſe us,
You muſt every humour try;
Sometimes flatter, ſometimes teaze us,
Often laugh, and ſometimes cry.
Shepherds, would you hope to pleaſe us,
You muſt every humour try.
Soft denials
Are but trials,
You muſt follow when we fly.
Shepherds, would you hope to pleaſe us,
You muſt every humour try.

RECITATIVE.

Damon, who long ador'd this ſprightly maid,
Yet never durſt his love relate,
Reſolv'd at laſt to try his fate,
He ſigh'd--She ſmil'd;--He kneel'd and pray'd;

She frown'd;—He roſe, and walk'd away,
But ſoon returning look'd more gay,
And ſung and danc'd, and on his pipe a chearful echo play'd.

AIR. [with an echo of flutes.]

Paſtora fled to a ſhady grove;
Damon view'd her,
And purſued her;
Cupid laugh'd, and crown'd his love.
The Nymph look'd back, well pleas'd to ſee
That Damon ran as ſwift as ſhe.
Paſtora fled to a ſhady grove,
Damon view'd her,
And purſued her:
Cupid laugh'd, and crown'd his love.

A

PASTORAL MASQUE.

SCENE, A PROSPECT OF A WOOD.

Enter a Shepherd, and ſings.

YE nymphs and ſhepherds of the grove,
That know the pleaſing pains of love,
Eager for th' expected bleſſing,
Sighing, panting for poſſeſſing!

Leave

Leave your flocks, and haſte away,
With ſolemn ſtate
To celebrate
Cupid and Hymen's holiday.

Enter a band of ſhepherds on one ſide with garlands; on the other ſide, ſhepherdeſſes with caniſters of flowers.

CHORUS.

From the echoing hills, and the jovial plains,
Where the pleaſure, and plenty, and happineſs reigns,
We leave our flocks, and haſte away,
With ſolemn ſtate
To celebrate
Cupid and Hymen's holiday.

[A dance here.]

Scene opening diſcovers a pleaſant bower, with the God of Love aſleep, attended by Cupids, ſome playing with his bow, others ſharpening his arrows, &c. On each ſide the bower, walks of cypreſs trees, and fountains playing; a diſtant landſkip terminates the proſpect.

Verſe for a ſhepherdeſs, with flutes.

See the mighty Power of Love
Sleeping in a Cyprian grove!
Nymphs and ſhepherds, gently ſhed
Spices round his ſacred head;

On his lovely body ſhower
Leaves of roſes, virgin lilies,
Cowſlips, violets, daffodilies,
And with garlands dreſs the bower.

Rittornel of flutes. After which Cupid riſes, and ſings with his bow drawn.

Yield to the God of ſoft Deſires!
Whoſe gentle influence inſpires
Every creature
Throughout nature
With ſprightly joys and genial fires.

Chorus of the Shepherds and Nymphs.

Hail, thou potent Deity!
Every creature
Throughout nature
Owns thy power as well as we.

Enter Hymen in a ſaffron-coloured robe, a chaplet of flowers on his head, and in his hand the nuptial torch; attended by prieſts.

HYMEN.

Behold a greater power than he,
Behold the Marriage Deity!

Chorus, by Hymen's Attendants.

Behold the Marriage Deity!

CUPID,

CUPID, ſmiling.

Behold the God of Houſhold Strife,
That ſpoils the happy Lover's life,
And turns a Miſtreſs to a Wife!

HYMEN.

Fooliſh and inconſtant boy!
Thine 's a tranſitory joy;
Sudden fits in Pleaſure's fever;
Hymen's bleſſings laſt for ever.

CUPID.

Hymen's bondage laſts for ever;
Love's free pleaſures failing never.

HYMEN.

Love's ſtolen pleaſures, inſincere,
Purchas'd at a rate too dear,
Shame and ſorrow will deſtroy,
If Hymen licenſe not the joy.

[Both together.]

Then let us join hands and unite.

Laſt Chorus of the Shepherds and Nymphs.

How happy, how happy, how happy are we,
Where Cupid and Hymen in conſort agree!
We'll revel all day with ſports and delight,
And Hymen and Cupid ſhall govern the night.

A

CANTATA.

SET BY MR. GALLIARD.

RECITATIVE.

VENUS! thy throne of beauty now reſign!
Behold on earth a conquering fair,
Who more deſerves Love's crown to wear!
Not thy own ſtar ſo bright in heaven does ſhine.
Aſk of thy ſon her name, who with his dart
Has deeply grav'd it in my heart;
Or aſk the God of tuneful ſound,
Who ſings it to his lyre,
And does this maid inſpire
With his own art, to give a ſurer wound.

AIR.

Hark! the groves her ſongs repeat;
Echo lurks in hollow ſprings,
And, tranſported while ſhe ſings,
Learns her voice, and grows more ſweet;
Could Narciſſus ſee or hear her,
From his fountain he would fly,
And, with awe approaching near her,
For a real beauty die.

Hark!

Hark! the groves her ſongs repeat;
Echo lurks in hollow ſprings,
And, tranſported while ſhe ſings,
Learns her voice, and grows more ſweet.

RECITATIVE.

Yet Venus once again my ſuit attend!
And when from heaven you ſhall deſcend,
This ſhining empreſs to array,
When you preſent her all your train of Loves,
Your chariot, and your murmuring doves,
Tell her ſhe wants one charm to make the reſt more gay,
Then ſmiling to th' harmonious beauty ſay,

AIR.

To a lovely face and air,
Let a tender heart be join'd.
Love can make you doubly fair;
Muſic 's ſweeter when you're kind.
To a lovely face and air,
Let a tender heart be join'd.

A

FRAGMENT.

IN every age, to brighter honours born,
Which lovelieſt nymphs and ſweeteſt bards adorn,
Beauty and Wit each other's aid require,
And Poets ſing what once the fair inſpire;

The Fair for ever thus her charms prolong,
And live rewarded in the tuneful ſong.
Thus Sachariſſa ſhines in Waller's lays,
And ſhe, who rais'd his genius, ſhares his praiſe.
Each does in each a mutual life infuſe,
Th' inſpiring Beauty, the recording Muſe.

. . . . . .

CLAUDIANUS.

IN EPITHALAMIO HONORII ET MARIÆ.

CUNCTATUR ſtupefacta Venus. Nunc ora puellæ,
Nunc flavam niveo miratur vertice matrem.
Hæc modo creſcenti, plenæ par altera lunæ;
Aſſurgit ceu fortè minor ſub matre virenti
Laurus; & ingentes ramos, olimque futuras
Promittit jam parva Comas: vel Flore ſub uno,
Ceu geminæ Pæſtana Roſæ per jugera regnant.
Hæc largo matura die, ſaturataque Vernis
Roribus, indulget ſpatio: latet altera nodo,
Nec teneris audet Foliis admittere ſoles.

TRANSLATED.

Venus coming to a nuptial ceremony, and entering the room, ſees the bride and her mother ſitting together, &c. On which occaſion Claudian makes the following deſcription.

THE Goddeſs paus'd; and, held in deep amaze,
Now views the mother's, now the daughter's face;

Different

Different in each, yet equal beauty glows,
That, the full moon, and this, the creſcent ſhows:
Thus, rais'd beneath its parent tree is ſeen
The laurel ſhoot, while, in its early green,
Thick-ſprouting leaves and branches are eſſay'd,
And all the promiſe of a future ſhade.
Or, blooming thus, in happy Pæſtan fields,
One common flock two lovely roſes yields;
Mature by vernal dews, this dares diſplay
Its leaves full-blown, and boldly meets the day;
That, folded in its tender nonage lies,
A beauteous bud, nor yet admits the ſkies.

A CANTATA.

SET BY MR. PEPUSCH.

AIR.

FOOLISH Love! I ſcorn thy darts
And all thy little wanton arts,
To captivate unmanly hearts.
Shall a woman, proud and coy,
Make me languiſh for a toy?
Fooliſh Love! I ſcorn thy darts,
And all thy little wanton arts,
To captivate unmanly hearts.

RE-

RECITATIVE.

Thus Strephon mock'd the Power of Love, and ſwore
His freedom he would ſtill maintain,
Nor ever wear th' inglorious chain,
Or ſlaviſhly adore.
But when Lamira croſs'd the plain,
The ſhepherd gaz'd, and thus revers'd his ſtrain.

AIR.

Love, I feel thy power divine,
And bluſhing now my heart reſign!
Ye ſwains, my folly don't deſpiſe!
But look on fair Lamira's eyes,
Then tell me if you can be wiſe.
Love, I feel thy power divine,
And bluſhing now my heart reſign!

THE

SOLDIER IN LOVE.

A

CANTATA.

SET WITH SYMPHONIES BY MR. PEPUSCH.

AIR.

WHY, too amorous Hero! why
Doſt thou the war forego,
At Celia's feet to lie,

And

And ſighing tell thy woe?
Can you think that ſneaking air
Fit to move th' unpitying fair?
She laughs to ſee thee trifle ſo.
Why, too amorous Hero! why
Doſt thou the war forego,
At Celia's feet to lie,
And ſighing tell thy woe?

RECITATIVE.

Cleander heard not this advice,
Nor would his languiſhing refrain.
But while to Celia once he pray'd in vain,
By chance his image in a glaſs he ſpies,
And, bluſhing at the ſight, he grew a man again.

AIR. [With a Trumpet.]

Hark! the trumpet ſounds to arms!
I come, I come, the warrior cries,
And from ſcornful Celia flies,
To court Victoria's charms.
Celia beholds his alter'd brow,
And would regain her lover now.
Hark! the trumpet ſounds to arms!
I come, I come, the warrior cries,
And from ſcornful Celia flies,
To court Victoria's charms.

AN

O D E

IN PRAISE OF

M U S I C.

PERFORMED AT STATIONERS HALL, 1703.

Deſcende Cœlo, & dic age tibiâ
Regina longum Calliope melos!
Seu voce nunc mavis acutâ,
Seu fidibus, Cytharâve Phœbi. HOR.

[Begin with a Chorus.]

I.

AWAKE, cœleſtial Harmony!
Awake, cœleſtial Harmony!
Turn thy vocal ſphere around,
Goddeſs of melodious ſound.
Let the Trumpet's ſhrill voice,
And the Drum's thundering noiſe,
Rouze every dull mortal from ſorrows profound.

See

See, ſee!
The mighty power of Harmony!
Behold how ſoon its charms can chace
Grief and gloom from every face!
How ſwift its raptures fly,
And thrill through every ſoul, and brighten every eye!

II.

Proceed, ſweet charmer of the ear!
Proceed; and through the mellow flute,
The moving lyre,
And ſolitary lute,
Melting airs, ſoft joys inſpire:
Airs for drooping Hope to hear,
Melting as a lover's prayer;
Joys to flatter dull Deſpair,
And ſoftly ſooth the amorous fire.

CHORUS.

Melting airs, ſoft joys inſpire:
Airs for drooping Hope to hear,
Melting as a lover's prayer;
Joys to flatter dull Deſpair,
And ſoftly ſooth the amorous fire.

III.

Now let the ſprightly Violin
A louder ſtrain begin;

And now
Let the deep-mouth'd Organ blow,
Swell it high, and ſink it low.
Hark!—how the Treble and Baſe
In wanton fugues each other chace,
And ſwift diviſions run their airy race!
Through all the travers'd ſcale they fly,
In winding labyrinths of harmony;
By turns they riſe and fall, by turns we live and die.

CHORUS.

In winding labyrinths of harmony,
Through all the travers'd ſcale they fly:
By turns they riſe and fall, by turns we live and die.

IV.

Ye ſons of Art, once more renew your ſtrains;
In loftier verſe, and loftier lays,
Your voices raiſe
To Muſic's praiſe!
A nobler ſong remains.
Sing how the great Creator-God
On wings of flaming cherubs rode,
To make a world; and round the dark abyſs,
Turn'd the * golden compaſſes,
The compaſſes in Fate's high ſtorehouſe found;
Thus far extend, he ſaid; be this
O World, thy meaſur'd bound.

* Milton.

Mean

Mean while a thouſand harps were play'd on high;
Be this thy meaſur'd bound,
Was echo'd all around:
And now ariſe, ye Earth and Seas, and Sky!
A thouſand voices made reply,
Ariſe, ye Earth and Seas, and Sky!

V.

What can Muſic's power control?
When Nature's ſleeping ſoul
Perceiv'd th' enchanting ſound,
It wak'd, and ſhook off foul deformity;
The mighty melody
Nature's ſecret chains unbound;
And Earth aroſe, and Seas, and Sky.
Aloft expanded ſpheres were ſlung,
With ſhining luminaries hung;
A vaſt Creation ſtood diſplay'd,
By Heaven's inſpiring Muſic made.

CHORUS.

O wondrous force of Harmony!

VI.

Divineſt Art, whoſe fame ſhall never ceaſe!
Thy honour'd voice proclaim'd the Saviour's birth;
When Heaven vouchſaf'd to treat with Earth,
Muſic was herald of the peace!

Thy voice could beſt the joyful tidings tell;
Immortal Mercy! boundleſs Love!
A God deſcending from above,
To conquer Death and Hell.

VII.

There yet remains an hour of fate,
When Muſic muſt again its charms employ;
The Trumpet's ſound
Shall call the numerous nations under ground.
The numerous nations ſtraight
Appear; and ſome with grief, and ſome with joy,
Their final ſentence wait.

GRAND CHORUS.

Then other arts ſhall paſs away:
Proud Architecture ſhall in ruins lie,
And Painting fade and die,
Nay Earth, and Heaven itſelf, in waſteful fire decay.
Muſic alone, and Poeſy,
Triumphant o'er the flame, ſhall ſee
The world's laſt blaze.
The tuneful ſiſters ſhall embrace,
And praiſe and ſing, and ſing and praiſe,
In never-ceaſing choirs to all eternity.

APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

A

CANTATA.

SET BY MR. GALLIARD.

RECITATIVE.

DAPHINE, the beautiful, the coy,
Along the winding ſhore of Peneus flew,
To ſhun Love's tender, offer'd joy;
Though 'twas a God that did her charms purſue.
While thus Apollo, in a moving ſtrain,
Awak'd his lyre, and ſoftly breath'd his amorous pain.

AIR.

Faireſt mortal! ſtay and hear;
Cannot Love, with Muſic join'd,
Touch thy unrelenting mind?
Turn thee, leave thy trembling fear;
Faireſt mortal! ſtay and hear;
Cannot Love, with Muſic join'd,
Touch thy unrelenting mind?

RECITATIVE.

The River's echoing banks with pleaſure did prolong
The ſweetly warbled ſounds, and murmur'd with the ſong.

Daphne fled ſwifter, in deſpair,
To 'ſcape the God's embrace:
And to the genius of the place,
She ſigh'd this wondrous prayer:

AIR.

Father Peneus, hear me, aid me!
Let ſome ſudden change invade me;
Fix me rooted on thy ſhore.
Ceaſe, Apollo, to perſuade me;
I am Daphne now no more.
Father Peneus, hear me, aid me!
Let ſome ſudden change invade me;
Fix me rooted on thy ſhore.

RECITATIVE.

Apollo wondering ſtood to ſee
The nymph transform'd into a tree.
Vain were his lyre, his voice, his tuneful art,
His paſſion, and his race divine;
Nor could th' eternal beams that round his temples ſhine,
Melt the cold virgin's frozen heart.

AIR.

Nature alone can Love inſpire;
Art is vain to move Deſire.
If Nature once the fair incline,
To their own paſſion they reſign.
Nature alone can Love inſpire;
Art is vain to move Deſire.

A

A

THOUGHT IN A GARDEN.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1704.

DELIGHTFUL manſion! bleſt retreat!
Where all is ſilent, all is ſweet!
Here Contemplation prunes her wings,
The raptur'd Muſe more tuneful ſings,
While May leads on the chearful hours,
And opens a new world of flowers.
Gay Pleaſure here all dreſſes wears,
And in a thouſand ſhapes appears.
Purſued by Fancy, how ſhe roves
Through airy walks, and muſeful groves;
Springs in each plant and bloſſom'd tree,
And charms in all I hear and ſee!
In this elyſium while I ſtray,
And Nature's faireſt face ſurvey,
Earth ſeems new-born, and life more bright;
Time ſteals away, and ſmooths his flight;
And thought 's bewilder'd in delight.
Where are the crowds I ſaw of late?
What are thoſe tales of Europe's fate?
Of Anjou, and the Spaniſh crown;
And leagues to pull uſurpers down?
Of marching armies, diſtant wars;
Of factions, and domeſtic jars;

Sure theſe are laſt night's dreams, no more;
Or ſome romance, read lately o'er;
Like Homer's antique tale of Troy,
And powers confederate to deſtroy
Priam's proud houſe, the Dardan name,
With him that ſtole the raviſh'd dame,
And, to poſſeſs another's right,
Durſt the whole world to arms excite.
Come, gentle Sleep, my eye-lids cloſe,
Theſe dull impreſſions help me loſe:
Let Fancy take her wing, and find
Some better dream to ſooth my mind;
Or waking let me learn to live;
The proſpect will inſtruction give.
For ſee, where beauteous Thames does glide
Serene, but with a fruitful tide;
Free from extremes of ebb and flow,
Not ſwell'd too high, nor ſunk too low:
Such let my life's ſmooth current be,
Till, from Time's narrow ſhore ſet free,
It mingle with th' eternal ſea;
And, there enlarg'd, ſhall be no more
That trifling thing it was before.

A WISH,

TO THE NEW YEAR, 1705.

I.

JANUS! great Leader of the rolling year,
Since all that 's paſt no vows can e'er reſtore,
But joys and griefs alike, once hurry'd o'er,
No longer now deſerve a ſmile or tear;
Cloſe the fantaſtic ſcenes—but grace
With brighteſt aſpects thy foreface
Whi'e time's new offspring haſtens to appear.
With lucky omens guide the coming hours,
Command the circling ſeaſons to advance,
And form their renovated dance,
With flowing pleaſures fraught, and bleſs'd by friendly powers.

II.

Thy month, O Janus! gave me firſt to know
A mortal's trifling cares below;
My race of life began with thee.
Thus far, from great misfortunes free,
Contented, I my lot endure,
Nor nature's rigid laws arraign,
Nor ſpurn at common ills in vain,
Which folly cannot ſhun, nor wiſe reflection cure.

III.

But oh!—more anxious for the year to come,
I would foreknow my future doom.
Then tell me, Janus, canſt thou ſpy
Events that yet in embryo lie
For me, in time's myſterious womb?
Tell me—nor ſhall I dread to hear
A thouſand accidents ſevere;
I'll fortify my ſoul the load to bear,
If love rejected add not to its weight,
To finiſh me in woes, and cruſh me down with fate.

IV.

But if the goddeſs, in whoſe charming eyes,
More clearly written than in fate's dark book,
My joy, my grief, my all of future fortune lies;
If ſhe muſt with a leſs propitious look
Forbid my humble ſacrifice,
Or blaſt me with a killing frown;
If, Janus, this thou ſeeſt in ſtore,
Cut ſhort my mortal thread, and now
Take back the gift thou didſt beſtow!
Here let me lay my burden down,
And ceaſe to love in vain, and be a wretch no more.

CANTATA.

Set by Mr. GALLIARD.

WHILE on your blooming charms I gaze,
Your tender lips, your ſoft enchanting eyes,
And all the Venus in your face,
I'm fill'd with pleaſure and ſurprize:
But, cruel goddeſs! when I find
Diana's coldneſs in your mind,
How can I bear that fix'd diſdain?
My pleaſure dies, and I but live in pain.

AIR.

Tyrant Cupid! when, relenting,
Will you touch the charmer's heart?
Sooth her breaſt to ſoft conſenting,
Or remove from mine the dart!
Tyrant Cupid! when, relenting,
Will you touch the charmer's heart?

RECITATIVE.

But ſee! while to my paſſion voice I give,
Th' applauded beauty, doubly bright,
Seems in the moving tale to take delight,
And looks, as ſhe would let me live;
And yet ſhe chides, but with ſo ſweet an air,
That while ſhe Love denies, ſhe yet forbids Deſpair.

AIR.

AIR.

Fear not, doubting fair! t'approve me;
Can you love me?
Frown not, if you anſwer no;
If you anſwer, frown not, no.
When again I aſk, purſuing,
If you'll ſtay and ſee my ruin?
Fly—but let me with you go!
Bluſh not, doubting fair, t' approve me;
Can you love me?
Smile, and every fear forego!

AN

AN ODE FOR VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

To the memory of the moſt Noble

WILLIAM DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

ANNO MDCC VII.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. PEPUSCH.

[OVERTURE OF SOFT MUSIC.]

BRITANNIA.

RECITATIVE.

YE generous Arts and Muſes, join;
While down your cheeks the ſtreaming ſorrows flow,
Let murmuring ſtrings with the ſoft voice combine
T' expreſs the melody of woe.

And

And thou, Auguſta! riſe and wait
With decent honours on the great;
Condole my loſs, and weep Devonia's fate.

AIR. [with flutes.]

Queen of cities! leave a while
Thy beauteous ſmile,
Turn to tender grief thy joy.
From thy ſhore of Thames replying,
Gentleſt echoes fainting, dying,
Shall their ſorrow too employ.
Queen of cities! leave awhile
Thy beauteous ſmile,
Turn to tender grief thy joy.

AUGUSTA.

RECITATIVE.

'Tis fame's chief immortality,
Britannia, to be mourn'd by thee.
I know the loſs; from midnight ſkies
Ill omens late did ſtrike my eyes;
Near the radiant northern car
I look'd, and ſaw a falling ſtar.

AIR.

AIR.

Lands remote the loſs will hear;
From rocks reporting,
Seas tranſporting,
Will the wafted ſorrow bear.
Winds that fly,
Will ſoftly ſigh,
A ſtar has left the Britiſh ſphere.
Lands remote, &c.

BRITANNIA.

RECITATIVE.

Great George! whoſe azure emblems of renown
Are the fair gifts of Britain's crown,
Patron of my illuſtrious iſle!
Thou ſaw'ſt thy order late expreſt
With added brightneſs on Devonia's breaſt;
Meet the companion knight, and own him with a ſmile.

DUETTO FOR BRITANNIA AND AUGUSTA.

BRIT. To ſhade his peaceful grave,
Let growing palms extend!
AUG. To grace his peaceful grave,
Let hovering Loves attend!
BOTH. { To ſhade, &c
To grace, &c.

BRIT.

BRIT. And wakeful Fame defend,
AUG. And grateful Truth commend,
BOTH. The generous and the brave!

AUGUSTA.

RECITATIVE.

Now ſhall Auguſta's ſons their ſkill impart,
And ſummon the dumb ſiſter art,
In marble life to ſhow,
What the patriot was below.
Here, let a weeping Cupid ſtand,
And wound himſelf with his own dart;
There place the ducal crown, the ſword, the wand,
The mark of Anna's truſt and his command.

AIR.

Lofty birth and honours ſhining,
Bring a light on noble minds.
Every courtly grace combining,
Every generous action joining,
With eternal laurel binds.
Lofty birth and honours ſhining,
Bring a light on noble minds.

BRITANNIA.

RECITATIVE.

Behold fair Liberty attend,
And in Devonia's loſs bewail a friend.
See! o'er his tomb perpetual lamps ſhe lights,
Then, on his urn the goddeſs writes:

"Pre-

" Preſerve, O urn! his ſilent duſt,
" Who faithful did obey
" Princes like Anna good and juſt,
" Yet ſcorn'd his freedom to betray;
" And, hated by all tyrants, choſe
" The glory to have ſuch his foes."

AUGUSTA.

RECITATIVE.

Genius of Britain! give thy ſorrows o'er.
A grateful tribute thou haſt paid
To thy Devonia's noble ſhade;
Now, vainly weep the dead no more!
For ſee—the duke and patriot ſtill ſurvives,
And in his Great Succeſſor lives.

BRITANNIA.

RECITATIVE.

I own the new ariſing light,
I ſee paternal grandeur ſhine,
Deſcending, through th' illuſtrious line,
In the ſame royal favours bright.

Laſt DUETTO, with all the inſtruments.

BRIT. Gently ſmooth thy flight, O time!
AUG. Smoothly wing thy flight, O time!
BOTH. And as thou flying groweſt old,
Still this happy race behold
In Britannia's court ſublime.

BRIT. Lead along their ſmiling hours;
AUG. Long produce their ſmiling hours;
BOTH. Bleſt by all auſpicious powers.
BRIT. Gently ſmooth thy flight, O time!
AUG. Smoothly wing thy flight, O time!
BOTH. And as thou flying groweſt old,
Still this happy race behold
In Britannia's court ſublime.

EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mr. MILLS,

At the Queen's Theatre, on his Benefit-Night, February 16, 1709; a little before the Duke of Marlborough's going for Holland.

WHETHER our ſtage all others does excell
In ſtrength of wit, we'll not preſume to tell:
But this, with noble, conſcious pride, we'll ſay,
No Theatre ſuch glories can diſplay;
Such worth conſpicuous, beauty ſo divine,
As in one Britiſh audience mingled ſhine.
Who can, without amazement, turn his ſight,
And mark the awful circle here to-night?
Warriors, with ever-living laurels, brought
From empires ſav'd, from battles bravely fought,
Here ſit; whoſe matchleſs ſtory ſhall adorn
Scenes yet unwrit, and charm e'en ages yet unborn.
Yet who would not expect ſuch martial fire,
That ſees what eyes thoſe gallant deeds inſpire?

Valour

Valour and Beauty ſtill were Britain's claim,
Both are her great prerogatives of Fame;
By both the Muſes live, from both they catch their flame.
Then as by you, in ſolid glory bright,
Our envy'd iſle through Europe ſpreads her light,
And riſing honours every year ſuſtain,
And mark the golden track of Anne's diſtinguiſh'd reign;
So, by your preſence here, we'll ſtrive to raiſe
To nobler heights our action and our plays;
And Poets from your favours ſhall derive
That immortality they boaſt to give.

WRITTEN IN A WINDOW AT GREENHITHE.

GREAT preſident of light, and eye of day,
As through this glaſs you caſt your viſual ray,
And view with nuptial joys two brothers bleſt,
And ſee us celebrate the genial feaſt,
Confeſs that, in your progreſs round the ſphere,
You've found the happieſt youths and brighteſt beauties here.

THE TOASTERS.

WHILE circling healths inſpire your ſprightly wit,
And on each glaſs ſome beauty's praiſe is writ,
You aſk, my friends, how can my ſilent Muſe
To Montague's ſoft name a verſe refuſe?
Bright though ſhe be, of race victorious ſprung,
By wits ador'd, and by court-poets ſung,
Unmov'd I hear her perſon call'd divine,
I ſee her features uninſpiring ſhine;
A ſofter fair my ſoul to tranſport warms,
And, ſhe once nam'd, no other nymph has charms.

TOFTS AND MARGARETTA.

MUSIC has learn'd the diſcords of the ſtate,
And concerts jar with whig and tory hate.
Here Somerſet and Devonſhire attend
The Britiſh Tofts, and every note commend,
To native merit juſt, and pleas'd to ſee
We've Roman arts, from Roman bondage free,
There fam'd L'Epine does equal ſkill employ,
While liſtening peers crowd to th' eccſtatic joy:
Bedford, to hear her ſong, his dice forſakes,
And Nottingham is raptur'd when ſhe ſhakes:

Lull'd

Lull'd ſtateſmen melt away their drowſy cares
Of England's ſafety in Italian airs.
Who would not ſend each year blank paſſes o'er,
Rather than keep ſuch ſtrangers from our ſhore?

THE WANDERING BEAUTY.

I.

THE Graces and the wandering Loves
Are fled to diſtant plains,
To chace the fawns, or deep in groves
To wound admiring ſwains.
With their bright miſtreſs there they ſtray,
Who turns her careleſs eyes
From daily triumphs; yet, each day,
Beholds new triumphs in her way,
And conquers while ſhe flies.

II.

But ſee! implor'd, by moving prayers,
To change the lover's pain,
Venus her harneſs'd doves prepares,
And brings the fair again.
Proud mortals, who this maid purſue,
Think you, ſhe'll e'er reſign?
Ceaſe, fools, your wiſhes to renew,
Till ſhe grows fleſh and blood like you,
Or you, like her, divine!

DIALOGUE

DE

L'AMOUR ET DU POETE

LE P. AMOUR, je ne veux plus aimer ;
J'abjure à jamais ton empire :
Mon Cœur, laſſé de ſon Martire,
A réſolu de ſe calmer.

L'AM. Contre moi, qui peut t'animer ?
Iris, dans ſes bras te rapelle.
LE P. Non, Iris eſt une infidelle ;
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

L'AM. Pour toi, j'ai pris ſoin d'enflamer
Le cœur d'une beauté nouvelle ;
Daphné.—Le P. Non, Daphné n'eſt que be
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

L'AM. D'un ſoupir, tu peux deſarmer
Dircé, juſqu'ici ſi ſauvauge.
LE P. Elle n'eſt plus dans le bel age ;
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

L'

DIALOGUE

FROM THE

FRENCH OF MONSIEUR DE LA MOTTE.

POET. NO, Love—I ne'er will love again;
Thy Tyrant Empire I abjure;
My weary heart reſolves to cure
Its wounds, and eaſe the raging pain.

LOVE. Fool? canſt thou fly my happy reign?
Iris recalls thee to her arms.
POET. She's falſe—I hate her perjur'd charms;
No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

LOVE. But know for thee I've toil'd to gain
Daphné, the bright, the reigning toaſt.
POET. Daphné but common eyes can boaſt;
No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

LOVE. She who before ſcorn'd every ſwain,
Diré, ſhall for one ſigh be thine.
POET. Age makes her rays too faintly ſhine;
No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

L'Am. Mais ſi je t'aidois à charmer
La jeune, la brilliante Flore.—
Tu rougis—vas-tu dire encore,
Amour, Je ne veux plus aimer?

Le P. Non, Dieu charmant, daigne former
Pour nous une chaine eternelle;
Mais pour tout ce qui n'eſt point elle,
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

LOVE. But ſhould I give thee charms t' obtain
Flora, the young, the bright, the gay!
I ſee thee bluſh—now, rebel, ſay,
No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

POET. No, charming God, prepare a chain
Eternal for that fair and me!
Yet ſtill know every fair but ſhe,
I've vow'd I ne'er will love again.

VENUS AND ADONIS
A
CANTATA.

SET BY MR. HANDEL.

RECITATIVE.

BEHOLD where weeping Venus ſtands!
What more than mortal grief can move
The bright, th' immortal Queen of Love?
She beats her breaſt, ſhe wrings her hands;
And hark, ſhe mourns, but mourns in vain,
Her beauteous, lov'd Adonis, ſlain.
The hills and woods her loſs deplore;
The Naiads hear, and flock around;
And Echo ſighs, with mimick ſound,
Adonis is no more!
Again the goddeſs raves, and tears her hair;
Then vents her grief, her love, and her deſpair.

AIR.

Dear Adonis, beauty's treaſure,
Now my ſorrow, once my pleaſure;
O return to Venus' arms!
Venus never will forſake thee;
Let the voice of Love o'ertake thee,
And revive thy drooping charms.

RECITATIVE.

Thus, Queen of Beauty, as thy Poets feign,
While thou didſt call the lovely ſwain;
Transform'd by heavenly power,
The lovely ſwain aroſe a flower,
And, ſmiling, grac'd the plain.
And now he blooms, and now he fades;
Venus and gloomy Proſerpine
Alternate claim his charms divine;
By turns reſtor'd to light, by turns he ſeeks the ſhades.

AIR.

Tranſporting joy,
Tormenting fears,
Reviving ſmiles,
Succeeding tears,
Are Cupid's various train.
The tyrant boy
Prepares his darts,
With ſoothing wiles,
With cruel arts,
And pleaſure blends with pain.

CANTATA.

PASTORAL.

SET BY DR. PEPUSCH.

RECITATIVE.

YOUNG Strephon, by his folded ſheep,
Sat wakeful on the plains:
Love held his weary eyes from ſleep,
While, ſilent in the vale,
The liſtening nightingale
Forgot her own, to hear his ſtrains.
And now the beauteous Queen of Night,
Unclouded and ſerene,
Sheds on the neighbouring ſea her ſilver light;
The neighbouring ſea was calm and bright;
The ſhepherd ſung inſpir'd, and bleſs'd the lovely ſcene.

AIR.

While the ſky and ſeas are ſhining,
See, my Flora's charms they wear;
Secret night, my joys divining,
Pleas'd my amorous tale to hear;
Smiles, and ſoftly turns her ſphere.
While the ſky and ſeas are ſhining,
See, my Flora's charms they wear.

RE-

RECITATIVE.

Ah, foolish Strephon! change thy strain;
The lovely scene false joy inspires:
For look, thou fond, deluded swain,
A rising storm invades the main!
The Planet of the night,
Inconstant, from thy sight
Behind a cloud retires,
Flora is fled; thou lov'st in vain:
Ah, foolish Strephon! change thy strain.

AIR.

Hope beguiling,
Like the moon and ocean smiling,
Does thy easy faith betray,
Flora ranging,
Like the moon and ocean changing,
More inconstant proves than they.

BEAUTY,

AN ODE.

I.

FAIR rival to the god of day,
Beauty, to thy cœlestial ray
A thousand sprightly fruits we owe;
Gay wit, and moving eloquence,
And every art t' improve the sense,
And every grace that shines below.

II.

Not Phœbus does our ſongs inſpire,
Nor did Cyllenius form the lyre,
'Tis thou art Muſick's living ſpring;
To thee the Poet tunes his lays,
And, ſweetly warbling Beauty's praiſe,
Deſcribes the power that makes him ſing.

III.

Painters from thee their ſkill derive,
By thee their works to ages live,
For ev'n thy ſhadows give ſurprize,
As when we view in cryſtal ſtreams
The morning ſun, and riſing beams
That ſeem to ſhoot from other ſkies.

IV.

Enchanting viſion! who can be
Unmov'd that turns his eyes on thee?
Yet brighter ſtill thy glories ſhine,
And double charms thy power improve,
When Beauty, dreſt in ſmiles of Love,
Grows, like its parent Heaven, divine!

MYRA.

MYRA.

A CANTATA.

SET BY DR. PEPUSCH.

AIR.

LOVE frowns in beauteous Myra's eyes;
Ah, nymph! thoſe cruel looks give o'er.
While Love is frowning, Beauty dies,
And you can charm no more.

RECITATIVE.

Mark, how when ſullen clouds appear,
And wintery ſtorms deface the year,
The prudent cranes no longer ſtay,
But take the wing, and through the air,
From the cold region fly away,
And far o'er land and ſeas to warmer climes repair.
Juſt ſo, my heart—But ſee—Ah no!
She ſmiles—I will not, cannot go.

AIR.

Love and the Graces ſmiling,
In Myra's eyes beguiling,
Again their charms recover.
Would you ſecure our duty,
Let kindneſs aid your beauty,
Ye fair, to ſooth the lover.

ALEX-

ALEXANDER'S FEAST:
OR,
THE POWER OF MUSIC.
AN
ODE
IN
HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

BY MR. DRYDEN.

ALTERED FOR MUSIC BY MR. HUGHES.

I.
RECITATIVE.

'TWAS at the royal feaſt, for Perſia won
By Philip's warlike ſon;
Aloft in awful ſtate,
The godlike hero ſate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roſes and with myrtles bound.

AIR.

Lovely Thais by his ſide
Blooming ſat in beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy Pair!
None but the brave deſerves the fair!

II. RE-

II.

RECITATIVE.

Timotheus plac'd on high,
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre;
Trembling the notes aſcend the ſky,
And heavenly joys inſpire.
The ſong began from Jove,
Who left his bliſsful ſeats above;
(Such is the power of mighty Love!
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god;
Sublime on radiant ſpires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia preſs'd,
And while he ſought her ſnowy breaſt;
Then round her ſlender waiſt he curl'd,
And ſtamp'd an image of himſelf, a ſovereign of the world.
The liſtening croud adore the lofty ſound,
A preſent deity, they ſhout around;
A preſent deity, the echoing roofs rebound!

AIR.

With raviſh'd ears
The monarch hears,
Aſſumes the god,
Affects the nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

III. RE-

III.

RECITATIVE.

The praiſe of Bacchus then the ſweet Muſician ſung,
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young:
Behold he comes, the victor god!
Flush'd with a purple grace,
He ſhews his honeſt face;
As when, by tigers drawn, o'er India's plains he rode,
While, loud with conqueſt and with wine,
His jolly troop around him reel'd along,
And taught the vocal ſkies to join
In this applauding ſong.

DUETTO.

Bacchus ever gay and young,
Firſt did drinking joys ordain:
1. Bacchus' bleſſings are a treaſure;
2. Drinking is the ſoldier's pleaſure
1. Rich the treaſure,
2. Sweet the pleaſure!
BOTH. Sweet is pleaſure after pain!

VI.

RECITATIVE.

Fir'd with the ſound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he ſlew the ſlain.
The maſter ſaw the madneſs riſe,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;

And

And while he Heaven and Earth defy'd,
He chose a mournful Muse,
Soft pity to infuse;
Then thus he chang'd his song, and check'd his pride.

AIR.

See Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fall'n from his high estate;
Behold his flowing blood!
On earth th' expiring monarch lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.

V.

RECITATIVE.

With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.
The mighty master smil'd to see
That love was in the next degree,
'Twas but a kindred sound to move:
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.

AIR with flutes.

War is toil and trouble,
Honour is an airy bubble,

Never ending, ſtill beginning,
Fighting ſtill, and ſtill deſtroying,
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it, worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais ſits beſide thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.

VI.

RECITATIVE.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair,
Who caus'd his care,
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppreſs'd,
The vanquiſh'd victor ſunk upon her breaſt.

DUETTO.

1. Phœbus, patron of the lyre,
2. Cupid, god of ſoft deſire,
1. Cupid, god of ſoft deſire,
2. Phœbus, patron of the lyre,
1 & 2. How victorious are your charms?
1. Crown'd with conqueſt,
2. Full of glory,
1 & 2. See a monarch fall'n before ye,
Chain'd in beauty's claſping arms!

VII.

RECITATIVE.

Now ſtrike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder ſtrain:
Break his bands of ſleep aſunder,
Rouze him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid ſound
Has rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd he ſtares around!

AIR [with ſymphonies.]

Revenge, Revenge, Alecto cries,
See the furies ariſe!
See the ſnakes that they rear,
How they hiſs in their hair,
And the ſparkles that flaſh from their eyes!

VIII.

RECITATIVE.

Behold a ghaſtly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Thoſe are Grecian ghoſts, that in battle were ſlain,
And unbury'd remain,
Inglorious on the plain.
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toſs their torches on high,
How they point to the Perſian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hoſtile gods!

AIR.

The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the king ſeiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to deſtroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

IX.

RECITATIVE.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And ſounding lyre,
Could ſwell the ſoul to rage, or kindle ſoft deſire.
At laſt divine Cecilia came,
Inventreſs of the vocal frame;
The ſweet enthuſiaſt, from her ſacred ſtore,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to ſolemn ſounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.

AIR.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the ſkies,
She drew an angel down.

SONGS.

SONGS.

I.

THY origin 's divine, I ſee,
Of mortal race thou can'ſt not be;
Thy lip a ruby luſtre ſhows;
Thy purple cheek outſhines the roſe,
And thy bright eye is brighter far
Than any planet, any ſtar.
Thy ſordid way of life deſpiſe,
Above thy ſlavery, Silvia, riſe;
Diſplay thy beauteous form and mien,
And grow a goddeſs, or a queen.

II.

CONSTANTIA, ſee, thy faithful ſlave,
Dies of the wound thy beauty gave!
Ah! gentle nymph, no longer try
From fond purſuing love to fly.

Thy pity to my love impart,
Pity my bleeding aching heart,
Regard my ſighs and flowing tears,
And with a ſmile remove my fears.

A wedded wife if thou would'ſt be,
By ſacred Hymen join'd to me,
Ere yet the weſtern ſun decline,
My hand and heart ſhall both be thine.

III.

THRICE lov'd Conſtantia, heavenly fair,
For thee a ſervant's form I wear;
Though bleſt with wealth, and nobly born,
For thee, both wealth and birth I ſcorn:
Truſt me, fair maid, my conſtant flame
For ever will remain the ſame;
My love, that ne'er will ceaſe, my love
Shall equal to thy beauty prove.

TRANSLATED FROM PERSIAN VERSES,

ALLUDING TO THE CUSTOM OF WOMEN BEING BURIED WITH THEIR HUSBANDS, AND MEN WITH THEIR WIVES.

ETERNAL are the chains which here
The generous ſouls of lovers bind,
When Hymen joins our hands, we ſwear,
To be for ever true and kind:
And when, by death, the fair are ſnatch'd away,
Leſt we our ſolemn vows ſhould break,
In the ſame grave our living corpſe we lay,
And willing the ſame fate partake.

ANO-

ANOTHER.

MY deareſt ſpouſe, that thou and I
May ſhun the fear which firſt ſhould die,
Claſp'd in each other's arms we'll live,
Alike conſum'd in love's ſoft fire,
That neither may at laſt ſurvive,
But gently both at once expire.

ON ARQUEÄNASSA OF COLOPHOS.

ARQUEÄNASSA's charms inſpire
Within my breaſt a lover's fire;
Age, its feeble ſpite diſplaying,
Vainly wrinkles all her face,
Cupids, in each wrinkle playing,
Charm my eyes with laſting grace:
But, before old Time purſued her,
Ere he ſunk theſe little caves,
How I pity thoſe who view'd her,
And in youth were made her ſlaves!

ON FULVIA, THE WIFE OF ANTHONY.

FROM THE LATIN OF AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

WHILE from his conſort falſe Antonius flies,
And doats on Glaphyra's far brighter eyes,
Fulvia, provok'd, her female arts prepares,
Repriſals ſeeks, and ſpreads for me her ſnares.
"The huſband's falſe"—But why muſt I endure
This nauſeous plague, and her revenge procure?
What though ſhe aſk?—How happy were my doom,
Should all the diſcontented wives of Rome
Repair in crowds to me, when ſcorn'd at home!
"'Tis war," ſhe ſays, "if I refuſe her charms:"
Let's think—She's ugly—Trumpets, ſound to arms!

HUDIBRAS IMITATED.

WRITTEN IN 1710.

O Bleſſed time of reformation,
That's now beginning through the nation!
The Jacks bawl loud for church triumphant,
And ſwear all whigs ſhall kiſs the rump on't.

See

See how they draw the beaſtly rabble
With zeal and noiſes formidable,
And make all cries about the town
Join notes to roar fanatics down!
As bigots give the ſign about,
They ſtretch their throats with hideous ſhout.
Black tinkers bawl aloud "to ſettle
"Church-privilege"—for "mending kettle."
Each ſow-gelder, that blows his horn,
Cries out "to have diſſenters ſworn."
The oyſter-wenches lock their fiſh up,
And cry "no Preſbyterian biſhop!
The mouſe-trap men lay ſave-alls by,
And 'gainſt "low church men" loudly cry,
A creature of amphibious nature,
That trims betwixt the land and water,
And leaves his mother in the lurch,
To ſide with rebels 'gainſt the church!
Some cry for "penal laws;" inſtead
Of "pudding-pies, and ginger-bread:"
And ſome, for "brooms, old boots, and ſhoes,"
Roar out, "God bleſs our commons houſe!
Some bawl "the votes" about the town,
And wiſh they'd "vote diſſenters down."
Inſtead of "kitchen-ſtuff," ſome cry,
"Confound the late whig-miniſtry!"
And ſome, for "any chairs to mend,"
The commons late addreſs commend.
Some for "old gowns for china ware,"
Exclaim againſt "extempore prayer:"

And

And ſome for "old ſuits, cloaks, or coats,"
Cry, "D—n your preachers without notes!"
He that cries "coney-ſkins, or onions,"
Blames "toleration of opinions,"
Blue-apron whores, that ſit with furmety,
Rail at "occaſional conformity."
Inſtead of "cucumbers to pickle,"
Some cry aloud, "No conventicle!"
Maſons, inſtead of "building houſes,"
To "build the church," would ſtarve their ſ
And gladly leave their trades, for ſtorming
The meeting-houſes, or informing.
Bawds, ſtrumpets, and religion-haters,
Pimps, pandars, atheiſts, fornicators,
Rogues, that, like Falſtaff, ſcarce know whet
A church's inſide 's ſtone or leather,
Yet join the parſons and the people,
To cry "the church,"—but mean "the ſteep

If, holy mother, ſuch you'll own
For your true ſons, and ſuch alone,
Then Heaven have mercy upon you,
But the de'il take your beaſtly crew!

AN

ODE

TO THE

CREATOR OF THE WORLD:

OCCASIONED BY

THE FRAGMENTS OF ORPHEUS.

" Quid prius dicam ſolitis parentis
" Laudibus ?———
" Qui mare & terras variiſque mundum
" Temperat horis ?
" Unde nil majus generatur ipſo,
" Nec viget quicquam ſimile aut ſecundum."

HORAT.

INTRODUCTION

TO THE FOLLOWING

ODE.

THAT the praiſes of the Author of Nature, which is the fitteſt ſubject for the ſublime way of writing, was the moſt ancient uſe of Poetry, cannot be learn'd from a more proper inſtance (next to examples of holy writ) than from the Greek fragments of Orpheus; a relique of great antiquity: they contain ſeveral verſes concerning God, and his making and governing the univerſe; which, though imperfect, have many noble hints and lofty expreſſions. Yet whether theſe verſes were indeed written by that celebrated Father of Poetry and Muſick, who preceded Homer, or by Onomacritus who lived about the time of Piſiſtratus, and only contain ſome of the doctrines of Orpheus, is a queſtion of little uſe or importance.

A large paraphraſe of theſe in French verſe has been prefixed to the tranſlation of Phocylides, but in a flat ſtile, much inferior to the deſign. The following Ode, with many alterations and additions proper to a modern poem, is attempted upon the ſame model, in a language which, having ſtronger ſinews than the French, is, by the confeſſion of their beſt critick Rapin, more capable of ſuſtaining great ſubjects.

AN ODE TO THE CREATOR OF THE WORLD.

I.

O MUSE unfeign'd! O true cœleſtial fire,
Brighter than that which rules the day,
Deſcend! a mortal tongue inſpire
To ſing ſome great immortal lay!
Begin, and ſtrike aloud the conſecrated lyre!
Hence, ye profane! be far away!
Hence all ye impious ſlaves that bow
To idol luſts, or altars raiſe,
And to falſe heroes give fantaſtic praiſe!
And hence ye gods, who to a crine your ſpurious beings owe!
But hear, O Heaven, and Earth, and Seas profound!
Hear, ye fathom'd deeps below,
And let your echoing vaults repeat the ſound;
Let nature, trembling all around,
Attend her maſter's awful name,
From whom heaven, earth, and ſeas, and all the wide creation came! 15

II. He

II.

He ſpoke the great command; and Light,
Heaven's eldeſt-born and faireſt child,
Flaſh'd in the lowering face of ancient Night,
And, pleas'd with its own birth, ſerenely ſmil'd.
The Sons of Morning, on the wing,
Hovering in choirs, his praiſes ſung,
When from th' unbounded vacuous ſpace
A beauteous riſing world they ſaw,
When Nature ſhew'd her yet unfiniſh'd face,
And motion took th' eſtabliſh'd law
To roll the various globes on high;
When Time was taught his infant wings to try,
And from the barrier ſprung to his appointed race.

III.

Supreme, Almighty, ſtill the ſame!
'Tis he, the great inſpiring mind,
That animates and moves this univerſal frame,
Preſent at once in all, and by no place confin'd.
Not Heaven itſelf can bound his ſway,
Beyond th' untravel'd limits of the ſky,
Inviſible to mortal eye
He dwells in uncreated day.
Without beginning, without end; 'tis he
That fills th' unmeaſur'd growing orb of vaſt immenſity.

IV. What

IV.

What power but his can rule the changeful main,
And wake the ſleeping ſtorm, or its loud rage reſtrain?
When winds their gather'd forces try,
And the chaf'd ocean proudly ſwells in vain,
His voice reclaims th' impetuous roar;
In murmuring tides th' abated billows fly,
And the ſpent tempeſt dies upon the ſhore.
The meteor world is his, Heaven's wintery ſtore,
The moulded hail, the feather'd ſnow;
The ſummer breeze, the ſoft refreſhing ſhower,
The looſe divided cloud, and many-colour'd bow;
The crooked lightning darts around,
His ſovereign orders to fulfill;
The ſhooting flame obeys th' eternal will,
Lanch'd from his hand, inſtructed where to kill,
Or rive the mountain oak, or blaſt th' unſhelter'd ground.

V.

Yet, pleas'd to bleſs, indulgent to ſupply,
He, with a father's tender care,
Supports the numerous family
That peoples earth and ſea and air.
From Nature's giant race, th' enormous elephant,
Down to the inſect worm and creeping ant;
From th' eagle, ſovereign of the ſky,
To each inferior feather'd brood;
From crowns and purple majeſty
To humble ſhepherds on the plains,
His hand unſeen divides to all their food,
And the whole world of life ſuſtains.

VI.

At one wide view his eye ſurveys
His works, in every diſtant clime;
He ſhifts the ſeaſons, months, and days,
The ſhort-liv'd offspring of revolving time;
By turns they die, by turns are born;
Now chearful Spring the circle leads,
And ſtrows with flowers the ſmiling meads;
Gay Summer next, whom ruſſet robes adorn,
And waving fields of yellow corn;
Then Autumn, who with laviſh ſtores the lap of Nature ſpreads;
Decrepit Winter, laggard in the dance,
(Like feeble age oppreſt with pain)
A heavy ſeaſon does maintain,
With driving ſnows and winds and rain;
Till ſpring, recruited to advance,
The various year rolls round again.

VIII.

But who, thou great Ador'd! who can withſtand
The terrors of thy lifted hand,
When, long provok'd, thy wrath awakes,
And conſcious Nature to her center ſhakes?
Rais'd by thy voice, the thunder flies,
Hurling pale fear and wild confuſion round,
How dreadful is th' inimitable ſound,
The ſhock of earth and ſeas, and labour of the ſkies!

Then

Then where 's Ambition's haughty creſt?
Where the gay head of wanton Pride?
See! tyrants fall, and wiſh the opening ground
Would take them quick to ſhades of reſt,
And in their common parent's breaſt
From thee their bury'd forms for ever hide;
In vain—for all the elements conſpire,
The ſhatter'd earth, the ruſhing ſea,
Tempeſtuous air, and raging fire,
To puniſh vile mankind, and fight for thee;
Nor Death itſelf can intercept the blow,
Eternal is the guilt, and without end the woe.

VIII.

O Cyrus! Alexander! Julius! all
Ye mighty lords that ever rul'd this ball!
Once gods of earth, the living deſtinies
That made a hundred nations bow!
Where 's your extent of empire now!
Say where preſerv'd your phantom glory lies?
Can braſs the fleeting thing ſecure?
Enſhrin'd in temples does it ſtay?
Or in huge amphitheatres endure
The rage of rolling Time, and ſcorn decay?
Ah no? the mouldering monuments of Fame
Your vain deluded hopes betray,
Nor ſhew th' ambitious founder's name,
Mix'd with yourſelves in the ſame maſs of clay.

IX.

Proceed, my Muſe! Time's waſting thread purſue,
And ſee at laſt th' unravel'd clue,
When cities ſink, and kingdoms are no more,
And weary nature ſhall her work give o'er.
Behold th' Almighty Judge on high!
See in his hand the book of fate!
Myriads of ſpirits fill the ſky
T' attend, with dread ſolemnity,
The world's laſt ſcene, and time's concluding date.
The feeble race of ſhort-liv'd Vanity
And fickly Pomp at once ſhall die;
Foul Guilt to midnight caves will ſhrink away,
Look back, and tremble in her flight,
And curſe at Heaven's purſuing light,
Surrounded with the vengeance of that day.
How will you then, ye impious, 'ſcape your doom,
Self-judg'd, abandon'd, overcome?
Your clouds of painted bliſs ſhall melt before your ſight.
Yet ſhall you not the giddy chace refrain,
Nor hope more ſolid bliſs t' obtain,
Nor once repeat the joys you knew before;
But ſigh, a long eternity of pain,
Toſt in an ocean of deſire, yet never find a ſhore.

X.

But ſee where the mild Sovereign ſits prepar'd
His better ſubjects to reward!
Where am I now! what power divine
Tranſports me! what immortal ſplendors ſhine!

Torrents

Torrents of glory that oppreſs the ſight!
What joys, cœleſtial king! thy throne ſurround!
The ſun, who, with thy borrow'd beams ſo bright,
Sees not his peer in all the ſtarry round,
Would here diminiſh'd fade away,
Like his pale ſiſter of the night,
When ſhe reſigns her delegated light,
Loſt in the blaze of day.
Here wonder only can take place;—
Then, Muſe, th' adventurous flight forbear!
Theſe myſtic ſcenes thou canſt no farther trace;
Hope may ſome boundleſs future bliſs embrace,
But what, or when, or how, or where,
Are mazes all, which Fancy runs in vain;
Nor can the narrow cells of human brain
The vaſt immeaſurable thought contain.

TO
MR. ADDISON,
ON HIS
TRAGEDY OF CATO.

THOUGH Cato ſhines in Virgil's epic ſong,
Preſcribing laws among th' Elyſian throng;
Though Lucan's verſe, exalted by his name,
O'er gods themſelves has rais'd the hero's fame;

The Roman ſtage did ne'er his image ſee,
Drawn at full length; a taſk reſerv'd for thee.
By thee we view the finiſh'd figure riſe,
And awful march before our raviſh'd eyes;
We hear his voice, aſſerting virtue's cauſe;
His fate renew'd our deep attention draws,
Excites by turns our various hopes and fears,
And all the patriot in thy ſcene appears.

On Tyber's bank thy thought was firſt inſpir'd;
'Twas there, to ſome indulgent grove retir'd,
Rome's ancient fortunes rolling in thy mind,
Thy happy Muſe this manly work deſign'd:
Or in a dream thou ſaw'ſt Rome's genius ſtand,
And, leading Cato in his ſacred hand,
Point out th' immortal ſubject of thy lays,
And aſk this labour to record his praiſe.

'Tis done—the hero lives, and charms our age!
While nobler morals grace the Britiſh ſtage.
Great Shakeſpeare's ghoſt, the ſolemn ſtrain to hear,
(Methinks I ſee the laurel'd ſhade appear!)
Will hover o'er the ſcene, and wondering view
His favourite Brutus rival'd thus by you.
Such Roman greatneſs in each action ſhines,
Such Roman eloquence adorns your lines,
That ſure the Sibyls books this year foretold;
And in ſome myſtic leaf was found inroll'd,
'Rome, turn thy mournful eyes from Africk's ſhore,
'Nor in her ſands thy Cato's tomb explore!

'When

'When thrice ſix hundred times the circling ſun
'His annual race ſhall through the zodiack run,
'An iſle remote his monument ſhall rear,
'And every generous Briton pay a tear.'

ADVICE TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS INTENDED TRANSLATION OF

HOMER'S ILIAD, 1714.

O THOU, who, with a happy genius born,
Canſt tuneful verſe in flowing numbers turn,
Crown'd on thy Windſor's plains with early bays,
Be early wiſe, nor truſt to barren praiſe.
Blind was the bard that ſung Achilles' rage,
He ſung, and begg'd, and curs'd th' ungiving age;
If Britain his tranſlated ſong would hear,
Firſt take the gold—then charm the liſtening ear,
So ſhall thy father Homer ſmile to ſee
His penſion paid—though late, and paid to thee.

TO THE
MEMORY OF MR. MILTON.

Homer's Deſcription of Himſelf, under the Character of Demodochus the Muſician, at the Feaſt of King Alcinous.

FROM THE EIGHTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSES.

THE Muſe with tranſport lov'd him; yet, to fill
His various lot, ſhe blended good with ill;
Depriv'd him of his eyes, but did impart
The heavenly gift of ſong, and all the tuneful art.

TO
A LADY,
WITH THE
TRAGEDY OF CATO.

TWO ſhining maids this happy work diſplays;
Each moves our rapture, both divide our praiſe:
In Marcia, we her godlike father trace;
While Lucia triumphs with each ſofter grace.
One ſtrikes with awe, and one gives chaſte delight;
That bright as lightning, this ſerene as light.

Yet by the Muſe the ſhadow'd forms were wrought,
And both are creatures of the Poet's thought.

In her that animates theſe lines, we view
The wonder greater, the deſcription true;
Each living virtue, every grace combin'd,
And Marcia's worth with Lucia's ſweetneſs join'd.

Had ſhe been born ally'd to Cato's name;
Numidia's prince had felt a real flame;
And, pouring his reſiſtleſs troops from far,
With bolder deeds had turn'd the doubtful war;
Cæſar had fled before his conquering arms,
And Roman Muſes ſung her beauty's charms.

A

FRAGMENT.

PROMISCUOUS crouds to worthleſs riches born,
Thy pencil paints, 'tis true, yet paints with ſcorn.
Sometimes the fool, by nature left half-made,
Mov'd by ſome happy inſtinct aſks thy aid,
To give his face to reaſon ſome pretence,
And raiſe his looks with ſupplemental ſenſe.

SERENATA,

FOR TWO VOICES.

ON THE

MARRIAGE

OF THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

LORD COBHAM TO MRS. ANNE HALSEY.

DUETTO.

WAKE th' harmonious voice and ſtring,
Love and Hymen's triumph ſing.
Sounds with ſecret charms combining,
In melodious union joining,
Beſt the wondrous joys can tell,
That in hearts united dwell.

RECITATIVE.

FIRST VOICE.

To young Victoria's happy fame,
Well may the Arts a trophy raiſe,
Muſick grows ſweeter in her praiſe,
And, own'd by her, with rapture ſpeaks her name,
To

To touch the brave Cleander's heart,
The Graces all in her conſpire;
Love arms her with his ſureſt dart,
Apollo with his lyre.

AIR.

The liſtening Muſes, all around her,
Think 'tis Phœbus' ſtrains they hear:
And Cupid, drawing near to wound her,
Drops his bow, and ſtands to hear.

RECITATIVE.

SECOND VOICE.

While crowds of rivals, with deſpair,
Silent admire, or vainly court the fair,
Behold the happy conqueſt of her eyes,
A hero is the glorious prize!
In courts, in camps, through diſtant realms renown'd,
Cleander comes—Victoria, ſee,
He comes, with Britiſh honour crown'd;
Love leads his eager ſteps to thee.

AIR.

In tender ſighs he ſilence breaks,
The fair his flame approves.
Conſenting bluſhes warm her cheeks,
She ſmiles,—ſhe yields,—ſhe loves.

RECITATIVE.

FIRST VOICE.

Now Hymen at the altar ſtands,
And while he joins their faithful hands,
Behold! by ardent vows drawn down,
Immortal Concord, heavenly bright,
Array'd in robes of pureſt light,
Deſcends, th' auſpicious rites to crown.
Her golden harp the goddeſs brings;
Its magic ſound
Commands a ſudden ſilence all around,
And ſtrains prophetic thus attune the ſtrings.

DUETTO.

1 VOICE. The ſwain his nymph poſſeſſing,
2 VOICE. The nymph her ſwain careſſing,
1 and 2. { Shall ſtill improve the bleſſing.
For ever kind and true.
BOTH. { While rolling years are flying,
Love, Hymen's lamp ſupplying,
With fuel never dying,
Shall ſtill the flame renew.

HORATIUS,

IN LIBRO PRIMO EPISTOLARUM.

Dimidium facti, qui cœpit, habet. Sapere aude:
Incipe. Vivendi qui rectè prorogat horam,
Ruſticus expectat dum defluat amnis: at ille
Labitur & labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

TRANSLATED.

TO-MORROW cheats us all. Why doſt thou ſtay,
And leave undone what ſhould be done to-day?
Begin—the preſent minute 's in thy power;
But ſtill t' adjourn, and wait a fitter hour,
Is like the clown, who at ſome river's ſide
Expecting ſtands, in hopes the running tide
Will all ere long be paſt—Fool! not to know,
It ſtill has flow'd the ſame, and will for ever flow.

ON A
COLLAR
PRESENTED FOR
HAPPY GILL. 1712.

THOU little favourite of the fair!
When thou theſe golden bands ſhall wear,
The hand that binds them ſoftly kiſs,
With conſcious joy, and own thy bliſs.
Proud of his chain, who would not be
A ſlave, to gain her ſmiles, like thee?

THE
CHARACTER
OF THE
LADY HENRIETTA CAVENDISH HOLLES*. 1712-13.

SUCH early wiſdom, ſuch a lovely face,
Such modeſt greatneſs, ſuch attractive grace;
Wit, beauty, goodneſs, charity, and truth,
The riper ſenſe of age, the bloom of youth!

* This Lady, alſo celebrated by Mr. Prior in a beautiful ode, called "Colin's Miſtake," was afterwards married to Edward Earl of Oxford, and was mother of the preſent Dutcheſs Dowager of Portland.

Whence

Whence is it, that in one fair piece we find
Theſe various beauties of the female kind?
Sure but in one ſuch different charms agree,
And Henrietta is that phœnix-ſhe.

TRUTH, HONOUR, HONESTY,

THE

MOTTO CHOSEN BY THE RIGHT HON.

THE

LADY HENRIETTA CAVENDISH HOLLES.

IN thee, bright maid, though all the virtues ſhine,
With rival beams, and every grace is thine,
Yet three, diſtinguiſh'd by thy early voice,
Excite our praiſe, and well deſerve thy choice.

Immortal Truth in Heaven itſelf diſplays
Her charms celeſtial born, and pureſt rays,
Which thence in ſtreams, like golden ſunſhine, flow,
And ſhed their light on minds like yours below.

Fair Honour, next in beauty and in grace,
Shines in her turn, and claims the ſecond place:
She fills the well-born ſoul with noble fires,
And generous thoughts and godlike acts inſpires.

Then

Then Honeſty, with native air, ſucceeds,
Plain is her look, unartful are her deeds;
And, juſt alike to friends and foes, ſhe draws
The bounds of right and wrong, nor errs from equal laws.

From Heaven this ſcale of virtues thus deſcends
By juſt degrees, and thy full choice defends.
So when, in viſionary trains, by night
Attending angels bleſs'd good Jacob's ſight,
The myſtic ladder thus appear'd to riſe,
Its foot on earth, its ſummit in the ſkies.

HYMN.

SUNG BY THE

CHILDREN OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL,

AT THE ENTRY OF

KING GEORGE

INTO LONDON, 1714.

I.

HEAR us, O God, this joyful day!
Whole nations join their voice,
To Thee united thanks to pay,
And in thy ſtrength rejoice.

II. For

II.

For led by thee, O King of Kings!
Our Sovereign George we ſee;
Thy hand the Royal bleſſing brings,
He comes, he reigns, by thee!

III.

Plenteous of grace, pour from above
Thy favours on his head;
Truth, Mercy, Righteouſneſs, and Love,
As guards around him ſpread.

VI.

With length of days, and glory crown'd,
With wealth and fair increaſe,
Let him abroad be far renown'd,
Still bleſt at home with peace.

A MONUMENTAL

O D E.

TO THE MEMORY OF

MRS. ELIZABETH HUGHES,

LATE

WIFE OF EDWARD HUGHES, ESQ.

OF

HERTINGFORDBURY IN THE COUNTY OF HERTFORD,

AND DAUGHTER OF RICHARD HARRISON, ESQ. OF BALLS IN THE SAME COUNTY.

OBIT 15 NOV. MDCCXIV.

I.

SEE! how thoſe dropping monuments decay!
Frail manſions of the ſilent dead,
Whoſe ſouls to uncorrupting regions fled,
With a wiſe ſcorn their mouldering duſt ſurvey.
Their tombs are rais'd from duſt as well as they;
For ſee! to duſt they both return,
And Time conſumes alike the aſhes and the urn.

II.

We aſk the ſculptor's art in vain
To make us for a ſpace ourſelves ſurvive;
In Parian ſtone we proudly breathe again,
Or ſeem in figur'd braſs to live.

Yet ſtone and braſs our hopes betray,
Age ſteals the mimic forms and characters away.
In vain, O Egypt, to the wondering ſkies
With giant pride thy pyramids ariſe;
Whate'er their vaſt and gloomy vaults contain,
No names diſtinct of their great dread remain,
Beneath the maſs confus'd, in heaps thy monarchs lie,
Unknown, and blended in mortality.

III.

To death our ſelves and all our works we owe.
But is there nought, O Muſe, can ſave
Our memories from darkneſs and the grave,
And ſome ſhort after-life beſtow?
That taſk is mine, the Muſe replies,
And hark! ſhe tunes the ſacred lyre!
Verſe is the laſt of human works that dies,
When virtue does the ſong inſpire.

IV.

Then look, Eliza, happy ſaint, look down!
Pauſe from immortal joys awhile
To hear, and gracious with a ſmile
The dedicated numbers own;
Say how in thy life's ſcanty ſpace,
So ſhort a ſpace, ſo wondrous bright,
Bright as a ſummer's day, ſhort as a ſummer's night,
Could'ſt thou find room for every crowded grace?
As if thy thrifty ſoul foreknew,
Like a wiſe envoy, Heaven's intent
Soon to recall whom it had ſent,
And all its taſk reſolv'd at once to do,

Or wert thou but a traveller below,
That hither didſt awhile repair,
Curious our cuſtoms and our laws to know?
And, ſickening in our groſſer air,
And tir'd of vain repeated ſights,
Our fooliſh cares, our falſe delights,
Back to thy native ſeats would'ſt go?
Oh! ſince to us thou wilt no more return,
Permit thy friends, the faithful few
Who beſt thy numerous virtues knew,
Themſelves, not thee to mourn.

V.

Now, penſive Muſe, enlarge thy flight!
(By turns the penſive Muſes love
The hilly heights and ſhady grove)
Behold where, ſwelling to the ſight,
Balls, a fair ſtructure, graceful ſtands!
And from yon verdant riſing brow
Sees Hertford's ancient town, and lands
Where Nature's hand in ſlow meanders leads
The Lee's clear ſtream its courſe to flow
Through flowery vales, and moiſten'd meads,
And far around in beauteous proſpects ſpreads
Her map of plenty all below.
'Twas here—and ſacred be the ſpot of earth!
Eliza's ſoul, born firſt above,
Deſcended to an humbler birth,
And with a mortal's frailties ſtrove.

So,

So, on ſome towering peak that meets the ſky,
When miſſive ſeraphs downward fly,
They ſtop, and for awhile alight.
Put off their rays cœleſtial-bright,
Then take ſome milder form familiar to our eye.

VI.

Swiftly her infant virtues grew:
Water'd by Heaven's peculiar care
Her morning bloom was doubly fair,
Like ſummer's day-break, when we ſee
The freſh-drop'd ſtores of roſy dew,
(Tranſparent beauties of the dawn)
Spread o'er the graſs their cobweb-lawn,
Or hang moiſt pearls on every tree.
Pleas'd with the lovely ſight awhile
Her friends behold, and joyful ſmile,
Nor think the ſun's exhaling ray
Will change the ſcene ere noon of day,
Dry up the gliſtering drops, and draw thoſe dews away.

VII.

Yet firſt, to fill her orb of life,
Behold, in each relation dear,
The pious ſaint, the duteous child appear,
The tender ſiſter, and the faithful wife.
Alas! but muſt one circlet of the year
Unite in bliſs, in grief divide
The deſtin'd bridegroom and the bride?
Stop, generous youth, the gathering tear,
That as you read theſe lines or hear

Perhaps may ſtart, and ſeem to ſay,
That ſhort-liv'd year was but a day!
Forbear—nor fruitleſs ſorrowings now employ,
Think ſhe was lent awhile, not given,
(Such was th' appointed will of Heaven)
Then grateful call that year an age of virtuous joy.

AN

ALLUSION TO HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE XXII.

PRINTED AT THE BREAKING OUT OF THE REBELLION IN THE YEAR 1715.

THE man that loves his king and nation,
And ſhuns each vile aſſociation,
That truſts his honeſt deeds i' th' light,
Nor meets in dark cabals, by night,
With fools, who, after much debate,
Get themſelves hang'd, and ſave the ſtate,
Needs not his hall with weapons ſtore;
Nor dreads each rapping at his door;
Nor ſculks, in fear of being known,
Or hides his guilt in parſon's gown;
Nor wants, to guard his generous heart,
The poniard or the poiſon'd dart;

And,

And, but for ornament and pride,
A ſword of lath might croſs his ſide.

If o'er St. James's park he ſtray,
He ſtops not, pauſing in his way;
Nor pulls his hat down o'er his face,
Nor ſtarts, looks back, and mends his pace:
Or if he ramble to the Tower,
He knows no crime, and dreads no power,
But thence returning, free as wind,
Smiles at the bars he left behind.
Thus, as I loiter'd t' other day,
Humming—O every month was May—
And, thoughtleſs how my time I ſquander'd,
From Whitehall, through the Cockpit wander'd,
A meſſenger with ſurly eye,
View'd me quite round, and yet paſs'd by.
No ſharper look or rougher mien
In Scottiſh highlands e'er were ſeen;
Nor ale and brandy ever bred
More pimpled cheeks, or noſe more red;
And yet, with both hands in my breaſt,
Careleſs I walk'd, nor ſhunn'd the beaſt.

Place me among a hundred ſpies,
Let all the room be ears and eyes;
Or ſearch my pocket-books and papers,
No word or line ſhall give me vapours.
Send me to Whigs as true and hearty,
As ever pity'd poor Maccarty;

Let Townſend, Sunderland, be there,
Or Robin Walpole in the chair.
Or ſend me to a club of Tories,
That damn and curſe at Marlborogh's glories,
And drink—but ſure none ſuch there are!—
The Devil, the Pope, and rebel Mar;
Yet ſtill my loyalty I'll boaſt,
King George ſhall ever be my toaſt;
Unbrib'd his glorious cauſe I'll own,
And fearleſs ſcorn each traitor's frown.

APOLLO

APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

A

MASQUE.

SET TO MUSICK BY DR. PEPUSCH.

AND PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE.

"Protinus alter amat, fugit altera nomen amantis."

OVID.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

APOLLO,	Mrs. Margarita.
DAPHNE,	Mrs. Barbier.
PENEUS,	Mr. Turner.
DORIS,	Mrs. Willis.

SCENE, the VALLEY of TEMPE, in THESSALY.

APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

THE FIRST SCENE IS A RIVER.

PENEUS, a River-God, appears on a bed of ruſhes, leaning on his urn. He riſes and comes forward, his head crowned with ruſhes and flowers, a reed in his hand.

PENEUS.

HOW long muſt Peneus chide in vain,
His daughter's coyneſs and diſdain?
Through Tempe's pleaſant vales and bowers
As my full urn its current pours,
In every plain, from every grove,
I hear the ſighs of ſlighted love?
And on my ruſhy banks the Sylvans cry
Why ever cruel, Daphne, why?
But ſee ſhe comes, the beauteous cauſe;
Daphne, my juſt commands attend,
Hear me, thy father and thy friend,
And yield at laſt to Love and Hymen's laws.

DAPHNE.

O Peneus, urge this cruel ſuit no more.
Have I not to Diana ſwore?

Behold

Behold again to her I bow,
Devoted ever to remain
A virgin of her ſpotleſs train,
Hear, Cynthia, and confirm my vow.

How happy are we,
How airy, how free,
That rove through the woods and the plains!
In vain the blind boy
Our hearts would decoy,
We ſcorn all his joys and his pains.

[Exit Daphne.

PENEUS.

Raſh maid, return——
What haſt thou ſworn?
With thee ſhall Peneus' race expire?
Then hear once more thy ſlighted ſire,
And know, thy fatal vow draws down
The curſe of Heaven, a father's frown,
And ſure deſtruction waits thy ſcorn.

Feeble Cupid! vain deceiver!
What avails thy boaſted quiver?
Where are all thy conquering arts?
They that fly thee
May defy thee;
They who fear thee
And revere thee
Ever meet thy keeneſt darts. [Exit Peneus.

SCENE

SCENE changes to a Foreſt.

APOLLO enters with his bow and arrows, as having newly ſlain the PYTHON.

APOLLO.

'Tis done—the monſter Python, ſlain
By Phœbus' ſhafts, lies breathleſs on the plain.
Yet why with conqueſt am I thus adorn'd?
Alas! I feel a mortal's pain,
Conquer'd by Love, whom once I ſcorn'd.
O Daphne! till thy ſmiles I can obtain,
No more theſe marks of triumph let me bear;
But thus a ſhepherd's ſemblance wear,
Till bleſt by thee I grow a god again.

[Throws away his bow and arrows, and takes up a ſheep-hook.

See—She appears; how wondrous fair!
Hail, goddeſs of theſe verdant groves!

DAPHNE.

What art thou, or from whence?

APOLLO.

A ſwain that loves.

DAPHNE.

Thy unavailing courtſhip ſpare.
Doſt thou not daily hear the ſhepherds cry
Why ever cruel, Daphne, why?—
Go—with the reſt deſpair.

APOL-

APOLLO.

No, let the reſt deſpair, while I
Diſtinguiſh'd, triumph in the joy.

Fair blooming creature!
Each tender feature
Speaks thee by nature
For love deſign'd.
Then ſmile conſenting,
Loſt time repenting,
Let ſoft relenting
Now ſhew thee kind.

DAPHNE.

Canſt thou the mountain tiger bind,
Or ſtop the floods, or fix the wind?
Do this—then Daphne will perhaps be kind.

APOLLO.

Ev'n tigers Love's ſoft laws obey;
Art thou more ſavage far than they?
Look all around thee, and above!
Love lights the ſkies, and paints the meads;
Its genial flame
Through Heav'n and Earth and Ocean ſpreads;
Thou art thyſelf the happieſt child of Love,
Do not thy birth diſclaim.

DAPH-

DAPHNE.

Though fair as Phœbus thou ſhould'ſt ſeem,
And were thy words ſoft as his lyre,
They could not move me to deſire;
Wake, ſhepherd, from thy dream.

Ceaſe to ſooth thy fruitleſs pain;
Why for frowns wilt thou be ſuing?
Ceaſe to languiſh and complain.
'Tis to ſeek thy own undoing,
Still to love, and love in vain.

APOLLO.

In her ſoft cheeks and beauteous eyes,
What new enchanting graces riſe! [Aſide.

DUETTO for APOLLO and DAPHNE.

APOL. No more deny me,
O ceaſe to fly me
Your faithful ſwain.
DAPH. No longer try me,
For ever fly me,
Deſpairing ſwain.
APOL. Yet hear me.
DAPH. Forbear me.
APOL. Let ſighs imploring,
And looks adoring,
Still ſpeak my pain.
DAPH. Your ſighs imploring,
And looks adoring,
But move diſdain. [Exit Daphne.

APOL.

APOLLO.

She's gone—nor knows from whom ſhe flies.
Miſtaken coyneſs! falſe diſdain!
Phœbus ſhe prais'd, but ſcorns the ſwain—
Then, breaking from this dark diſguiſe,
When Phœbus what he is ſhall ſeem,
My glittering rays and melting lyre,
At laſt ſhall warm thee to deſire,
And wake thee, Daphne, from thy dream.

Where Cupid's bow is failing,
Ambition's charms prevailing,
Shall triumph o'er the fair.
The nymph that Love deſpiſes,
Some ſecret paſſion prizes,
That ſtill forbids deſpair. [Exit.

Enter DAPHNE and DORIS.

DAPHNE.

Doris, why this trifling tale?

DORIS.

That good advice may once prevail;
Save one—nor all your lovers loſe
Alas! that I, poor I might gain
What you each day refuſe!

DAPHNE.

Take all, and eaſe me of the pain.

DORIS.

I would—but ah! 'twere now in vain.

When I was a maiden of twenty,
And my charms and my lovers were plenty,
Ah! why did I ever ſay no?
Now the ſwains, though I court them, all fly me,
I ſigh, but no lover comes nigh me;
Ye virgins, be warn'd by my woe!
Ah! why did I ever ſay no?

DAPHNE.

Poor Doris! dry thy weeping eyes;
Doſt thou repent thou once wert wiſe?

Tender hearts to every paſſion
Still their freedom would betray,
But how calm is inclination,
When our reaſon bears the ſway;

Swains themſelves, while they purſue us,
Often teach us to deny.
While we fly, they fondly wooe us;
If we grow too fond, they fly.

DORIS.

Yet might I ſee one courting ſwain,
Though but to ſlight him once again!—
But come—I'll amorous thoughts give o'er,

DAPHNE.

'Tis well! to leave them at threeſcore.
Haſte then, and at th' appointed place,
See if the nymphs expect me for the chace.

[Exit Doris.

[A ſym-

[A ſymphony of inſtruments is heard, whilſt Apollo deſcends in the chariot of the ſun; a crown of rays about his head, and his lyre in his hand.

DAPHNE.

What ſounds cœleſtial ſtrike my ear!
Why does the golden ſource of light
Pour out new day?—how wondrous bright!
Some god deſcends to human ſight;
I'm charm'd, yet aw'd with fear.

APOLLO.

Daphne on Phœbus fix thy eye,
With meaner ſhapes deceiv'd no more!
Know, I thy beauteous form adore:
Wilt thou a god, a god that loves thee, fly?

[Apollo ſtrikes his lyre, and Daphne turns back as ſurprized at the ſound.

Faireſt mortal! ſtay and hear,
Turn thee, leave thy trembling fear!
Cannot Love with Muſick join'd
Touch thy unrelenting mind?
Faireſt mortal! ſtay and hear,
Turn thee, leave thy trembling fear.

Hark how the river-ſhores prolong
My ſoft complaints, and murmur to my ſong!

Thy

Thy father Peneus feels my pain;
See! how his oſiers gently bow,
And ſeem my ſecret ſoul to know—

DAPH. aſide.] Alas! my raſh, my fatal vow!
APOL. Wilt thou alone unmov'd remain?

[As Daphne is going out, ſhe ſtops, and ſings the following air.

DAPHNE.

Shall I return?—or no?—
Charms yet unknown ſurround me;
Yet, Love, thou ne'er ſhalt wound me,
No more alarm my breaſt.
Then let me haſte to go—
Ah no, my heart replies
In tender heaving ſighs.—
Ye powers reſtore my reſt.

APOL. O do not go—
DAPH. Doſt thou not know,
I'm of Diana's train?
Thy love forbear—
APOL. Thy ſcorn forbear—
DAPH. I muſt not hear;
APOL. O ſtay and hear;
DAPH. Thy love } is vain.
APOL. Thy flight }

[Exit Daphne purſued by Apollo.

SCENE changes to the river.

Re-enter DAPHNE looking back as affrighted.

DAPHNE.

He comes—the ſwift purſuer comes—O where
Shall I eſcape his piercing ſight,
Where hide me from the God of Light?
Ah! 'tis in vain—he's here.

[DAPHNE runs to the ſide of the river, and, as ſhe ſings the following air, is transformed into a laurel-tree.

Father Peneus! hear me, aid me!
Let ſome ſudden change invade me,
Fix me rooted on thy ſhore.
Ceaſe, Apollo, to perſuade me,
I am Daphne now no more—

[APOLLO enters at the latter end of the air, and is met by Peneus.

APOLLO.

O fatal flight!—O curſt diſdain!
O Peneus, how ſhall we our loſs deplore?
But ſee!
The trembling branches yet her ſhape retain!
Though Daphne lives a nymph no more,
She lives, fair verdant plant, in thee:
Henceforth be thou Apollo's tree,
And bear what honours to thy leaves remain.

No

No thunder e'er ſhall blaſt thy boughs,
Preſerv'd to grace Apollo's brows,
Kings, victors, poets, to adorn;
Oft in Britannia's iſle thy proſperous green
Shall on the heads of her great chiefs be ſeen,
And by a Naſſau, and a George, be worn.

PENEUS.

Still Peneus, with a father's care,
Shall feed thee from his flowing urn
With verdure ever freſh and fair,
Nor this thy deſtin'd change ſhall mourn.

CHORUS, or Duetto of Apollo and Peneus.

Nature alone can love inſpire,
Art is vain to move deſire.
If nature once the fair incline,
To their own paſſion they reſign.
Nature alone can love inſpire,
Art is vain to move deſire.

A N

O D E

FOR THE

BIRTH DAY OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

PRINCESS OF WALES,

ST. DAVID'S DAY, THE FIRST OF MARCH, 1715-16.

SET TO MUSICK BY DR. PEPUSCH.

And performed at the Anniverſary Meeting of the Society of ANCIENT BRITONS, eſtabliſhed in Honour of Her Royal Highneſs's Birth-Day, and of the Principality of Wales.

" Salve læta dies! meliorque revertere ſemper,
" A populo rerum digna potente coli!" OVID.

O D E

FOR

TWO VOICES.

Firſt Voice, FAME.

Second Voice, CAMBRIA, or the Principality of WALES.

Both voices, with a trumpet.

TO joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day!

CAMBRIA.

Riſe, goddeſs of immortal fame,
And, with thy trumpet's ſwelling ſound,
To all Britannia's realms around,
The double feſtival proclaim.

FAME.

The goddeſs of immortal fame
Shall, with her trumpet's ſwelling ſound,
To all Britannia's realms around,
The double feſtival proclaim.

BOTH VOICES.

O'er Cambria's diſtant hills let the loud notes rebound!
Each Britiſh ſoul be rais'd, and every eye be gay!
To joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day.

FAME.

Hail, Cambria! long to Fame well known!
Thy patron-ſaint looks ſmiling down,
Well pleas'd to ſee,
This day, prolific of renown,
Increas'd in honours to himſelf, and thee;
See Carolina's natal ſtar ariſe,
And with new beams adorn thy azure ſkies!
Though on her virtues I ſhould ever dwell,
Fame cannot all her numerous virtues tell.
Bright in herſelf, and in her offspring bright,
On Britain's throne ſhe caſts diffuſive light;
Detraction from her preſence flies;
And, while promiſcuous crouds in rapture gaze,
Ev'n tongues diſloyal learn her praiſe,
And murmuring Envy ſees her ſmile, and dies.

Happy morn! ſuch gifts beſtowing!
Britain's joy from thee are flowing;
Ever thus auſpicious ſhine!
Happy iſle! ſuch gifts poſſeſſing!
Britain, ever own the bleſſing!
Carolina's charms are thine.

CAMBRIA.

Nor yet, O Fame, doſt thou diſplay
All the triumphs of this day;
More wonders yet ariſe to ſight;
See! o'er theſe rites what mighty power preſides;
Behold, to thee his early ſteps he guides;
What noble ardour does his ſoul excite!

Hence-

Henceforth, when to the liſtening univerſe
Thou number'ſt o'er my princes of renown,
The ſecond hope of Britain's crown,
When my great Edward's deeds thou ſhalt rehearſe,
And tell of Creſſy's well-fought plain,
Thy golden trumpet ſound again!
The brave Auguſtus ſhall renew thy ſtrain,
And Oudenarda's fight immortalize the verſe.

AIR with a harp.

Heavenly Muſes! tune your lyres,
Far reſounding;
Grace the hero's glorious name.
See! the ſong new life inſpires!
Every breaſt, with joy abounding,
Seems to ſhare the Hero's flame.

FAME.

O thou, with every virtue crown'd,
Britannia's father, and her king renown'd!
Thus in thy offspring greatly bleſt,
While through th' extended royal line
Thou ſeeſt thy propagated luſtre ſhine,
What ſecret raptures fill thy breaſt!
So ſmiles Apollo, doubly gay,
When in the diamond, with full blaze,
He views his own paternal rays,
And all his bright reflected day.

CAM-

CAMBRIA.

Hail ſource of bleſſings to our iſle!
While gloomy clouds ſhall take their flight,
Shot through by thy victorious light,
Propitious ever on thy Britons ſmile!

BOTH VOICES.

To joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day.

CAMBRIA.

Riſe, goddeſs of immortal fame,
And, with thy trumpet's ſwelling ſound,
To all Britannia's realms around,
The double feſtival proclaim.

FAME.

The goddeſs of immortal fame
Shall, with her trumpet's ſwelling ſound,
To all Britannia's realms around,
The double feſtival proclaim.

BOTH VOICES.

O'er Cambria's diſtant hills let the loud notes rebound!
Each Britiſh ſoul be rais'd, and every eye be gay!
To joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day.

EX-

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MR. HUGHES TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR COWPER.

—— "THIS little Poem was writ by the acci-
" dent of having Horace for my com-
" panion in a confinement by ſickneſs, and fancying
" I had diſcovered a new ſenſe of one of his odes, for
" which I have found your lordſhip's great indulgence
" and partiality to me, the beſt expoſition.

" Perhaps we never read with that attention, as
" when we think we have found ſomething applicable
" to ourſelves. I am now grown fond enough of this
" ſenſe to believe it the true one, and have drawn two
" or three learned friends (to whom I have mentioned
" it) into my opinion.

" The Ode, your lordſhip will ſee, is that in which
" Horace feigns himſelf turned into a ſwan. It paſſes
" (for aught I know univerſally) for a compliment on
" himſelf, and a mere enthuſiaſtick rant of the poet
" in his own praiſe, like his EXEGI MONUMENTUM,
" &c. I confeſs I had often ſlightly read it in that
" view,

" view, and have found every one I have lately aſked, " deceived by the ſame opinion, which I cannot but " think ſpoils the ode, and ſinks it to nothing; I had " almoſt ſaid, turns the ſwan into a gooſe.

" The Grammarians ſeem to have fallen into this " miſtake, by wholly overlooking the reaſon of his " rapture, viz. its being addreſſed to Mæcenas; and " have prefaced it with this, and the like general in- " ſcriptions—VATICINATUR CARMINUM SUORUM " IMMORTALITATEM, &c. which I think is not the " ſubject.

" I am very happy in the occaſion which ſhewed it " me in a quite different ſenſe from what I had ever " apprehended, till I had the honour to be known to " your lordſhip; I am ſure a much more advantage- " ous one to the Poet, as well as more juſt to his great " patron. If I have exceeded the liberty of an imi- " tator, in purſuing the ſame hint further, to make " it leſs doubtful, yet his favourers will forgive me, " when I own I have not on this occaſion ſo much " thought of emulating his poetry, as of rivaling his " pride, by the ambition of being known as,

MY LORD,

YOUR LORDSHIP'S MOST OBLIGED,

AND DEVOTED HUMBLE SERVANT,

J. HUGHES.

ODE

O D E

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD CHANCELLOR COWPER.

ANNO MDCCXVII.

IN ALLUSION TO HORACE, LIB. II. ODE XX.

I.

I 'M rais'd, tranſported, chang'd all o'er!
Prepar'd, a towering ſwan, to ſoar
Aloft; ſee, ſee the down ariſe,
And clothe my back, and plume my thighs!
My wings ſhoot forth; now will I try
New tracks, and boldly mount the ſky;
Nor Envy, nor Ill-fortune's ſpite,
Shall ſtop my courſe, or damp my flight.

II.

Shall I, obſcure or diſeſteem'd,
Of vulgar rank henceforth be deem'd?
Or vainly toil my name to ſave
From dark oblivion and the grave?
No—He can never wholly die,
Secure of immortality,
Whom Britain's Cowper condeſcends
To own, and numbers with his friends.

III. 'Tis

III.

'Tis done—I ſcorn mean honours now;
No common wreaths ſhall bind my brow.
Whether the Muſe vouchſafe t' inſpire
My breaſt with the cœleſtial fire;
Whether my verſe be fill'd with flame,
Or I deſerve a Poet's name,
Let Fame be ſilent; only tell
That generous Cowper loves me well.

IV.

Through Britain's realms I ſhall be known
By Cowper's merit, not my own.
And when the tomb my duſt ſhall hide,
Stripp'd of a mortal's little pride,
Vain pomp be ſpar'd, and every tear;
Let but ſome ſtone this ſculpture bear:
"Here lies his clay, to earth conſign'd,
"To whom great Cowper once was kind."

WHAT

WHAT IS MAN.

O SON of man! O creature of a day!
Proud of vain wiſdom, with falſe greatneſs gay!
Heir of thy father's vice, to whoſe bad ſtore
Thy guilty days are ſpent in adding more;
Thou propagated folly!—What in thee
Could Heaven's Supreme, could perfect Wiſdom ſee,
To fix one glance of his regarding eye?
Why art thou choſe the favourite of the ſky?
While angels wonder at the mercy known,
And ſcarce the wretch himſelf, the debt immenſe will own!

BOILEAU,

DANS SA I. EPISTRE AU ROY.

POURQUOI ces elephans, ces armes, ce bagage,
Et ces vaiſſeaux tout preſts à quitter le rivage?
Diſoit au roi Pyrrhus, un ſage confident,
Conſeiller tres-ſenſé d'un roi tres-imprudent.
Je vais, lui dit ce prince, à Rome où l'on m'apelle.
Quoi faire? l'aſſieger. L'entrepriſe eſt fort belle,
Et digne ſeulement d'Alexandre ou de vous,
Mais quand nous l'aurons priſe, & bien que ferons-nous?
Du reſte des Latins la conqueſte eſt facile.
Sans doute, ils ſont à nous: eſt-ce tout? La Sicile
Delà nous tend les bras, & bien-toſt ſans effort
Syracuſe recoit nos vaiſſeaux dans ſon port.
En demeurés-vous là? Dés que nous l'aurons priſe,
Il ne faut qu'un bon vent & Carthage eſt conquiſe:
Les chemins ſont ouverts: qui peut nous arreſter?
Je vous entens, ſeigneur, nous allons tout dompter:
Nous allons traverſer les ſables de Lybie;
Aſſervir en paſſant l'Egypte, l'Arabie;

Courir

FROM BOILEAU,

IN HIS FIRST EPISTLE TO LEWIS XIV.

WHAT mean theſe elephants, arms, warlike ſtore,
And all theſe ſhips, prepar'd to leave the ſhore?
Thus Cyneas, faithful, old, experienc'd, wiſe,
Addreſs'd king Pyrrhus;—thus the king replies;
'Tis glory calls us hence; to Rome we go.
For what?—To conquer.—Rome's a noble foe,
A prize for Alexander fit, or you;
But Rome reduc'd, what next, Sir, will you do?
The reſt of Italy my chains ſhall wear.
And is that all?—No, Sicily lies near;
See how ſhe ſtretches out her beauteous arms,
And tempts the victor with unguarded charms!
In Syracuſa's port this fleet ſhall ride.
'Tis well—and there you will at laſt abide?—
No; that ſubdued, again we'll hoiſt our ſails
And put to ſea; and, blow but proſperous gales,
Carthage muſt ſoon be ours, an eaſy prey,
The paſſage open: what obſtructs our way?—
Then, Sir, your vaſt deſign I underſtand,
To conquer all the earth, croſs ſeas and land,
O'er Africk's ſpacious wilds your reign extend,
Beneath your ſword make proud Arabia bend;

Courir delà le Gange en de nouveaux païs ;
Faire trembler le Scythe aux bords du Tanaïs ;
Et ranger ſous nos loix tout ce vaſte Hemiſphere ;
Mais de retour enfin, que pretendez-vous faire ?
Alors, cher Cineas, victorieux, contens,
Nous pourrons rire à l'aiſe, & prendre du bon temps.
Hé, ſeigneur, dés ce jour, ſans ſortir de l'Epire,
Du matin juſqu'au ſoir qui vous défend de rire ?

Then ſeek remoter worlds, where Ganges pours
His ſwelling ſtream; beyond Hydaſpes' ſhores,
Through Indian realms to carry dire alarms,
And make the hardy Scythian dread your arms.
But ſay—this wondrous race of glory run,
When we return, ſay what ſhall then be done?
Then pleas'd, my friend, we'll ſpend the joyful day
In full delight, and laugh our cares away.
And why not now? Alas! Sir, need we roam
For this ſo far, or quit our native home?
No—let us now each valued hour employ,
Nor for the future loſe the preſent joy.

AN
IMAGE OF PLEASURE.
IN IMITATION OF
AN ODE IN CASIMIRE.

I.

SOLACE of life, my ſweet companion lyre!
On this fair poplar bough I'll hang thee high,
While the gay fields all ſoft delights inſpire,
And not one cloud deforms the ſmiling ſky.

II.

While whiſpering gales, that court the leaves and flowers,
Play through thy ſtrings, and gently make them ſound,
Luxurious I'll diſſolve the flowing hours
In balmy ſlumbers on the carpet ground.

III.

But ſee—what ſudden gloom obſcures the air!
What falling ſhowers impetuous change the day!
Let's riſe, my lyre—Ah Pleaſure falſe as fair!
How faithleſs are thy charms, how ſhort thy ſtay!

AN

AN ODE IN THE PARK AT ASTED.

I.

YE Muſes, that frequent theſe walks and ſhades,
The ſeat of calm repoſe,
Which Howard's happy genius choſe;
Where, taught by you, his Lyre he ſtrung,
And oft, like Philomel, in duſky glades,
Sweet amorous Voluntaries ſung!
O ſay, ye kind inſpiring powers!
With what melodious ſtrain
Will you indulge my penſive vein,
And charm my ſolitary hours?

II.

Begin, and Echo ſhall the ſong repeat;
While, ſkreen'd from Auguſt's feveriſh heat,
Beneath this ſpreading elm I lie,
And view the yellow harveſt far around,
The neighbouring fields with plenty crown'd,
And over head a fair unclouded ſky.

The wood, the park's romantic ſcene,
The deer, that innocent and gay
On the ſoft turf's perpetual green
Paſs all their lives in love and play,
Are various objects of delight,
That ſport with fancy, and invite
Your aid, the pleaſure to compleat;
Begin—and Echo ſhall the ſong repeat.

III.

Hark!—the kind inſpiring powers
Anſwer from their ſecret bowers,
Propitious to my call!
They join their choral voices all,
To charm my ſolitary hours.
Liſten, they cry, thou penſive ſwain!
Though much the tuneful ſiſters love
The fields, the park, the ſhady grove:
The fields, and park, and ſhady grove,
The tuneful ſiſters now diſdain,
And chuſe to ſooth thee with a ſweeter ſtrain;
Molinda's praiſes ſhall our ſkill employ,
Molinda, Nature's pride, and every Muſe's joy!
The Muſes triumph'd at her birth,
When, firſt deſcending from her parent ſkies,
This ſtar of beauty ſhot to earth;
Love ſaw the fires that darted from her eyes,
He ſaw, and ſmil'd—the winged boy,
Gave early omens of her conquering fame,
And to his mother liſp'd her name,
Molinda!—Nature's pride, and every Muſe's joy.

IV. Say,

IV.

Say, beauteous Aſted! has thy honour'd ſhade
Ever receiv'd that lovely maid?
Ye nymphs and ſylvan deities, confeſs
That ſhining feſtal day of happineſs!
For if the lovely maid was here,
April himſelf, though in ſo fair a dreſs
He clothe the meads, though his delicious ſhowers,
Awake the bloſſoms and the breathing flowers,
And new-create the fragrant year;
April himſelf, or brighter May,
Aſſiſted by the god of day,
Never made your grove ſo gay,
Or half ſo full of charms appear.

V.

Whatever rural ſeat ſhe now doth grace,
And ſhines a goddeſs of the plains,
Imperial Love new triumphs there ordains,
Removes with her from place to place,
With her he keeps his court, and where ſhe lives he reigns.
A thouſand bright attendants more
Her glorious equipage compoſe:
There circling Pleaſure ever flows:
Friendſhip, and Arts, a well-ſelected ſtore,
Good-humour, Wit, and Muſick's ſoft delight,
The ſhorten'd minutes there beguile,
And ſparkling Mirth, that never looks ſo bright,
As when it lightens in Molinda's ſmile.

VI.

Thither, ye guardian powers (if ſuch there are,
Deputed from the ſky
To watch o'er human-kind with friendly care,)
Thither, ye gentle ſpirits, fly!
If goodneſs like your own can move
Your conſtant zeal, your tendereſt love,
For ever wait on this accompliſh'd fair!
Shield her from every ruder breath of air.
Nor let invading ſickneſs come
To blaſt thoſe beauties in their bloom.
May no miſguided choice, no hapleſs doom,
Diſturb the heaven of her fair life
With clouds of grief, or ſhowers of melting tears;
Let harſh unkindneſs, and ungenerous ſtrife,
Repining diſcontent, and boding fears,
With every ſhape of woe, be driven away
Like ghoſts prohibited the day.
Let Peace o'er her his dovelike wings diſplay,
And ſmiling joys crown all her bliſsful years!

TO

TO

MR. CONSTANTINE,

ON HIS

PAINTINGS.

WHILE o'er the cloth thy happy pencil ſtrays,
And the pleas'd eye its artful courſe ſurveys,
Behold the magick power of ſhade and light!
A new creation opens to our ſight.
Here tufted groves riſe boldly to the ſky,
There ſpacious lawns more diſtant charm the eye;
The cryſtal lakes in borrow'd tinctures ſhine,
And miſty hills the fair horizon join,
Loſt in the azure borders of the day,
Like ſounds remote that die in air away.
The peopled proſpect various pleaſure yields,
Sheep grace the hills, and herds or ſwains the fields;
Harmonious order o'er the whole preſides,
And Nature crowns the work, which Judgment guides.

Nor with leſs ſkill diſplay'd by thee appear
The different products of the fertile year;
While fruits with imitated ripeneſs glow,
And ſudden flowers beneath thy pencil blow.
Such, and ſo various, thy extenſive hand,
Oft in ſuſpence the pleas'd ſpectators ſtand,

Doubt-

Doubtful to chuſe, and fearing ſtill to err,
When to thyſelf they would thyſelf prefer.
So when the rival gods at Athens ſtrove,
By wondrous works their power divine to prove,
As Neptune's trident ſtrook the teeming earth,
Here the proud horſe upſtarted to his birth;
And there, as Pallas bleſs'd the fruitful ſcene,
The ſpreading olive rear'd its ſtately green;
In dumb ſurprize the gazing crouds were loſt,
Nor knew on which to fix their wonder moſt.

TO
URANIA,
ON HER
ARRIVAL AT JAMAICA.

THROUGH yielding waves the veſſel ſwiftly flies,
That bears Urania from our eager eyes;
Deaf to our call, the billows waft her o'er,
With ſpeed obſequious to a diſtant ſhore;
A prize more rich than Spain's whole fleets could boaſt
From fam'd Peru, or Chili's golden coaſt!
There the glad natives, on the crouded ſtrand,
With wonder ſee the matchleſs ſtranger land;
Tranſplanted glories in her features ſmile,
And a new dawn of beauty gilds their iſle.

So

So from the ſea when Venus roſe ſerene,
And by the nymphs and tritons firſt was ſeen,
The watery world beheld, with pleas'd ſuprize,
O'er its wide waſte new tracks of light ariſe;
The winds were huſh'd, the floods forgot to move,
And nature own'd th' auſpicious Queen of Love.

Henceforth no more the Cyprian iſle be nam'd,
Though for th' abode of that bright goddeſs fam'd;
Jamaica's happier groves, conceal'd ſo long
Through ages paſt, are now the poets ſong.
The Graces there, and Virtues fix their throne;
Urania makes th' adopted land her own.

The Muſe, with her in thought tranſported, ſees
The opening ſcene, the bloomy plants and trees,
By brighter ſkies rais'd to a nobler birth,
And fruits deny'd to Europe's colder earth.
At her approach, like courtiers doubly gay
To grace the pomp of ſome lov'd prince's day,
The gladden'd ſoil in all its plenty ſhines,
New ſpreads its branching palms, and new adorns its pines;
With gifts prepares the ſhining gueſt to meet,
And pours its verdant offerings at her feet.
As in the fields with pleaſure ſhe appears,
Smiles on the labourers, and their labours cheers,
The luſcious canes with ſweeter juices flow,
The melons ripen, and the citrons blow,
The golden orange takes a richer dye,
And ſlaves forget their toil, while ſhe is by.

Not

Not Ceres' ſelf more bleſſings could diſplay,
When through the earth ſhe took her wandering way,
Far from her native coaſt, and all around
Diffus'd ripe harveſts through the teeming ground.

Mean while our drooping vales deſerted mourn,
Till happy years bring on her wiſh'd return;
New honours then, Urania, ſhall be thine,
And Britain ſhall again the world outſhine.

So when of late our ſun was veil'd from ſight
In dark eclipſe, and loſt in ſudden night,
A ſhivering cold each heart with horror thrill'd,
The birds forſook the ſkies, the herds the field;
But when the conquering orb, with one bright ray,
Broke through the gloom, and reinthron'd the day,
The herds reviv'd, the birds renew'd their ſtrains,
Unuſual tranſports rais'd the chearful ſwains,
And joy returning echo'd through the plains.

THE

THE FOLLOWING

SUPPLEMENT AND CONCLUSION TO

Mr. MILTON's incomparable Poem, entitled, IL PENSEROSO, or THE PENSIVE MAN, was alſo writ by Mr. Hughes.

It ſeems neceſſary to quote the eight foregoing lines for the right underſtanding of it.

'AND may at laſt my weary age
'Find out the peaceful hermitage,
'The hairy gown and moſſy cell,
'Where I may ſit, and rightly ſpell
'Of every ſtar that Heaven doth ſhew,
'And every herb that ſips the dew;
'Till old experience do attain
'To ſomething like prophetic ſtrain.'
There let Time's creeping winter ſhed
His hoary ſnow around my head;
And while I feel, by faſt degrees,
My ſluggard blood wax chill, and freeze,
Let thought unveil to my fixt eye
The ſcenes of deep eternity,
Till life diſſolving at the view,
I wake, and find thoſe viſions true!

THE

THE

HUE AND CRY.

O YES!—Hear, all ye beaux and wits,
Muſicians, poets, 'ſquires, and cits,
All, who in town or country dwell!
Say, can you tale or tidings tell
Of Tortorella's haſty flight?
Why in new groves ſhe takes delight,
And if in concert, or alone,
The cooing murmurer makes her moan?

Now learn the marks, by which you may
Trace out and ſtop the lovely ſtray!

Some wit, more folly, and no care,
Thoughtleſs her conduct, free her air;
Gay, ſcornful, ſober, indiſcreet,
In whom all contradictions meet;
Civil, affronting, peeviſh, eaſy,
Form'd both to charm you and diſpleaſe you;
Much want of judgment, none of pride,
Modiſh her dreſs, her hoop full wide;
Brown ſkin, her eyes of ſable hue,
Angel, when pleas'd, when vex'd, a ſhrew.

Genteel her motion, when ſhe walks,
Sweetly ſhe ſings, and loudly talks;

Knows

Knows all the world, and its affairs.
Who goes to court, to plays, to prayers,
Who keeps, who marries, fails, or thrives,
Leads honeſt, or diſhoneſt, lives;
What money match'd each youth or maid,
And who was at each maſquerade;
Of all fine things in this fine town,
She's only to herſelf unknown.

By this deſcription, if you meet her,
With lowly bows, and homage greet her;
And if you bring the vagrant beauty
Back to her mother and her duty,
Aſk for reward a lover's bliſs,
And (if ſhe'll let you) take a kiſs;
Or more, if more you wiſh and may,
Try if at church the words ſhe'll ſay,
Then make her, if you can—"obey."

THE

THE PATRIOT.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM LORD COWPER,

LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

HOW godlike is the man, how truly great,
Who, midſt contending factions of the ſtate,
In council cool, in reſolution bold,
Nor brib'd by hopes, nor by mean fears control'd,
And proof alike againſt both foes and friends,
Ne'er from the golden mean of virtue bends!
But wiſely fix'd, nor to extremes inclin'd,
Maintains the ſteady purpoſe of his mind.

So Atlas, pois'd on his broad baſe, defies
The ſhock of gathering ſtorms and wintry ſkies;
Above the clouds, ſerene, he lifts his brow,
And ſees unmov'd the thunder break below.

But where's the patriot, by theſe virtues known,
Unſway'd by others paſſions, or his own?
Juſt to his prince, and to the publick true,
That ſhuns, in all events, each partial view?
That ne'er forgets the whole of things to weigh,
And ſcorns the ſhort-liv'd wiſdom of a day?

If there be one—hold Muſe, nor more reveal—
(Yet oh that numbers could his name conceal!)
Thrice happy Britain, of ſuch wealth poſſeſt!
On thy firm throne, great George, unſhaken reſt,
Safe in his judgment, on his faith rely,
And prize the wealth which kingdoms cannot buy!

Rich in itſelf, the genuine diamond ſhines,
And owes its value to its native mines;
Yet ſet in Britain's crown, drinks ampler rays
Of the ſun's light, and caſts a wider blaze.
With pleaſure we the well-plac'd gem behold,
That adds a luſtre to the royal gold.

January 25, 1717-18.

THE SECOND SCENE OF THE FIRST ACT OF ORESTES, A TRAGEDY.

TRANSLATED FROM EURIPIDES.

ARGUMENT.

Oreſtes had killed his mother Clytemneſtra, in revenge of his father's death, who was murdered by her. This part of the ſtory is the ſubject of the Electra of Sophocles, where, in the concluſion of the play, Clytemneſtra is heard behind the ſcene crying out in vain for mercy, while her ſon is executing his revenge. Perhaps this play was written firſt; and Euripides took up the ſtory where the other left off. The reflection on his guilt in putting his mother to death, though a criminal, with his own hands, filled Oreſtes's mind with ſo much horror as afterwards cauſed his diſtraction. In this condition he is repreſented in the following ſcene, lying on a couch, and his ſiſter Electra, with a chorus of Grecian women, waiting near him.

I ſhall

I ſhall detain the reader no longer than to obſerve, that the tenderneſs of Electra, and the alternate ſtarts and returns of madneſs and reaſon in Oreſtes, are touched with the moſt exquiſite ſtrokes of nature and paſſion.

CHORUS, ORESTES, ELECTRA.

CHORUS.

DRAW near, Electra, to thy brother's couch;
See if he breathes; this long-protracted reſt
May end in death, and fatally deceive thee.

ORESTES, waking.

O ſweet refreſhing ſleep! thou balmy cure
Of ſickneſs and of pain!
How has thy gentle power at length reliev'd me!
O ſoft oblivion of ſurrounding ills,
How grateful to th' afflicted are thy charms!
Where am I?—ſpeak—inform me, tell me where?
How came I hither? for I know not how!
Alas! I've lately been bereft of reaſon!
And now, no track of former thought remains.

ELECTRA.

O my much-lov'd Oreſtes! O my brother!
With joy I've watch'd o'er thy late healing ſlumbers.
Come—ſhall I help to raiſe thee from thy couch?

ORESTES.

Soft, I pray thee—firſt wipe away theſe drops,
That ſit all dewy o'er my face.

ELECTRA.

Ye gods!
How pleaſant is this taſk to a ſiſter's love!

ORESTES.

Come, let me lean upon thee;—how canſt thou bear me?—
Put forth thy hand; remove the clotted locks,
That ſhade my ſight; I ſcarcely yet can ſee—

ELECTRA.

O my poor brother; how has ſickneſs chang'd thee!
Thy face, thy beard, ſo long unwaſh'd, deform thee,
And ſpread an unknown horror o'er thy mien.

ORESTES.

I'm weary;—lead me to my couch again.
When my fit leaves me, I am weak and faint,
And a cold trembling runs through all my limbs.

ELECTRA.

How friendly is the ſick man's bed; though pain
Dwell there, yet there he beſt may bear it.

ORESTES.

O! help once more; and gently bend me forward.

CHORUS.

The ſick are ever reſtleſs;
Uneaſineſs and pain make them impatient.

ELEC-

ELECTRA.

Wilt thou get up, and try again to walk?
Change will perhaps relieve thee.

ORESTES.

I fain would walk—and, ſeeming well awhile,
Delude my anxious thoughts.

ELECTRA.

Now hear me, brother;
Hear me, while yet the cruel furies leave thee
This pauſe from grief, this interval of reaſon.

ORESTES.

Speak quick thy news—if it be good, 'tis welcome;
If ill—I've load enough; nor add thou more.

ELECTRA.

Then know, thy uncle Menelaus comes;
His ſhip is in the port—

ORESTES.

What doſt thou ſay?—
He comes, like dawning light, to cheer our griefs,
And chace away the blackneſs of deſpair;
My father's brother, and his beſt-lov'd friend!

ELECTRA.

He's now arriv'd—and brings from conquer'd Troy
His beauteous Helen—

ORESTES.

Say'ſt thou?—better far

He came alone—and he alone ſurviving;
But if with Helen—then he brings a curſe,
A heavy curſe—

ELECTRA.

The race of Tyndarus
Have through all Greece ſpread infamy and ſhame.

ORESTES.

Beware then—ſhun the deeds of impious women.
Wear no falſe face—be good, as well as ſeem ſo—
Beware, I ſay—

ELECTRA.

Alas! what means my brother? you are chang'd.
Your colour ſhifts—your eyes look fiercely wild—
Your fit returns—O Heavens! he's loſt again.

ORESTES.

Mother, forbear!—What! no forgiveneſs—never?
O! take away thoſe furies—how they ſhake
Their ſnaky locks, and grin around me!

ELECTRA.

Alas! poor wretch; 'tis thy own fear alarms thee.
Compoſe thyſelf: why doſt thou leave thy couch?
Here are no fiends; thou talk'ſt to ſhapeleſs air.

ORESTES.

Help, help me, Phœbus—See, thoſe dogs of hell
With famiſh'd jaws gape horrid to devour me!

Th'

Th' infernal prieſteſſes look fiercely on me;
They thirſt for blood, and I 'm the deſtin'd victim!

ELECTRA.

Nay, ſtrive not—for I will not let thee go,
While theſe weak arms can fold thee—

ORESTES.

What art thou?
One of my curſt tormentors?—Hence—I know thee;
Thou graſp'ſt me thus to plunge me down to hell.

ELECTRA.

Oh! whence can wretched mortals hope for ſuccour,
When Heaven is deaf, and all the gods our foes!

ORESTES.

Reach me the weapons of the ſhooting god,
Apollo's gift, the ſhafts and horny bow;
With theſe he bad me drive the fiends away,
When cruel, they attack me—

ELECTRA.

Can they feel?
Can deathleſs beings feel a mortal wound?

ORESTES.

They ſhall—or leave my tortur'd ſight—behold!
Doſt thou not ſee their feather'd ſhafts fly round me?
Begone, ye miniſters of wrath—Away! away!
The guilt 's not mine—Hence, through the yielding ſkies,

Fly ſwift to Heaven—and charge Apollo there,
Whoſe oracle betray'd me—Ah! I faint;
My ſpirits ſink—Where am I now? Alas!
How have I left my bed?—how ſtray'd I hither?
O—I perceive—once more the raging waves
Have ſpent their force—and all is calm again—
My ſiſter?—weeping too? Why doſt thou turn
Thy face away, thus muffled in thy garment?
I grieve to think what I have made thee ſuffer;
I know, my ſickneſs bears too hard upon thee;
Yet weep not for my crimes, unhappy maid!
The deed was mine—Thou only didſt conſent:
'Twas I that ſlew my mother—Phœbus himſelf
Adviſ'd that impious act—the guilt be his,
Whoſe words ſpoke comfort, but who now forſakes me.
But oh! Electra, had our father's ſhade
Been preſent then—had I, before the god,
Aſk'd his conſent, to ſtrike the murdereſs dead,
The pitying manes ſure had ſtop'd my hand,
Nor would have wiſh'd for his own life again.
Redeem'd by guilt, ſo horrid in a ſon.
Now wipe away thy tears, lamenting maid;
Though we 're both wretched, tears are ſhed in vain;
And when thou ſeeſt again my faltering reaſon,
Be ready thou to rule my broken ſenſe,
And comfort my affliction—And when thou
Shalt ſink beneath thy preſſing woes, I 'll ſtrive
By ſoothing words to mitigate thy ſorrows.
Such offices become our fond affection.

But

But now, retiring to thy own apartment,
Let gentle ſlumber cloſe thy wakeful eyes;
Then riſe refreſh'd; anoint thy wearied limbs,
And with due nouriſhment recruit thy ſpirits.
Such ceaſeleſs watchings will exhauſt thy ſtrength,
And make thy languid life a burden to thee.
Thou ſeeſt, all other friends are fled; thou art
My only ſolace in this dire affliction.
Should'ſt thou forſake me too, I 'm loſt indeed.

ELECTRA.

O no! thy ſiſter never will forſake thee;
Nor only will I live, but die with thee;
What joy could life afford a wretched woman,
Bereft of father, brother, every friend?—

But if you ſo command, I will retire;
In the mean while, compoſe thyſelf to reſt,
Reclin'd upon thy couch; nor let vain terrors
Rouze thee again—Thy own upbraiding conſcience
Is the revengeful fiend, that haunts thy breaſt!

ON THE

BIRTH-DAY

OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LORD CHANCELLOR PARKER.

JULY XXIII, M DCC XIX.

AS father Thames pours out his plenteous urn
O'er common tracts, with ſpeed his waters flow;
But where ſome beauteous palace does adorn
His banks, the river ſeems to move more ſlow;

As if he ſtopp'd awhile, with conſcious pride,
Nor to the ocean would purſue his race,
Till he reflect its glories in his tide,
And call the water-nymphs around to gaze.

So in Time's common flood the huddled throng
Of months and hours unheeded paſs away,
Unleſs ſome general good our joy prolong,
And mark the moments of ſome feſtal day.

Not fair July, though Plenty clothe his fields,
Though golden ſuns make all his mornings ſmile,
Can boaſt of aught that ſuch a triumph yields,
As that he gave a Parker to our iſle.

Hail

Hail happy month! ſecure of laſting fame!
Doubly diſtinguiſh'd through the circling year:
In Rome a hero gave thee firſt thy name;
A patriot's birth makes thee to Britain dear.

THE
XIVth OLYMPICK OF PINDAR.
TO
ASOPICUS OF ORCHOMENUS.

I.

YE heavenly Graces, who preſide
O'er Minyæa's happy ſoil, that breeds,
Swift for the race, the faireſt ſteeds;
And rule the land, where with a gentle tide
Your lov'd Cephiſian waters glide!
To you Orchomenus's towers belong,
Then hear, ye goddeſſes, and aid the ſong.

II.

Whatever honours ſhine below,
Whatever gifts can move delight,
Or ſooth the raviſh'd ſoul, or charm the ſight,
To you their power of pleaſing owe.
Fame, beauty, wiſdom, you beſtow;
Nor will the gods the ſacred banquet own,
Nor on the Chorus look propitious down,
If you your preſence have deny'd,
To rule the banquet, and the Chorus guide.

III. In

III.

In Heaven itſelf all own your happy Care;
Bleſs'd by your influence divine,
There all is good, and all is fair:
On thrones ſublime you there illuſtrious ſhine;
Plac'd near Apollo with the golden lyre,
You all his harmony inſpire,
And warbled hymns to Jove perpetual ſing,
To Jove, of Heaven the father and the king.

IV.

Now hear, Aglaia, venerable maid!
Hear thou that tuneful verſe doſt love,
Euphroſyne! join your cœleſtial aid,
Ye daughters of immortal Jove!
Thalia too be preſent with my lays;
Aſopicus has rais'd his city's name,
And, victor in th' Olympic ſtrife, may claim
From you his juſt reward of virtuous praiſe.

V.

And thou, O Fame! this happy triumph ſpread;
Fly to the regions of the dead,
Through Proſerpine's dark empire bear the ſound,
There ſeek Cleodamus below,
And let the pleas'd paternal ſpirit know,
How on the plains of Piſa far renown'd,
His ſon, his youthful ſon, of matchleſs ſpeed,
Bore off from all the victor's meed,
And with an olive wreath his envy'd temples crown'd.

THE

THE

MORNING APPARITION.

WRITTEN AT WALLINGTON-HOUSE, IN SURRY,

THE SEAT OF MR. BRIDGES.

ALL things were huſh'd, as noiſe itſelf were dead;
No midnight mice ſtirr'd round my ſilent bed;
Not ev'n a gnat diſturb'd the peace profound,
Dumb o'er my pillow hung my watch unwound;
No ticking death-worm told a fancy'd doom,
Nor hidden cricket chirrup'd in the room;
No breeze the caſement ſhook, or fann'd the leaves,
Nor drops of rain fell ſoft from off the eaves;
Nor noiſy ſplinter made the candle weep,
But the dim watchlight ſeem'd itſelf aſleep,
When tir'd I clos'd my eyes—How long I lay
In ſlumber wrapp'd, I liſt not now to ſay:
When hark! a ſudden noiſe—See! open flies
The yielding door—I, ſtarting, rubb'd my eyes,
Faſt clos'd awhile; and as their lids I rear'd,
Full at my feet a tall thin form appear'd,
While through my parted curtains ruſhing broke
A light like day, ere yet the figure ſpoke.
Cold ſweat bedew'd my limbs—Nor did I dream;
Hear, mortals, hear! for real truth 's my theme.

And now, more bold, I rais'd my trembling bones
To look—when lo! 'twas honeſt maſter Jones *;
Who wav'd his hand, to baniſh fear and ſorrow,
Well charg'd with toaſt and ſack, and cry'd "Good
"morrow!"

WRITTEN IN A WINDOW AT WALLINGTON-HOUSE, THEN THE SEAT OF MRS. ELIZABETH BRIDGES.

M DCC XIX.

ENVY, if thy ſearching eye
Through this window chance to pry,
To thy ſorrow thou ſhalt find,
All that's generous, friendly, kind,
Goodneſs, virtue, every grace,
Dwelling in this happy place:
Then, if thou would'ſt ſhun this ſight,
Hence for ever take thy flight.

* The butler.

THE

THE SUPPLEMENT:

THE CHARACTER OF MRS. ELIZABETH BRIDGES*.

IMPERFECT.

PAINTER, give o'er; here ends thy feeble art;
For how wilt thou deſcribe th' immortal part?
Though Kneller's or though Raphael's ſkill were thine,
Or Titian's colours on the cloth did ſhine,
The labour'd piece muſt yet half-finiſh'd ſtand,
And mock the weakneſs of the maſter's hand.

Colours are but the phantoms of the day,
With that they're born, with that they fade away;
Like beauty's charms, they but amuſe the ſight,
Dark in themſelves, till, by reflection bright,
With the ſun's aid to rival him they boaſt,
But light withdrawn in their own ſhades are loſt.
Then what are theſe t' expreſs the living fire,
The lamp within, that never can expire?
That work can only by the Muſe be wrought;
Souls muſt paint ſouls, and thought delineate thought.

* She died Dec. 1, 1745, aged 88. See ſome verſes to her memory in Mrs. Tollet's poems, p. 139.

Then

Then Painter-Muſe begin, and unconfin'd
Draw boldly firſt a large extent of mind:
Yet not a barren waſte, an empty ſpace,
For crouds of virtues fill up all the place,
See! o'er the reſt fair Piety preſides,
As the bright ſun th' inferior planets guides;
To the ſoul's powers it vital heat ſupplies,
And hence a thouſand worthy habits riſe.
So when that genial father of the ſpring
Smiles on the meads, and wakes the birds to ſing,
And from the heavenly bull his influence ſheds
On the parterres and fruitful garden beds,
A thouſand beauteous births ſhoot up to light,
A thouſand buds unfolding meet the light;
Each uſeful plant does the rich earth adorn,
And all the flowery univerſe is born.

O! could my verſe deſcribe this ſacred queen,
This firſt of virtues, awful, yet ſerene,
Plain in her native charms, nor too ſevere,
Free from falſe zeal, and ſuperſtitious fear;
Such and ſo bright, as by the effects we find
She dwells in this ſelected happy mind,
The ſource of every good ſhould ſtand confeſt,
And all who ſee, applaud the heaven-born gueſt!

Proceed, my Muſe, next in the picture place
Diffuſive charity to human race.
Juſtice thou need'ſt not in the draught expreſs,
Since every greater ſtill includes the leſs.

What

What were the praiſe if Virtue idly ſtood,
Content alike to do nor harm nor good?
Though ſhunning ill, unactive and ſupine,
Like painted ſuns, that warm not while they ſhine?
The nobler ſoul ſuch narrow life diſdains,
Flows out, and meets another's joys and pains,
Taſteleſs of bleſſings, if poſſeſt alone,
And in imparted pleaſures ſeeks its own.
Hence grows the ſenſe of Friendſhip's generous fires,
Hence Liberality the heart inſpires,
Hence ſtreams of good in conſtant actions flow,
And man to man becomes a god below!

A ſoul thus form'd, and ſuch a ſoul is here,
Needs not the dangerous teſt of riches fear,
But, unſubdued to wealth, may ſafely ſtand,
And count o'er heaps with an unſully'd hand.
Heaven that knew this, and where t' intruſt its ſtore,
And, bleſſing one, oft' bleſſes many more,
Firſt gave a will to give, then fitly join'd
A liberal fortune to a liberal mind.
With ſuch a graceful eaſe her bounty flows;
She gives, and ſcarce that ſhe's the giver knows,
But ſeems receiving moſt, when ſhe the moſt beſtows.
Rich in herſelf, well may ſhe value more
Her wealth within; the mind's immortal ſtore;
Paſſions ſubdued, and knowledge free from pride,
Good humour, ever to good ſenſe ally'd,

Well-ſeaſon'd mirth, and wiſdom unſevere,
An equal temper, and a heart ſincere;
Gifts that alone from Nature's bounty flow,
Which fortune may diſplay, but not beſtow;
For wealth but ſets the picture more in ſight,
And brings the beauties or the faults to light.
How true th' eſteem, that's founded in deſert!
How pleaſing is the tribute of the heart!
Here willing duty ne'er was paid in vain,
And ev'n dependence cannot feel its chain,
Yet whom ſhe thus ſets free ſhe cloſer binds,
(Affection is the chain of grateful minds)
And, doubly bleſſing her adopted care,
Makes them her virtues with her fortune ſhare,
Leads by example, and by kindneſs guards,
And raiſes firſt the merit ſhe rewards.

Oft too abroad ſhe caſts a friendly eye,
As ſhe would help to every need ſupply.
The poor near her almoſt their cares forget,
Their want but ſerves as hunger to their meat;
For, ſince her ſoul 's ally'd to human kind,
Not to her houſe alone her ſtore 's confin'd,
But paſſing on, its own full banks o'erflows,
Enlarg'd, and deals forth plenty as it goes.
Through ſome fair garden thus a river leads
It's watery wealth, and firſt th' incloſure feeds,
Viſits each plant, and every flower ſupplies;
Or, taught in ſportive fountains to ariſe,
Caſts ſprinkled ſhowers o'er every figur'd green;
Or in canals walks round the beauteous ſcene,

Yet

Yet ſtops not there, but its free courſe maintains,
And ſpreads gay verdure through th' adjacent plains;
The labouring hinds with pleaſure ſee it flow,
And bleſs thoſe ſtreams by which their paſtures grow.

O generous uſe of power! O virtuous pride!
Ne'er may the means be to ſuch ſouls deny'd,
Executors of Heaven's all-bounteous will,
Who well the great Firſt-giver's ends fulfil,
Who, from ſuperior heights ſtill looking down
On glittering heaps, which ſcarce they think their own,
Deſpiſe the empty ſhow of uſeleſs ſtate,
And only would by doing good be great!

Now pauſe a while, my Muſe, and then renew
The pleaſing talk, and take a ſecond view!
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
A train of virtues yet undrawn appear;
Here juſt Oeconomy, ſtrict Prudence there;
Near Liberality they ever ſtand;
This guides her judgment, that directs her hand.
By theſe, ſee wild Profuſion chac'd away,
And wanton Luxury, like birds of prey.
Whilſt meek Humility, with charms ſerene,
Forbids vain Pomp t' approach the hallow'd ſcene;
Yet through her veil the more attracts the ſight,
And on her ſiſter-virtues caſts a light.

But wherefore ſtarts the Painter-Muſe, and why,
The piece unfiniſh'd, throws the pencil by?

Methinks, (ſhe ſays), Humility I hear,
With gentle voice reproving, cry—Forbear!
Forbear, raſh Muſe! nor longer now commend,
Leſt whom thou would'ſt deſcribe, thou ſhould'ſt offend,
And in her breaſt a painful glowing raiſe,
Who, conſcious of the merit, ſhuns the praiſe.

THE ECSTASY.

AN ODE.

" Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Muſæ
" Accipiant, cœlique vias & ſidera monſtrent."
VIRG.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It may be proper to acquaint the reader that the following poem was begun on the model of a Latin ode of Caſimire, intitled E REBUS HUMANIS EXCESSUS, from which it is plain that COWLEY likewiſe took the firſt hint of his ode called the ECSTASY. The former part therefore is chiefly an imitation of that ode, though with conſiderable variations, and the addition of the whole ſecond ſtanza,

ſtanza, except the firſt three lines: but the plan itſelf ſeeming capable of a farther improvement, the latter part, which attempts a ſhort view of the heavens according to the modern philoſophy, is entirely original, and not founded on any thing in the Latin author.

I.

I LEAVE Mortality's low ſphere.
Ye winds and clouds, come lift me high,
And on your airy pinions bear
Swift through the regions of the ſky.
What lofty mountains downward fly!
And lo, how wide a ſpace of air
Extends new proſpects to my eye!
The gilded fanes, reflecting light,
And royal palaces, as bright,
(The rich abodes
Of heavenly and of earthly gods)
Retire apace; whole cities too
Decreaſe beneath my riſing view.
And now far off the rolling globe appears;
Its ſcatter'd nations I ſurvey,
And all the maſs of earth and ſea;
Oh object well deſerving tears!
Capricious ſtate of things below,
That, changeful from their birth, no fix'd duration know!

II.

Here new-built towns, aſpiring high,
Aſcend, with lofty turrets crown'd;
There others fall, and mouldering lie,
Obſcure, or only by their ruins found.
Palmyra's far-extended waſte I ſpy,
(Once Tadmor, ancient in renown)
Her marble heaps, by the wild Arab ſhown,
Still load with uſeleſs pomp the ground.
But where is lordly Babylon? where now
Lifts ſhe to Heaven her giant brow?
Where does the wealth of Nineveh abound?
Or where 's the pride of Africk's ſhore?
Is Rome's great rival then no more?
In Rome herſelf behold th' extremes of fate,
Her ancient greatneſs ſunk, her modern boaſted ſtate!
See her luxurious palaces ariſe
With broken arches mix'd between!
And here what ſplendid domes poſſeſs the ſkies!
And there old temples, open to the day,
Their walls o'ergrown with moſs diſplay;
And columns, awful in decay,
Rear up their roof-leſs heads to form the various ſcene.

III.

Around the ſpace of earth I turn my eye;
But where 's the region free from woe?
Where ſhall the Muſe one little ſpot deſcry
The ſeat of happineſs below?
Here Peace would all its joys diſpenſe,
The vines and olives unmoleſted grow,
But lo! a purple peſtilence

Unpeoples

Unpeoples cities, ſweeps the plains,
Whilſt vainly through deſerted fields
Her unreap'd harveſts Ceres yields,
And at the noon of day a midnight ſilence reigns.
There milder heat the healthful climate warms,
But, ſlaves to arbitrary power,
And pleas'd each other to devour,
The mad poſſeſſors ruſh to arms.
I ſee, I ſee them from afar,
I view diſtinct the mingled war!
I ſee the charging ſquadrons preſt
Hand to hand, and breaſt to breaſt.
Deſtruction, like a vulture, hovers nigh;
Lur'd with the hope of human blood,
She hangs upon the wing, uncertain where to fly,
But licks her drowthy jaws, and waits the promis'd food.

IV.

Here cruel Diſcord takes a wider ſcene,
To exerciſe more unrelenting rage;
Appointed fleets their numerous powers engage,
With ſcarce a ſpace of ſea between.
Hark! what a brazen burſt of thunder
Rends the elements aſunder!
Affrighted Ocean flies the roar,
And drives the billows to the diſtant ſhore;
The diſtant ſhore,
That ſuch a ſtorm ne'er felt before,
Tranſmits it to the rocks around;
The rocks and hollow creeks prolong the rolling ſound.

V.

Still greater horrors ſtrike my eyes.
Behold convulſive earthquakes there
And ſhatter'd land in pieces tear,
And ancient cities ſink, and ſudden mountains riſe!
Through opening mines th' aſtoniſh'd wretches go,
Hurry'd to unknown depths below.
The bury'd ruin ſleeps; and naught remains
But duſt above and deſart plains,
Unleſs ſome ſtone this ſad inſcription wear,
Rais'd by ſome future traveller,
"The prince, his people, and his kingdom, here,
"One common tomb contains."

VI.

Again, behold where ſeas, diſdaining bound,
O'er the firm land uſurping ride,
And bury ſpacious towns beneath their ſweeping tide.
Daſh'd with the ſudden flood the vaulted temples ſound.
Waves roll'd on waves, deep burying deep, lift high
A watery monument, in which profound
The courts and cottages together lie.
Ev'n now the floating wreck I ſpy,
And the wide ſurface far around
With ſpoils of plunder'd countries crown'd.
Such, Belgia, was the ravage and affright,
When late thou ſaw'ſt thy ancient foe
Swell o'er thy digues, oppos'd in vain,
With deadly rage, and riſing in it's might
Pour down ſwift ruin on thy plains below.

Thus

Thus Fire, and Air, and Earth, and Main,
A never-ceaſing fight maintain,
While man on every ſide is ſure to loſe;
And fate has furniſh'd out the ſtage of life
With war, misfortune, and with ſtrife;
Till Death the curtain drops, and ſhuts the ſcene of woes.

VII.

But why do I delay my flight?
Or on ſuch gloomy objects gaze?
I go to realms ſerene with ever-living light.
Haſte, clouds and whirlwinds, haſte a raptur'd bard to raiſe;
Mount me ſublime along the ſhining way,
Where planets, in pure ſtreams of æther driv'n,
Swim through the blue expanſe of heaven.
And lo! th' obſequious clouds and winds obey!
And lo! again the nations downwards fly,
And wide-ſtretch'd kingdoms periſh from my eye.
Heaven! what bright viſions now ariſe!
What opening worlds my raviſh'd ſenſe ſurpriſe!
I paſs cerulean gulphs, and now behold
New ſolid globes their weight, ſelf-balanc'd, bear.
Unprop'd amidſt the fluid air,
And all, around the central ſun, in circling eddies roll'd.
Unequal in their courſe, ſee they advance,
And form the planetary dance!
Here the pale moon, whom the ſame laws ordain
T' obey the earth, and rule the main;

Here

Here ſpots no more in ſhadowy ſtreaks appear;
But lakes inſtead, and groves of trees,
The wondering Muſe tranſported ſees,
And their tall heads diſcover'd mountains rear.
And now once more I downward caſt my ſight,
When lo! the earth, a larger moon, diſplays
Far off, amidſt the heavens, her ſilver face,
And to her ſiſter-moon by turns gives light!
Her ſeas are ſhadowy ſpots, her land a milky white.

VIII.

What power unknown my courſe ſtill upwards guides,
Where Mars is ſeen his ruddy rays to throw
Through heatleſs ſkies that round him ſeem to glow,
And where remoter Jove o'er his four moons preſides?
And now I urge my way more bold,
Unpierc'd by Saturn's chilling cold,
And paſs his planetary guards, and his bright ring behold.
Here the ſun's beams ſo faintly play,
The mingled ſhades almoſt extinguiſh day.
His rays reverted hence the fire withdraws,
For here his wide dominions end;
And other ſuns, that rule by other laws,
Hither their bordering realms extend.

IX.

And now far off through the blue vacant borne,
I reach at laſt the milky road,
Once thought to lead to Jove's ſupreme abode,
Where ſtars, profuſe in heaps, Heaven's glittering heights adorn.

Loſt

Loſt in each other's neighbouring rays,
They undiſtinguiſh'd ſhine in one promiſcuous blaze.
So thick the lucid gems are ſtrown,
As if th' Almighty Builder here
Laid up his ſtores for many a ſphere
In deſtin'd worlds, as yet unknown.
Hither the nightly-wakeful ſwain,
That guards his folds upon the plain,
Oft turns his gazing eyes,
Yet marks no ſtars, but o'er his head
Beholds the ſtreamy twilight ſpread,
Like diſtant morning in the ſkies;
And wonders from what ſource its dawning ſplendors riſe.

X.

But lo!—what 's this I ſee appear?
It ſeems far off a pointed flame;
From earth-wards too the ſhining meteor came.
How ſwift it climbs th' aerial ſpace!
And now it traverſes each ſphere,
And ſeems ſome living gueſt, familiar to the place.
'Tis he—as I approach more near
The great Columbus of the ſkies I know!
'Tis Newton's ſoul, that daily travels here
In ſearch of knowledge for mankind below.
O ſtay, thou happy ſpirit, ſtay,
And lead me on through all th' unbeaten wilds of day;
As when the Sibyl did Rome's father guide
Safe through the downward roads of night,
And in Elyſium bleſt his ſight
With views till then to mortal eyes deny'd.

Here

Here let me, thy companion, ſtray,
From orb to orb, and now behold
Unnumber'd ſuns, all ſeas of molten gold;
And trace each comet's wandering way,
And now deſcry Light's fountain-head,
And meaſure its deſcending ſpeed;
Or learn how ſun-born colours riſe
In rays diſtinct, and in the ſkies
Blended in yellow radiance flow,
Or ſtain the fleecy cloud, or ſtreak the watery bow;
Or now diffus'd their beauteous tinctures ſhed
On every planet's riſing hills, and every verdant mead.

XI.

Thus, rais'd ſublime on Contemplation's wings,
Freſh wonders I would ſtill explore,
Still the great Maker's power adore,
Loſt in the thought—nor ever more
Return to earth, and earthly things;
But here with native freedom take my flight,
An inmate of the Heavens, adopted into light!
So for a while the royal eagle's brood
In his low neſt ſecurely lies,
Amid the darkneſs of the ſheltering wood,
Yet there with in-born vigour hopes the ſkies:
Till fledg'd with wings full-grown, and bold to riſe,
The bird of Heaven to Heaven aſpires,
Soars 'midſt the meteors and cœleſtial fires,
With generous pride his humbler birth diſdains,
And bears the thunder through th' ætherial plains.

THE

THE TENTH BOOK OF LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, TRANSLATED.

THE ARGUMENT AND CONNECTION OF THE STORY WITH THE FOREGOING BOOKS.

Pompey, flying to Ægypt, after his defeat at Pharſalia, was by the king's conſent baſely murdered by Pothinus, and his head preſented to Cæſar, as he approached the Ægyptian coaſt, in purſuit of his enemy. The poet having repreſented this cataſtrophe in the two former books; the argument of the tenth book is as follows:

Cæſar lands in Ægypt. He goes to Alexandria; viſits the temple, and the ſepulchre of the kings, in which Alexander the Great was buried. The poet, in a beautiful digreſſion, declaims againſt the ambition of that monarch. Ptolemy, the young king of Ægypt, meets Cæſar at his arrival, and receives him into his palace. His ſiſter Cleopatra, who had been kept a priſoner in Pharos, makes her eſcape, and privately getting admittance to Cæſar, implores his protection. By his means ſhe is reconciled to her brother; after which ſhe entertains Cæſar at a feaſt.

The

The ſupper being ended, Cæſar requeſts of Achoreus, the prieſt, an account of the antiquities of Ægypt, particularly of the river Nile. Achoreus's reply. The courſe of that river deſcribed, with an enumeration of the various opinions concerning its ſpring, and the cauſes of its overflowing. Pothinus plots the death of Cæſar. His meſſage to Achillas to invite him to join in this attempt. Achillas marches againſt Alexandria with an army compoſed of Ægyptians and Romans, and beſieges Cæſar in the palace, who ſeizes Ptolemy as a pledge for his own ſecurity. A herald, ſent from the king to enquire the cauſe of this tumult, is ſlain. An attack being made, Cæſar defends himſelf, burns the Ægyptian ſhips in the harbour, and poſſeſſes himſelf of Pharos, where he puts Pothinus to death. Arſinoe, younger ſiſter of Ptolemy, by the aid of Ganimede her governor, arriving in the camp, cauſes Achillas to be ſlain. Ganimede renews the attack againſt Cæſar, who is blocked up in Pharos, and reduced to the greateſt extremity.

WHEN conquering Cæſar follow'd to the land
His rival's head, and trod the barbarous ſtrand,
His fortune ſtrove with guilty Ægypt's fate
In doubtful fight, and this the dire debate;
Shall Roman arms great Lagus' realm enthrall?
Or ſhall the victor, like the vanquiſh'd, fall
By Ægypt's ſword? Pompey, thy ghoſt withſtood
Th' impending blow, and ſav'd the general's blood,

Left

Left Rome, too happy after loſs of thee,
Should rule the Nile, herſelf from bondage free.

Secure, and with this barbarous pledge content,
To Alexandria now the conqueror went.
The croud that ſaw his entry, while, before,
Advancing guards the rods of empire bore,
In murmur'd ſounds their jealous rage diſclos'd,
At Roman rites and foreign law impos'd.
Obſerving Cæſar ſoon his error ſpy'd,
That not for him his mighty rival dy'd,
Yet ſmooth'd his brow, all marks of fear ſuppreſs'd,
And hid his cares, deep bury'd in his breaſt.

Then with intrepid mien he took his way,
The city walls and temples to ſurvey,
Works which thy ancient power, great Macedon, diſplay,
He view'd the ſplendid fanes with careleſs eyes,
Shrines rich with gold and ſacred myſteries,
Nor fix'd his ſight, but, eager in his pace,
Deſcends the vault, which holds the royal race,
Philip's mad ſon, the proſperous robber, bound
In Fate's eternal chains, here ſleeps profound,
Whom death forbad his rapines to purſue,
And in the world's revenge the monſter ſlew.
His impious bones, which, through each climate toſt,
The ſport of winds, or in the ocean loſt,
Had met a juſter fate, this tomb obtain'd,
And ſacred, to that kingdom's end, remain'd.

O! ſhould auſpicious years roll round again,
And godlike Liberty reſume her reign,
Preſerv'd to ſcorn the reliques wou'd be ſhown
Of the bold chief, whoſe boundleſs pride alone
This curſt example to Ambition gave,
How many realms one mortal can enſlave!

Diſdaining what his father won before,
Aſpiring ſtill, and reſtleſs after more,
He left his home; while Fortune ſmooth'd his way,
And o'er the fruitful Eaſt enlarg'd his ſway.
Red Slaughter mark'd his progreſs, as he paſt;
The guilty ſword laid human nature waſte,
Diſcolour'd Ganges' and Euphrates' flood,
With Perſian this, and that with Indian blood.
He ſeem'd in terror to the nations ſent,
The wrath of Heaven, a ſtar of dire portent,
And ſhook, like thunder, all the continent!

Nor yet content, a navy he provides,
To ſeas remote his triumphs now he guides,
Nor winds nor waves his progreſs could withſtand;
Nor Libya's ſcorching heat, and deſart land,
Nor rolling mountains of collected ſand.
Had Heaven but giv'n him line, he had outrun
The fartheſt journey of the ſetting ſun,
March'd round the poles, and drank diſcover'd Nile
At his ſpring-head—But winged fate the while
Comes on with ſpeed, the funeral hour draws near;
Death only could arreſt his mad career,

Who

Who to his grave the world's ſole empire bore,
With the ſame envy 'twas acquir'd before;
And, wanting a ſucceſſor to his reign,
Left all to ſuffer conqueſt once again.

Yet Babylon firſt yielded to his arms,
And Parthia trembled at his proud alarms.
Oh ſhame to tell! could haughty Parthia fear
The Grecian dart, and not the Roman ſpear?
What though the North, and South, and Weſt are ours,
Th' unconquer'd Eaſt defies our feeble powers,
So fatal once to Rome's great Craſſi known,
A province now to Pella's puny town.

Now from Peluſium, where expanding wide
Nile pours into the ſea his ample tide,
Came the boy-king; his preſence ſoon appeas'd
The people's rage, and giddy Tumult ceas'd.
In Ægypt's palace, Cæſar ſleeps ſecure;
This princely hoſtage does awhile enſure
His terms of peace; when lo! the ſiſter-queen,
In a ſmall boat conceal'd, ſecurely mean,
With gold corrupts the keeper of the port,
And undiſcover'd lands, and lurks within the court.
The Royal Whore! her country's worſt diſgrace,
The fate and fury of the Roman race!
As Helen's ſoft incendiary charms
Provok'd the Grecian and the Trojan arms,
No leſs did Cleopatra's eyes inſpire
Italian flames, and ſpread the kindled fire.

A rabble rout, a vile enervate band
Preſum'd th' imperial eagles to withſtand;
Canopus march'd, a woman at their head,
And then, if ever, Rome knew aught of dread,
E'en mighty Rome with terror heard the jar
Of clatter'd cymbals tinkling to the war,
And ſhook her lofty towers, and trembled from afar.
What triumphs had proud Alexandria ſeen,
Had great Octavius then a captive been,
When hovering Victory, at Leucate's bay,
Hung on her wings, and 'twas a ſtrife that day,
If the loſt world a Diſtaff ſhould obey.
From that curſt night this daring hope aroſe,
That ſhameful night, the ſource of future woes,
Which firſt commenc'd polluted loves, between
A Roman general and Ægyptian queen.
O who can Anthony's wild paſſion blame?
Ev'n Cæſar's flinty heart confeſs'd the ſoftening flame!
The foul adulterer, reeking with the ſtains
Of impious ſlaughter on Theſſalian plains,
Unwaſh'd from blood, amidſt the rage of war,
In joys obſcene forgets his cruel care.
Though Pompey's ghoſt yet haunt thoſe barbarous walls,
And howling in his ears for vengeance calls,
Secure in guilt, he hugs a harlot's charms,
And mingles lawleſs love with lawleſs arms,
Nor mindful of his chaſter progeny,
A baſtard-brother, Julia, gives to thee.

His

His rallying foes on Libyan plains rejoin;
Luxurious Cæſar, ſhamefully ſupine,
Forgoes his gains, and for a kiſs or ſmile
Sells the dear purchaſe of his martial toil.

Him Cleopatra ſought t' eſpouſe her care;
Preſuming of her charms, the mournful fair
In wild diſorder loos'd her lovely hair,
And, with a face inviting ſure relief,
In tender accents thus diſclos'd her grief:

Great Cæſar, look! of Lagus' royal race,
So thou reſtore me to my rightful place,
I kneel a queen. Expell'd my father's throne,
My hope of ſuccour is in you alone.
You riſe a proſperous ſtar to Ægypt's aid;
O ſhine propitious on an injur'd maid!
My ſex has oft the Pharian ſcepter ſway'd,
For ſo the laws admit. Let Cæſar read
Our parent's will; my brother's crown and bed
Are mine to ſhare, and were the youth but free
From ſaucy tutors, he would marry me.
But by Pothinus' nod his paſſions move,
Pothinus wields his ſword, and manages his love.
Forbid that crime; I freely quit my claim,
But ſave from ſuch reproach our houſe and name.
Reſcue the royal boy from mean command,
Reſtore the ſcepter to his trembling hand,
This vile domeſtick's lawleſs pride reſtrain,
Remove the traitor-guard, and teach the king to reign.

Th' imperious ſlave, who kill'd great Cæſar's foe,
Inur'd to blood, would murder Cæſar too,
But far, far hence, ye gods, avert the threaten'd blow!
Let Pompey's head ſuffice Pothinus' fame,
Nor let a nobler death increaſe our ſhame!

Here paus'd the queen, and ſpoke in looks the reſt;
Not words alone could move his ſavage breaſt;
Her eyes enforce her prayers; ſoft beauty pleads,
And brib'd the judge; a night of guilt ſucceeds.
Then ſoon for peace th' affrighted brother ſought,
And with rich gifts his reconcilement bought.

Affairs united thus, the court ordains
A ſolemn feaſt, where joy tumultuous reigns.
Here Cleopatra's genius firſt was ſhown,
And arts till then to frugal Rome unknown.
The hall a temple ſeem'd; corrupter days
Scarce to the gods would ſuch a ſtructure raiſe.
Rich was the fretted roof, and cover'd o'er
With ponderous gold; all onyx was the flour.
Nor marble plates alone the walls incas'd,
Beauteous to ſight, and all th' apartment grac'd
But ſolid pillars of thick agate ſtood,
And ebony ſupply'd for common wood.
Ivory the doors, with Indian tortoiſe ſeen
Inlaid, and ſtudded emerald between.
The beds too ſhone, profuſe of gems, on high,
The coverings Tyrian ſilk, of double dye,

Em-

Embroider'd part with gold, with ſcarlet part,
A curious mixture of Ægyptian art.

And now the croud of menial ſlaves appears,
Of various ſkin, and ſize, and various years.
Some ſwarthy Africans with frizled hair;
Black Æthiops theſe; and thoſe, like Germans, fair,
With yellow locks, which, Cæſar owns, outſhine
In colour ev'n the natives of the Rhine;
Beſide th' unhappy youth by ſteel unmann'd,
And ſoften'd from their ſex, a beardleſs band;
An abler train was rang'd in adverſe rows,
Yet ſcarce their cheeks did the firſt down diſcloſe.

The princes took their ſeats; amid the reſt
Sat lordly Cæſar, their ſuperior gueſt.
Proud Cleopatra, not content alone
T' enjoy a brother-ſpouſe, and ſhare his throne,
Had ſtain'd her cheeks, and arm'd with artful care
Her fatal eyes, new conqueſt to prepare;
Bright jewels grac'd her neck, and ſparkled in her hair.
O'ercharg'd with ſpoils which the Red-Sea ſupply'd,
Scarce can ſhe move beneath the ponderous pride.
Sidonian ſilk her ſnowy breaſts array'd,
Which through the net-work veil a thouſand charms diſplay'd.
Here might be ſeen large oval tables, wrought
Of citron from Atlantic foreſts brought,
Their treſſels ivory; not ſo rich a ſort
Was Cæſar's prize in vanquiſh'd Juba's court.

Blind oſtentatious madneſs! to diſplay
Your wealth, to whom ev'n civil war's a play,
And tempt an armed gueſt to ſeize the prey!
Grant riches not the purpoſe of his toil,
Nor with rapacious arms to hunt for ſpoil,
Think him a heroe of that chaſter time,
When poverty was praiſe, and gold a crime;
Suppoſe Fabricius preſent at the ſhow,
Or the rough conſul choſen from the plough,
Or virtuous Curius; each would wiſh to come
With ſuch a triumph back to wondering Rome.

What earth and air, the ſea and Nile afford,
In golden veſſels heaps the plenteous board;
Whate'er ambitious luxury could find
Through the ſearch'd globe, and more than want enjoin'd;
Herds of Ægyptian gods, and fowl of various kind.
In cryſtal ewers Nilus ſupplies around
His pureſt ſtreams; vaſt glittering bowls abound
With wine from Meroe's iſle, whoſe noble age,
Fermenting, ſparkles with ungovern'd rage:
With twiſted wreaths, which fragrant flowers compoſe,
Delightful nard, and ever-blooming roſe,
They crown their brows; and ſtrow their oily hair
With ſpice from neighbouring fields, not yet expir'd in air.
Here Cæſar learns the fruitful world to drain,
While conſcious thoughts his ſecret ſoul arraign;

Bluſhing

Bluſhing he inward mourns the dire debate
With his poor ſon, but mourns, alas! too late,
And longs for war with Ægypt's wealthy ſtate.

At length, the tumult of the banquet o'er,
When ſated luxury requir'd no more,
Cæſar protracts the ſilent hours of night,
And, turning to Achoreus cloath'd in white,
High on a lofty couch—Say, holy ſeer!
Whoſe hoary age thy guardian gods revere,
Devoted to their rites! wilt thou relate
The riſe and progreſs of the Pharian ſtate?
Deſcribe the land's extent, what humours ſway
The people's minds, and to what powers you pray,
What cuſtoms keep, and what devotion pay.
Whate'er your ancient monuments contain,
Produce to light, and willing gods explain.
If Plato once obtain'd a like requeſt,
To whom your ſires their myſtic rites confeſt,
This let me boaſt, perhaps you have not here
A meaner gueſt, or leſs judicious ear.
Fame of my rival led me firſt, 'tis true,
To Ægypt's coaſt, yet join'd with fame of you.
I ſtill had vacant hours amidſt my wars,
To read the heavens, and to review the ſtars;
Henceforth all calendars muſt yield to mine,
And ev'n Eudoxus ſhall the palm reſign.
But more than all, the love of truth, which fires
My glowing breaſt, an ardent wiſh inſpires
To learn, what numerous ages ne'er could know,
Your river's ſource, and cauſes of it's flow.

Indulge my hope Nile's ſecret birth to view,
No more in arms I'll civil ſtrife purſue.

He paus'd; when thus Achoreus made reply;
Ye reverend ſhades of our great anceſtry!
While I to Cæſar nature's works explain,
And open ſtores yet hid from eyes profane,
Be it no crime your ſecrets to reveal!
Let others hold it pious to conceal
Such mighty truths. I think the gods deſign'd
Works ſuch as theſe to paſs all human kind,
And teach the wondering world their laws and heavenly mind.

At nature's birth, a various power was given
To various ſtars, that croſs the poles of Heaven,
And ſlack the rolling ſphere. With ſovereign rays
The Sun divides the months, the nights, the days;
Fix'd in his orb the wandering courſe reſtrains
Of other ſtars, and the great dance ordains.
The changeful Moon intends th' alternate tides,
Saturn o'er ice and ſnowy zones preſides;
Mars rules the winds, and the wing'd thunder guides,
Jove's is a ſky ſerene and temperate air;
The ſeeds of life are Venus' kindly care.
O'er ſpreading ſtreams, Cyllenius, is thy reign:
And when that part of Heaven thou doſt attain,
When Cancer with the Lion mingles rays,
And Sirius all his fiery rage diſplays,

Beneath

Beneath whoſe hot ſurvey, deep in his bed,
Obſcure from ſight, old Nilus veils his head;
When thou from thence, in thy cœleſtial courſe,
Ruler of floods, doſt ſtrike the river's ſource,
The conſcious ſtreams break out, and flowing ſoon
Obey thy call, as ocean does the moon;
Nor check their tide, till night has from the ſun
Regain'd thoſe hours th' advancing ſummer won.

Vain was the faith of old, that melted ſnow
From Æthiopian hills produc'd this flow;
For let the natives ſun-burnt ſkins declare,
That no bleak North breathes wintry tempeſts there,
But vapours from the South poſſeſs the parching air.
Beſides, ſuch torrents as by ſnows increaſe,
Begin to ſwell when ſpring does firſt releaſe
Thoſe wintery ſtores; Ni e ne'er provokes his ſtreams,
Till the hot Dog-ſtar ſhoot his angry beams;
Nor then reſumes his banks, till Libra weighs
In equal ſcale the meaſur'd nights and days.
Hence he the laws of other ſtreams declines,
Noi flows in winter, when at diſtance ſhines
The moderate ſun; commanded to repair,
In ſummer's heat, to cool th' intemperate air.
When ſcorch'd Siene feels her Cancer's fire,
Then left the world, conſum'd in flame, expire,
Nile to its aid his watery forces draws,
And ſwells againſt the Lion's burning jaws,

Moiſt-

Moiſtening the plains, till Phœbus late deſcends
To Autumn's cooler couch, and Meroe's ſhade extends.
Who can the cauſe of ſuch great changes read?
Ev'n ſo our parent Nature had decreed
Nile's conſtant courſe, and ſo the world has need.

As vainly too Antiquity apply'd
Th' Eteſian winds to raiſe this wondrous tide,
Which blow at ſtated ſeaſons of the year
For ſeveral days, and long poſſeſs the air;
Or thought vaſt clouds, which, driv'n before them fly
Beyond the South, diſcharg'd the burden'd ſky
On Nilus' head, and thence his current ſwell'd;
Or that thoſe winds the river's courſe repell'd,
Which ſtopp'd, and preſs'd by th' entering ſea, diſdains
His banks, and iſſuing boils along the plains.

Some think vaſt pores, and gaps in earth abound,
Where ſtreams in ſilent veins creep under ground,
Led from the chilling North, the line to meet,
When pointed beams direct on Meroe beat,
While the parch'd earth a watery ſuccour craves;
Then Po and Ganges roll their ſmother'd waves
Deep through the vaults beneath; and Nile ſupply'd
Diſcharges at one vent their mingled tide,
Nor can the gather'd flood in one ſtraight channel ride.

Some think the ſea, which round all lands extends
His liquid arms, theſe guſhing waters ſends;

That

That length of courſe the ſaltneſs wears away;
Or thus; ſince Phœbus and the ſtars, we ſay,
Drink ocean's ſtreams; when, near hot Cancer's claws,
The thirſty ſun a larger portion draws,
That more than air digeſts, attracted ſo,
Falls back by night, and cauſes Nile to flow.

Might I in ſo perplex'd a cauſe engage,
I think, ſince nature grew mature in age,
Some waters, Cæſar, have deriv'd their birth
From veins by ſtrong convulſions broke in earth;
And ſome coæval with the world began,
And ſtarting through appointed channels ran,
When this whole frame th' Almighty Builder rear'd,
Ordain'd its laws, and its firſt motions ſteer'd.

The kings of Greece, of Ægypt, and the Eaſt,
Ardent like you, were with this wiſh poſſeſt,
And every age has labour'd to attain
The wondrous truth, but labour'd ſtill in vain,
For nature lurks obſcure, and mocks their pain.
Philip's great ſon, whoſe conſecrated name
Memphis adores, the firſt in regal fame,
Envious of this, detach'd a choſen band
To range th' extreme of Æthiopia's land!
They paſs the ſcorching ſoil, and only view
Where hotter ſtreams their conſtant way purſue.
The fartheſt Weſt our great Seſoſtris ſaw,
While harneſs'd kings his lofty chariot draw,

Yet

Yet drank your Rhodanus and Padus firſt
At both their ſprings, ere Nile obey'd his thirſt.
Cambyſes, mad with luſt of power t' o'er-run
The long-liv'd nations of the riſing ſun,
To promis'd ſpoils a numerous army led;
His famiſh'd ſoldiers on each other fed,
Exhauſted he return'd, nor ſaw great Nilus' head:—
Nor boaſting fame pretends to make it known;
Where'er thou flow'ſt, thy ſpring 's poſſeſt by none,
And not one land can call thee, Nile, her own.
Yet what the god, who did thy birth conceal,
Has giv'n to know, to Cæſar I 'll reveal.

Firſt from the Southern pole thy ſtream we trace,
Which rolling forward with a ſpeedy pace,
Under hot Cancer is directly driven
Againſt Bootes' wain, far in the North of Heaven.
Yet winding in thy courſe from eaſt to weſt,
Arabia now, now Libya's ſands are bleſt
With thy cool flood; which firſt the Seres ſpy,
Yet ſeek thee too; thy current, rolling by,
Through Æthiopia next, a ſtranger, flows.
Nor can the world perceive to whom it owes
Thy ſacred birth, which nature hid from all,
Leſt any nation ſhould behold thee ſmall,
And, covering deep thy infant head, requir'd
That none ſhould find what is by all admir'd.

Thou, by a law to other ſtreams unknown,
In Summer's ſolſtice o'er thy banks art thrown,
And bring'ſt in thy full tide a winter of thy own.

To

To thee alone 'tis given thy waves to roll
Athwart the globe, enlarg'd to either pole;
Theſe nations ſeek thy fountain, thoſe would trace
Thy gulph. With ſpacious arms thou doſt embrace
Hot Meroe, fruitful to a ſooty race,
And proud of ebon woods; yet no retreat
Their uſeleſs ſhades afford to ſhun th' exceſſive heat.
Then through the regions of the ſcorching ſun,
Not leſſen'd by his thirſt, thy waters run.
O'er barren ſands they take a tedious courſe,
Now rolling in one tide their gather'd force;
Now wandering in their way, and ſprinkled round,
O'er yielding banks thy wanton billows bound.
Thy channel here its ſcatter'd troops regains,
Between th' Ægyptian and Arabian plains,
Where Philas bounds the realm; with eaſy pace
Thy ſlippery waves through deſarts cut their race,
Where Nature by a tract of land divides
Our ſea, diſtinguiſh'd from the Red-Sea's tides.
Who that beholds thee here ſo gently flow,
Would think thou ever could'ſt tempeſtuous grow?
But when o'er rugged cliffs and ways unev'n
In ſteepy cataracts thou'rt headlong driv'n,
Thy ruſhing waves, reſiſted, fiercer fly,
And batter'd froth rebounding fills the ſky.
The hills remurmur with the daſhing ſound,
Thy billows ride triumphant far around,
And rear their conquering heads with hoary honours crown'd.
Hence ſhaken Abatos firſt feels thy rage,
And rocks, which in our great forefathers age

Were

Were call'd the river's veins; becauſe they ſhow
His firſt increaſe, and ſymptoms of his flow.
Vaſt piles of mountains here encompaſs wide
His ſtreams, to Libya's thirſty land deny'd,
Which thus inclos'd in a deep valley glide.
At Memphis firſt he ſees the open plains,
Then flows at large, and his low banks diſdains.

While thus ſecure, as if no danger nigh,
Till night's black ſteeds had travell'd half the ſky,
They paſs the hours of reſt, Pothinus' mind
From brooding miſchief can no leiſure find.
Seaſon'd in ſacred blood, what crime can ſcare
The wretch, that late could ſuch a murder dare?
Great Pompey's ghoſt dwells in his breaſt, t' inſpire
New monſters there; and furies add their fire.
He hopes ignoble hands ſhall wear thoſe ſtains,
Which Heaven for injur'd Roman chiefs ordains,
And that blind fortune to a ſlave that day
The ſenate's vengeance ſhould bequeath away,
The debt for civil war, which Cæſar once ſhall pay.
But oh! ye righteous powers, exert your care!
The guilty life in Brutus' abſence ſpare!
Nor let vile Ægypt, Rome's great juſtice boaſt,
And this example to the world be loſt!

Vain is th' attempt; yet, ſcorning ſecret ſnares,
Steel'd by his crimes, the deſperate villain dares,
With open war th' unconquer'd chief provoke,
And dooms his head already to the ſtroke,

Deſigns

Deſigns to bid the ſlaughter'd father go,
And ſeek his ſon in dreary ſhades below.
Yet firſt he ſends a truſty ſlave, to bear
This haſty meſſage to Achillas' ear,
His partner-ruffian in great Pompey's fall,
Whom the weak king had made his general,
And, thoughtleſs of his own defence, reſign'd
A power againſt himſelf and all mankind.

Go, ſluggard, to thy bed of down, and ſteep
Thy heavy eyelids in luxurious ſleep!
While Cleopatra does the court invade,
And Pharos is not privately betray'd,
But giv'n away; doſt thou alone forbear
To grace the nuptials of thy miſtreſs here?
Th' inceſtuous ſiſter ſhall her brother wed,
Ally'd already to the Roman's bed,
And ſharing both by turns; Ægypt 's her hire,
Already paid, and Rome ſhe may require.
Could Cleopatra's ſorceries decoy
Ev'n Cæſar's age, and ſhall we truſt a boy?
Whom if one night ſhe fold within her arms,
Drunk with lewd joys, and faſcinating charms,
Whatever pious name the crime allay,
Between each kiſs, he'll give our heads away,
And we by racks or flames muſt for her beauty pay.
In this diſtreſs fate no relief allows;
Cæſar 's her lover, and the king her ſpouſe;
And ſhe herſelf, no doubt, the doom has paſt
On us, and all who would have left her chaſte.

But

But by the deed which we together ſhar'd,
In vain, if not by new attempts repair'd,
By that ſtrict league a hero's blood has bound,
Bring ſpeedy war, and all their joys confound,
Ruſh boldly on; with ſlaughter let us ſtain
Their nuptial torch; the cruel bride be ſlain
Ev'n in her bed, and which ſoe'er ſupplies
In preſent turn the huſband's place, he dies.
Nor Cæſar's name our purpoſe ſhall appall;
Fortune 's the common miſtreſs of us all,
And ſhe, that lifts him now above mankind,
Courted by us, may be to us as kind.
We ſhare his brighteſt glory, and are great
By Pompey's death, as he by his defeat.
Look on the ſhore, and read good omens there,
And aſk the bloody waves what we may dare.
Behold what tomb the wretched trunk ſupplies,
Half hid in ſand; half naked to the ſkies!
Yet this was Cæſar's equal whom we ſlew:
And doubt we then new glory to purſue?
Grant that our birth 's obſcure; yet, ſhall we need
Kings or rich ſtates confederate to the deed?
No, Fate 's our own, and Fortune in our way,
Without our toil, preſents a nobler prey;
Appeaſe we now the Romans while we may!
This ſecond victim ſhall their rage remove
For Pompey's death, and turn their hate to love.
Nor dread we mighty names, which ſlaves adore;
Stripp'd of his army what 's this ſoldier more
Than thou or I?—to-night then let us end
His civil wars; to-night the fates ſhall ſend

A ſa-

A ſacrifice to troops of ghoſts below,
And pay that head, which to the world they owe.
At Cæſar's throat let the fierce ſoldiers fly,
And Ægypt's youth with Rome's their force apply,
Thoſe for their king, and theſe for liberty.
No more, but haſte, and take the foe ſupine,
Prepar'd for luſt, and gorg'd with food and wine.
Be bold, and think the gods to thee commend
The cauſe, which Brutus' prayers and Cato's will defend.

To miſchief ſwift, Achillas ſoon obey'd
This ſummons, yet his ſudden march betray'd
By no loud ſignal, nor the trumpet's jar:
In ſilent haſte he led a barbarous train of war.
Degenerate crouds of Romans fill his bands,
So loſt in vice, ſo chang'd in foreign lands,
That they, who ſhould have ſcorn'd the king's commands,
Forgetful of their country and their fame,
Under a vile domeſtick's conduct came.
No faith, no honour, can the herd reſtrain,
That follow camps, and fight for ſordid gain;
Like ruffians brib'd, they ne'er the cauſe enquire,
That ſide 's the juſt, which gives the largeſt hire.
If by your ſwords proud Cæſar was to bleed,
Strike for yourſelves, ye ſlaves! nor fell the deed!
Oh wretched Rome! where'er thy Eagle flies,
New civil wars, new fury, will ariſe;

Ev'n on Nile's banks, far from Theſſalian plains,
Amidſt thy troops their country's madneſs reigns.
What more could the bold houſe of Lagus dare,
Had Pompey found a juſt protection there?
No Roman hand 's exempt, but each muſt ſpill
His ſhare of blood, and Heaven's decrees fulfil.
Such vengeful plagues it pleas'd the gods to ſend,
And with ſuch numerous wounds the Latian ſtate to rend.

Not for the ſon or father now they fight;
A baſe-born ſlave can civil arms excite,
Achillas mingles in the Roman ſtrife;
And, had not Fate protected Cæſar's life,
Theſe had prevail'd; each villain ready ſtood,
This waits without, and that within, for blood.
The court, diſſolv'd in feaſting, open lay
To treacherous ſnares, a careleſs eaſy prey.
Then o'er the royal cups had Cæſar bled,
And on the board had fall'n his ſever'd head,
But left, amid the darkneſs of the night,
Their ſwords unconſcious, in the huddled fight,
Might ſlay the king, the ſlaves awhile took breath,
And ſlipp'd th' important hour of Cæſar's death.
They thought to make him ſoon the loſs repay,
And fall a ſacrifice in open day.
One night is given him; by Pothinus' grace
He ſees the ſun once more renew his race.

Now

Now the fair morning-ſtar began to ſhow
The ſign of day from Caſſia's lofty brow,
And ev'n the dawn made ſultry Ægypt glow.
When from afar the marching troops appear,
Not in looſe ſquadrons ſcatter'd here and there,
But one broad front of war, as if that day
To meet an equal force, and fight in juſt array.
While Cæſar thinks not the town-walls ſecure,
He bars the palace-gates, compell'd t' endure
Th' inglorious ſiege, and in a corner hide
Inclos'd, nor dares to the whole court confide.
In haſte he arms his friends; his anxious breaſt,
Now fir'd with fury, now with doubt depreſt,
Much fears th' aſſault, yet more that fear diſdains;
So when ſome generous ſavage, bound with chains,
Is ſhut within his den, he howls with rage,
And breaks his teeth againſt the maſſy cage:
And thus, if by new weight of hills impos'd
Sicilian Ætna's breathing jaws were clos'd,
Ev'n thus th' impriſon'd god of fire would rave,
And drive his flames rebellowing round the cave.
Behold the man, who lately ſcorn'd to dread
The ſenate's army to juſt battle led,
The flower of Roman lords, and Pompey at their head,
Who, in a cauſe forbidden hope, could truſt
That Providence for him ſhould prove unjuſt,
Behold him now oppreſt, forlorn of aid,
Driv'n to a houſe, and of a ſlave afraid!
He, whom rough Scythians had not dar'd abuſe,
Nor ſavage Moors, who barbarouſly uſe

In ſport, to try inhoſpitable arts
On ſtrangers bound, their living mark for darts;
Though Rome's extended world, though India join'd
With Tyrian Gades ſeems a realm confin'd,
A ſpace too ſcanty to his vaſter mind,
Now, like a boy or tender maid, he flies,
When ſudden arms th' invaded works ſurprize;
He traverſes the court, each room explores,
His hope is all in bars and bolted doors.
Yet doubtful while he wanders here and there,
He leads the captive king his fate to ſhare,
Or expiate that death the ſlaves for him prepare.
If darts or miſſive flames ſhall fail, he'll throw
Their ſovereign's head againſt th' advancing foe.
So, when Medea fled her native clime,
And fear'd juſt vengeance on her impious crime,
With ready ſteel the cruel ſorcereſs ſtood,
To greet her father with her brother's blood,
Prepar'd his head, to ſtop, with dire affright,
A parent's ſpeed, and to aſſure her flight.

Yet Cæſar, that unequal arms might ceaſe,
Suſpends his fury, and eſſays a peace.
A herald from the king is ſent, t' aſſuage
His rebel ſervants, and upbraid their rage,
And in their abſent Tyrant's name t' enquire
The ſecret author of this kindled fire.
But, ſcornful of reproach, th' audacious crew
The ſacred laws of nations overthrew,
And for his ſpeech the royal envoy ſlew.

In-

Inhuman deed! that ſwells the guilty ſcore
Of Ægypt's monſters, well increas'd before.
Not Theſſaly, not Juba's ſavage train,
Pharnaces' impious troops, not cruel Spain,
Nor Pontus, nor the Syrtes' barbarous land,
Dar'd an attempt like this voluptuous band.

Th' attack is form'd, the palace cloſely pent;
Huge javelins to the ſhaken walls are ſent,
A ſtorm of flying ſpears; yet from below
No battering rams reſiſtleſs drive the blow,
No engine 's brought, no fires; the giddy croud
In parties roam, and with brute clamours loud,
In ſeveral bands their waſted ſtrength divide,
And here and there to force an entrance try'd;
In vain, for Fortune fights on Cæſar's ſide.

Then, where the palace 'midſt ſurrounding waves
Projects luxuriant, and their fury braves,
The ſhips too their united force apply,
And ſwiftly hurl the naval war on high.
Yet, preſent every where with ſword or fire,
Cæſar th' approaches guards, and makes the foes retire.
To all by turns he brings ſucceſsful aids,
Inverts the war, and, though beſieg'd, invades.
Fireballs, and torches dreſt with unctuous ſpoil
Of tar combuſtible, and frying oil,
Kindled he launch'd againſt the fleet; nor ſlow
The catching flames inveſt the ſmouldering tow.

The pitchy planks their crackling prey become;
The painted ſterns, and rowers ſeats conſume.
There, hulks half-burnt ſink in the main; and her
Arms on the waves and drowning men appear.

Nor thus ſuffic'd, the flames from thence aſpire,
And ſeize the buildings with contagious fire.
Swift o'er the roofs by winds increas'd, they fly;
So ſhooting meteors blaze along the ſky,
And lead their wandering courſe with ſudden glare,
By ſulphurous atoms fed in fields of thineſt air.

Affrighted crouds the growing ruin view;
To ſave the city from the ſiege they flew,
When Cæſar, wont the lucky hour to chuſe
Of ſudden chance in war, and wiſely uſe,
Loſt not in ſlothful reſt the favouring night,
But ſhipp'd his men, and ſudden took his flight.
Pharos he ſeiz'd, an iſland heretofore,
When prophet Proteus Ægypt's ſceptre bore,
Now by a chain of moles contiguous to the ſhore.
Here Cæſar's arms a double uſe obtain;
Hence from the ſtraiten'd foe he bars the main,
While to his friends th' important harbour lies
A ſafe retreat, and open to ſupplies.
Nor longer now the doom ſuſpended ſtands,
Which Juſtice on Pothinus' guilt demands.
Yet not as guilt, unmatch'd like his, requires,
Not by the ſhameful croſs, or torturing fires,
Nor torn by ravenous beaſts, the howling wretch expires.

The

The ſword diſhonour'd did his head divide,
And by a fate like Rome's beſt ſon he dy'd.
Aſſinoe now, by well-concerted ſnares
'Scap'd from the palace, to the foe repairs;
The truſty Ganymede aſſiſts her flight.
Then o'er the camp ſhe claim'd a ſovereign's right;
Her brother abſent, ſhe aſſumes the ſword,
And frees the tyrant from his houſhold lord;
By her juſt hand Achillas meets his fate,
Rebel accurs'd! in blood and miſchief great!
Another victim, Pompey, to thy ſhade;
But think not yet the full atonement made,
Though Ægypt's king, though all the royal line
Should fall, thy murmuring ghoſt would ſtill repine;
Still unreveng'd thy murder would remain,
Till Cæſar's purple life the ſenate's ſwords ſhall ſtain.

Nor does the ſwelling tempeſt yet ſubſide.
The chief remov'd that did its fury guide,
To the ſame charge bold Ganymede ſucceeds,
Proſperous awhile in many hardy deeds.
So long th' event of war in balance lay,
So great the dangers of that doubtful day,
That Cæſar from that day alone might claim
Immortal wreaths, and all the warrior's fame.

Now while to quit the ſtraiten'd mole he ſtrove,
And to the vacant ſhips the fight remove,
War's utmoſt terrors preſs on every ſide;
Before the ſtrand beſieging navies ride;

Behind, the troops advance. No way is ſeen
T' eſcape, or ſcarce a glorious death to win.
No room with ſlaughter'd foes to ſtrew the plain,
And bravely fall amidſt a pile of ſlain.
A captive to the place he now appears,
Doubtful if death ſhould move his hope, or fears.
In this diſtreſs a ſudden thought inſpir'd
His hardy breaſt, by great examples fir'd;
Bold Scæva's action he to mind recalls,
And glory won near fam'd Dyrrachium's walls;
Where, whilſt his men a doubtful fight maintain,
And Pompey ſtrove the batter'd works to gain,
Amidſt a field of foes, that hemm'd him round,
Alone the brave Centurion kept his ground.

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*** Here the original poem breaks off abruptly, having been left unfiniſhed by the author.

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